THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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M,DCC,LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Monday, March 27.

DR BARTLETT, ſeeing our impatience, aſked leave to take the aſſiſtance of his nephew in tranſcribing from Sir Charles's letters the paſſages that will enable him to perform the taſk he has ſo kindly undertaken. By this means he has already preſented us with the following tranſcripts. We have eagerly peruſed them. When *you* have done ſo, be pleaſed to haſten them up, that my couſins Reeves may have the ſame opportunity. *They* are ſo good as to give chearfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my couſin, who dined with us yeſterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandiſon! but he had the happineſs of a

Dr Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was ſo nobly laid by the beſt and wiſeſt of mothers.

Dr BARTLETT'*s firſt Letter.*

MY taſk, my good Miſs Byron, will be eaſy, by the aſſiſtance you have allowed me: For what is it, but to tranſcribe part of Sir Charles's letters, adding a few lines here and there by way of connection? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the moſt intereſting circumſtances can throw upon it, to ſo many worthy perſons as are permitted a ſhare in this confidence.

The firſt of your commands runs thus—

> *I ſhould imagine*, ſay you, *that the debate Sir Charles mentions between himſelf and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their firſt acquaintance, muſt be not only curious, but edifying.*

They *are*, my good Miſs Byron: But as I preſume that you ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the other articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have diſſembled!] I will only at preſent tranſcribe for you, with ſome ſhort connexions, two letters; by which you will ſee how generouſly Mr Grandiſon ſought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed ſchemes, in conjunction with, and by the inſtigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from theſe letters, madam (without ſhocking you by the recital), what were the common-place pleas of thoſe libertines, deſpiſers of marriage, of the laws of ſociety, and of WO-

MEN,

MEN, but as they were ſubſervient to their pleaſures.

To the Barone della Porretta.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandiſon, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendſhip he profeſſes for him be ſuch a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but ſuch as conſtitutes the eſſence of true friendſhip? Allow me, on this occaſion, to ſay, that your Grandiſon has ſeen more of the world than moſt men who have lived no longer in it have had an opportunity to ſee. I was ſent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who came out to be the moſt intriguing and profligate of thoſe to whom a youth was ever entruſted. I ſaw in *him* the inconvenience, the odiouſneſs of libertiniſm; and, by the aſſiſtance of an excellent monitor, with whom I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be falſe ſhame, and cowardice, if I did not ſay) by the divine aſſiſtance, I eſcaped ſnares that were laid to corrupt my morals: Hence my deareſt friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him ſome of the leſſons that were of ſo much uſe to myſelf.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myſelf, that I have ſeen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the courſe of the converſations that have been held in our ſelect meetings at Padua and at Rome, in which the cauſe of virtue and true honour has been diſcuſſed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your requeſt, I have of late ſo often met: But of *you* I ſtill have hopes, becauſe you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendſhip to theirs. You think that I was

diſguſted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not anſwer: But, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unſucceſsfully; but ſtill they renewed the charge, and we had the ſame arguments one day to refuſe that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the ſociety I cannot meet with pleaſure: But let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to ſtand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to *them*; we cultivated, with mutual pleaſure, each other's acquaintance, independent of this aſſociation. Let us be to each other what we were for the firſt month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often ſuffer yourſelf to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wiſhed to have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper of ſome of them, and urge to you others: The end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: Nor think me too ſerious. The occaſion, the call that true friendſhip makes upon you is weighty.

You have ſhewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle, and ſtill, if poſſible, more admirable ones from your ſiſter—All filled with concern for your preſent and future welfare! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and by *ſuch* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the reſult! Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows ſo well what belongs to the

character

character of a dutiful ſon, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuſes for ſome of the liberties in which he allows himſelf, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot ſay with the mad Medea,

——*Video meliora, proboque;*
Deteriora ſequor.——

No! His judgment muſt be miſled before he can *allow* himſelf in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination ſomething to plead in its own behalf?—Excuſes, my dear friend, are more than tacit confeſſions: And the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almoſt imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and juſtly may he boaſt of, a diſpoſition to benevolence, charity, generoſity—What pity that he cannot be ſtill more perfect!—that he reſolves not againſt meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures! But remember, my lord, that true goodneſs is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generoſity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Beſides, who, though in the leaſt guilty inſtance, and where ſome falſe virtue may hold out colours to palliate an exceſs, can promiſe himſelf to ſtop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawleſs appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He ſuffers himſelf to be a led man!—O that he would chuſe his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a ſiſter-virtue to encourage the noble flame, inſtead of a vice to damp it.

Juſtly

Juſtly do you boaſt of the nobility of your deſcent; of the excellency of every branch of your family: Bear with my queſtion, my lord; are you determined to ſit down ſatisfied with the honour of your anceſtors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reaſon to applaud *their* worthineſs: Will you not give them cauſe to boaſt of *yours?*

In anſwer to the earneſt entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have ſaid, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the ſtate—But what ought the *men* to be who form upon women ſuch expectations?

Can you, my dear lord, deſpiſe matrimony, yet hold it to be a ſacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wiſhing to have the ſiſter I have heard you mention with ſuch high delight and admiration, ſtrengthen your family intereſt in the female line, determine againſt adding to its ſtrength in the male?

You have ſuffered yourſelf to ſpeak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateneſs: Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the ſame geniuſes that uſed to diſtinguiſh the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cauſe of virtue, and of the ſex, can hardly be ſeparated.

But, O my friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reaſon to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cauſe of your ſlighting a legal one? —That you are ſtudying for pretences to juſtify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us conſider the objects of your purſuit—Alas! there have been more than one!—Are they women ſeduced from the path of virtue by yourſelf?—Who otherwiſe perhaps would have married,

ried, and made uſeful members of ſociety?—Conſider, my friend, what a capital crime is a ſeduction of this kind! Can you glory in the virtue of a ſiſter of your own, and allow yourſelf in attempts upon the daughter, the ſiſter, of another? And, let me aſk, how can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot aſſociate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman who has parted with her honour? What, in ſuch a guilty attachment, muſt be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reaſon to deſpiſe her, or the dupe of one who deſpiſes him?

It is the important leſſon of life (allow me to be ſerious on a ſubject *ſo* ſerious) in this union of ſoul and body, to reſtrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate aſſociations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to ſuppoſe, that nature has deſigned them to be ſuperior to women. The higheſt proof that can be given of ſuch ſuperiority, is, in the protection afforded by the ſtronger to the weaker. What can that man ſay for himſelf, or for his proud pretenſion, who employs all his arts to ſeduce, betray, and ruin, the creature whom he ſhould guide and protect—Sedulous to ſave her, perhaps from every foe but the devil and himſelf!

It is unworthy of a man of ſpirit to be ſolicitous to keep himſelf within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniencies attending the breach of them. The laws were not made ſo much for the direction of good men as to circumſcribe the bad. Would a man of honour wiſh to be conſidered as one of the latter, rather than as one of thoſe who would

would have diſtinguiſhed the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been diſcriminated by human ſanctions? Men are to approve themſelves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public ſpirit, virtue, and a ſenſe of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no ſhare?

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo, looks beyond this temporary ſcene; while guilty attachments uſually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconſtancy, on one ſide or the other, ſeldom fails to put a diſgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflections upon them do towards ſoftening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can ſenſual pleaſure be the great end of an immortal ſpirit in this life?

That pleaſure cannot be laſting, and it muſt be followed by remorſe, which is obtained either by doing injuſtice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when ſhe forfeits her honour, degrade herſelf, not only in the ſight of the world, but in the ſecret thoughts of even a profligate lover, deſtroying her own conſequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and abſolutions: I enter not into thoſe ſubjects on which we differ as Catholics and Proteſtants: But if we would be thought men of true greatneſs of mind, let us endeavour ſo to act, as not, in eſſential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want abſolution, or incur penances. Surely, my lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are

Are there not, let me aſk, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me ſeek for ſuch, and make them the cement of our friendſhip.

Religion out of the queſtion, conſider what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples ſet by you and your acquaintance to be *generally* followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular ſucceſſion in families be kept up? You, my lord, boaſt of your deſcent, both by father's and mother's ſide: Why will you deprive *your* children of a diſtinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a bleſſing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of diſgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have not family honour to ſupport, no fair example to imitate, but muſt be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trode?

How delightful the domeſtic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a ſiſter, a daughter, that ſhall be received there with tender love; to ſtrengthen your own intereſt in the world by alliance with ſome noble and worthy family, who ſhall rejoice to truſt to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the ſource of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Muſt not my Jeronymo even eſtrange himſelf from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his ſiſter, perſons ſhut out by all the laws of honour from their ſociety? The perſons,

ſo

ſo ſhut out, muſt hate the family to whoſe *intereſts* theirs are ſo contrary. What ſincere union then, what ſameneſs of affection, between Jeronymo and the objects of his paſſion?

But the preſent hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, "that the welfare and order of ſociety 'ought to be maintained by ſubmiſſion to 'divine and human laws; but *his* ſingle ex-'ception for himſelf can be of no importance." Of what, then, is *general* practice made up?—If every one excepts himſelf, and offends in the inſtance that beſt ſuits his inclination, what a ſcene of horror will this world become! affluence and a gay diſpoſition tempt to licentious pleaſures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this univerſal depravity, would not *his* crime be much worſe, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiouſneſs*, and under the guiſe of love and truſt, than *his* who deſpoiled me of my ſubſtance, and had *neceſſity* to plead in extenuation of his gift.

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *leaſt*, kindly, theſe expoſtulations, though ſome of them are upon ſubjects on which our converſations have been hitherto ineffectual. I ſubmit them to your conſideration. I can have no intereſt in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendſhip with which I deſire to be thought *Moſt affectionately Yours.*

YOU have heard, my good Miſs Byron, that the friendſhip between Mr Grandiſon and Signor Jeronymo was twice broken off: Once it was, by the unkindly taken freedom of the expoſtulatory letter. Jeronymo, at that time of his life, ill-

brooked oppoſition in any purſuit his heart was engaged in. When puſhed, he was vehement; and Mr Grandiſon could not be over ſolicitous to keep up a friendſhip with a young man who was under the dominion of his diſſolute companions; and who would not allow of remonſtrances in caſes that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniencies by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr Grandiſon and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendſhip, at the preſſing inſtances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himſelf reformed; Mr Grandiſon hoped he was: But, ſoon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not reſiſt. It was from a lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had ſpread her ſnares for Mr Grandiſon before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her ſlighted advances taking poſſeſſion of her heart, ſhe hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occaſion was given by the following letter, which Mr Grandiſon thought himſelf obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona.

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a lady, who, though of family and fortune, has ſhewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the reſolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not reproach—Yet I cannot but regret that I muſt loſe your company in our projected viſits to the German courts: This, however, more for your ſake than my own; ſince to the principal of them I am no ſtranger. You have

excuſed yourſelf to me: I wiſh you had a better motive: But I write rather to warn than to upbraid you. This lady is miſtreſs of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conqueſt; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a ſingular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of women's eſpecially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the firſt for whom this lady ſpread her blandiſhments, a man ſo amiable as he is might the more aſſuredly have depended on the love ſhe profeſſes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reaſon to look upon her as their own. You propoſe not to marry her. I am ſilent on this ſubject. Would to heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expoſtulate. Well do I know the vehemency with which you are wont to purſue a new adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I reſtrain myſelf. Only let me add, that the man who ſhall boaſt of his ſucceſs with this lady may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himſelf engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this purſuit, for your own ſake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: But, alas! it boaſts no further intereſt in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I ſubſcribe to the latter part of the ſentence the once better regarded name of

GRANDISON.

AND what was the conſequence? The unhappy youth, by the inſtigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr Grandiſon, with a noble diſdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would meet

meet as a foe the man he had ever been deſirous to conſider as his friend. You know, my lord, ſaid he, that I am under a diſadvantage in having once been obliged to aſſert myſelf, in a country where I have no natural connections, and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do aſſure you it muſt be by accident; and if that happens, we ſhall *then* find it time enough to diſcuſs the occaſion of our preſent miſunderſtanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremoneſe; when Mr Grandiſon ſaved his life.

AND now, madam, let me give you, in anſwer to your ſecond enquiry,

The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, overheard.

You muſt ſuppoſe them ſeated; a Milton's Paradiſe loſt before them: And that, at this time, Mr Grandiſon did not preſume that the young lady had any particular regard for him.

Clementina. You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the ſoldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: But I ſhall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed.

Grandiſon. I did not propoſe him to you, madam: Your brother choſe him. We ſhould not have made the proficiency we have, had I not began with you by eaſier authors. But you have heard me often call him a ſublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too ſoon. Has not your tutor ta-

ken the liberty to chide you for your impatience, for your deſire of being every thing at once?

Clem. You have; and I own my fault—But to have done, for the preſent, with Milton: What ſhall I do to acquit myſelf of the addreſſes of this Count of Belvedere?

Gr. Why *would* you acquit yourſelf of the Count's addreſſes?

Clem. He is not the man I can like: I have told my papa as much, and he is angry with me.

Gr. I think, madam, your papa *may* be a little *diſpleaſed* with you; though he loves you too tenderly to be *angry* with you. You reject the Count, without aſſigning a reaſon.

Clem. Is it not reaſon enough, that I don't like him?

Gr. Give me leave to ſay, that the Count is a handſome man. He is young; gallant; ſenſible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: He adores you—

Clem. And ſo let him, if he will: I never can like him.

Gr. Dear lady! You muſt not be capricious. You will give the moſt indulgent parents in the world apprehenſion that you have caſt your thoughts on ſome other object. Young ladies, except in a caſe of prepoſſeſſion, do not often reject a perſon who has ſo many great and good qualities as ſhine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

Clem. I ſuppoſe you have been ſpoken to, to talk with me on this ſubject—It is a ſubject I don't like.

Gr. You began it, madam.

Clem. I did ſo; becauſe it is uppermoſt with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot ſee the Count with my father's eyes: My father deſerves

from

from me every inſtance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for a huſband.

Gr. One reaſon, madam? One objection?

Clem. He is a man that is not to my mind: A fawning, cringing man, I think—And a ſpirit that can fawn, and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

Gr. Dear madam, to whom is he this obſequious man, but to you—Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one elſe? Nay, to *you*, the lover ſhines out in him, but the man is not forgot. Is the tenderneſs ſhewn in a well-placed love, the veneration paid to a deſervedly loving object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it; and ſhall you think the leſs of your lover for being the moſt ardent, and I have no knowledge of the man, if he is not the moſt ſincere of men?

Clem. An excellent advocate!—I am ſure you have been ſpoken to—Have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

Gr. I ſhould not *think*, and of conſequence not *ſpeak*, ſo highly as I do of the Count, if he were capable of aſking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cauſe with you.

Clem. I can't bear to be chidden, Chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma ſpoken to you?—Tell me?

Gr. Dear lady, conſider, if ſhe *had*, what you owe to a mother, who deſerving, for her tenderneſs to her child, the utmoſt obſervances and duty, would condeſcend to put her authority into mediation. And yet let me declare, that no perſon breathing ſhould make me ſay what I do not think, whether in favour or diſfavour of any man.

Clem. That is no anſwer. I owe implicit, yes I will ſay implicit, duty to my mamma, for her indulgence to me: But what you have ſaid is no direct anſwer.

Gr. For the *honour* of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma and my lord too, have wiſhed that their Clementina could or would give one ſubſtantial reaſon why ſhe cannot like the Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themſelves to acquieſce with it, and the Count be induced to ſubmit to his evil deſtiny.

Clem. And they have wiſhed this to *you*, Sir? And you have taken upon you to anſwer their wiſhes—I proteſt, you are a man of prodigious conſequence with us all; and by your readineſs to take up the cauſe of a man you have ſo *lately* known, you ſeem to know it too well.

Gr. I am ſorry I have incurred your diſpleaſure, madam.

Clem. You have. I *never* was more angry with you than I now am.

Gr. I hope you never were angry with me *before*. I never gave you reaſon: And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I aroſe to go.

Clem. Very humble, Sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now call me *capricious* again!

Gr. I did not know that you could be ſo eaſily diſpleaſed, madam.

She wept.

Clem. I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: But I never knew what it was to give offence to any body till within theſe few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wiſh moſt for the continuance of their goodneſs to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. I believe I have been

been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble frank, diſintereſted. It has been a happineſs that we have known you. You are every body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead ſo *very* warmly for a man of whom you know ſo little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

Gr. Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth ſon, a fourth brother, was I, dear madam, to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have conſequence given me, I will act ſo as to deſerve it; at leaſt, my own heart ſhall give it to me.

Clem. Well, Sir, you may be right: I am ſure you *mean* to be right: But as it would be a diminution of the *Count's* dignity to apply to you for a ſuppoſed intereſt in you, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* ſo, to have you interfere where a father, mother, and other brothers [You ſee, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth brotherhood] are ſuppoſed to have leſs weight: So no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beſeech you, from your mouth.

Gr. One word more only—Don't let the goodneſs of your father and mother be conſtrued to the diſadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been poſitive. They have given their wiſhes, rather than their commands. Their tenderneſs for you, in a point ſo *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wiſhes to you, for fear they ſhould not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one ſolid objection to their propoſal—And why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiouſneſs, what you pleaſe; and yet I would not wiſh to diſoblige or offend you; but let *their* indulgence (they never will uſe their authority) have its full merit with you.

Clem.

Clem. Your ſervant, Sir. I never yet had a ſlight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never ſhall. If you *will* go, go: But, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it ſhall be upon languages, if you pleaſe; and not upon lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But ſurely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.—Let me add, that the Marchioneſs, having acquainted Mr Grandiſon that her lord and ſhe had heard every word that had paſſed, expreſſed her diſpleaſure at her daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her lord's name, as well as for herſelf, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that Clementina ſhould aſk his pardon. He begged that, for the ſake of their own weight with her on the ſame ſubject, ſhe might not know that they had heard what had paſſed.

I believe that's beſt, Chevalier, anſwered the Marchioneſs; and Iam apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wiſh, to make up with you, were ſhe to find you offended with her in earneſt; as you have reaſon to be, as a *diſintereſted* man.

You ſee, Chevalier, I know to whom I am ſpeaking; but both my lord, and ſelf, hope to ſee her of another mind; and that ſhe will ſoon be Counteſs of Belvedere. My lord's heart is in this alliance; ſo is that of my ſon Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, to give you,

The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being ſeized with melancholy [Mr Grandiſon ſtill not preſuming on any particular favour from Clementina.]

The

The young lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr Grandiſon, and the marquis and marchioneſs, in another. She was attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom ſhe was diſpleaſed for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, ſeemed to be talking on, though without being anſwered.

The dear creature! ſaid the marquis, tears in his eyes—See her there, now walking ſlow, now with quicker ſteps, as if ſhe would ſhake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: But who *is* it that ſhe ſees with pleaſure? Did I think that I ſhould ever behold the pride of my heart with the pain that I now feel for her? Yet ſhe is lovely, in my eyes, in all ſhe does, in all ſhe ſays—But, my dear Grandiſon, we cannot now make her ſpeak, more than yes, or no. We cannot engage her in a converſation, no, not on the ſubject of her newly acquired language. See if you can, on *any* ſubject.

Ay, Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till ſhe is herſelf inclined to receive propoſals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence. She prays for us with lifted up hands. She courteſies her thanks, if ſhe ſtands before us: She bows, in acknowledging gratitude for our goodneſs to her, if ſhe ſits; but ſhe cares not to ſpeak She is not eaſy while we are talking to her. See! ſhe is ſtepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanſwered, talking to her. She has not ſeen us. By that winding walk we can, unſeen, place ourſelves in the myrtle-grove, and hear what paſſes.

The Marchioneſs, as we walked, hinted, that in their laſt viſit to the general at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a ſoldier of fortune, who would have clandeſtinely obtained

obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till laſt night, ſhe ſaid; when herſelf and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the ſudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely, told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a letter to the young lady; but that ſhe repulſed him with indignation: He beſought her then to take no notice of his offer to the general, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reaſon, to any body; but, a few days ſince, ſhe heard her young lady (talking of the gentlemen ſhe had ſeen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably—Now it is impoſſible there can be any thing in it, ſaid the Marchioneſs: But do you, however, Chevalier, lead to the ſubject of love, but at a diſtance; nor name Marulli, becauſe ſhe will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl has pride: She would not endure you, if ſhe thought you imagined her to be in love, eſpecially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this ſurmiſe, my dear, ſaid the Marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: But Clementina's ſpirit will not permit her to encourage a clandeſtine addreſs.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and overheard them talk as follows:

Camilla. And why, why, muſt I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You uſed to love to hold converſe with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but indeed, indeed, I muſt not, I cannot, leave you.

Clem.

Clem. Officious love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious prating love!—If you loved me, you would wiſh to oblige me.

Cam. I *will* oblige you, my dear young lady, in every thing I can—

Clem. Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *beſt* when I am alone: I am *chearfulleſt* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghoſt, you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghoſt of my once obliging Camilla.

Cam. My deareſt young lady, let me beſeech you—

Clem. Ay, now you come with your *beſeeches* again: But if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be truſted with myſelf? Were I a vile young creature, ſuſpected to be running away with ſome baſe-born man, you could not be more watchful of my ſteps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but ſhe abſolutely forbad her.

Talk till doomſday, I will not ſay one word more to you, Camilla. I will be ſilent. I will ſtop my ears.

They were both ſilent. Camilla ſeemed to weep.

Now, my dear Chevalier, whiſpered the Marquis, put yourſelf in her ſight; engage her into talk about England, or any thing: You will have an hour good before dinner. I hope ſhe will be chearful at table: She *muſt* be preſent; our gueſts will enquire after her. Reports have gone out as if her head were hurt.

I am afraid, my lord, that this is an unſeaſonable moment. She ſeems to be out of humour; and pardon me if *I* ſay, that Camilla, good woman as ſhe is, and well meaning, had better give way to her young lady's humour at ſuch times.

Then,

Then, ſaid the Marchioneſs, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my lord and I will remain where we are for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in converſation. I would have her be chearful before the patriarch, however; he will expect to ſee her. She is as much his delight as ſhe is ours.

I took a little turn; and, entering the walk which led to the temple, appeared in her ſight; and bowed, on ſeeing her ſitting in it. Her woman ſtood ſilent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my ſteps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and paſſed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what ſhe ſaid.

She aroſe; and, ſtepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, ſaid ſhe. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandiſon—

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: There is ſomebody in the garden who will watch me: Or you may ſtay, Camilla; I don't care which: Only don't talk to me when I wiſh to be ſilent.

She went into an alley which croſſed that in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the center of both, and were very near each other, I bowed: She courteſied; but not ſeeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She ſtopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandiſon, Camilla—repeated ſhe.

May I preſume, madam? Do I not invade——

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teazed me. Are the poets of your country as ſevere upon women's tongues as the poets of ours?

Poets,

Poets, madam, of all countries, boaſt the ſame inſpiration: Poets write, as other men ſpeak, to their *feeling*.

So, Sir!—you make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: But as they are not often intitled to boaſt of judgment (for imagination and judgment ſeldom go together), they may, perhaps, *give* the cauſe, and then break out into ſatire upon the effects.

Don't I ſee before me, in the orange-grove, my father and mother?—I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day. Don't go, Chevalier.

She haſtened towards them. They ſtopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender bleſſings. They led her towards me. You ſeemed engaged in talk with the chevalier, my dear, ſaid the marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in; we leave you.—They did.

The beſt of parents! ſaid ſhe. O that I were a more worthy child!—Have not you ſeen them, Sir, *before* to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthieſt of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expreſſed their concern to you, Sir?—I will not be ſo petulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the ſame ſubject. You are the confidant of us all; and your noble and diſintereſted behaviour deſervedly endears you to every-body.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you ſeem to have taken. With *tears*, madam, they have been lamenting it. Camilla, you may draw near; you will hear your own cauſe ſupported: The rather draw near, and hear all the chevalier ſeems to be going to ſay, be-

cauſe it may ſave you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, ſaid I.

But you muſt *not* have done. If you are commiſſioned, Sir, by my father and mother, I am, I *ought* to be prepared to hear all you have to ſay.

Camilla came up.

My deareſt young lady, ſaid I, what can I ſay? My wiſhes for your happineſs may make me appear importunate: But what hope have I of obtaining your confidence when your mother fails.

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is ſought to be obtained? I am not very well: I uſed to be a very ſprightly creature: I uſed to talk, to ſing, to dance, to play, to viſit, to receive viſits: And I don't like to do any of theſe things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irkſome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this ſudden turn, madam, in a lady ſo young, ſo blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this diſturbs them.

I ſee it does, and am ſorry for it.

No other favourite diverſion takes place in your mind. You are a young lady of exemplary piety. You cannot pay a greater obſervance than you always paid to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Engliſhman, an heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you *not* ſo?—Do *you* talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this ſubject, madam: What I meant—

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant—And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy ſtrange creature. I know not whence the alteration; but ſo it is; and I am a greater trouble to myſelf than I can be to any body elſe.

But,

But, madam, there muſt be ſome cauſe—And for you to anſwer the beſt and moſt indulgent of mothers with ſighs and tears only; yet no obſtinacy, no ſullenneſs, no petulance appearing: All the ſame ſweetneſs, gentleneſs, obſervance, that ſhe ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, ſtill ſhining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *ſilent* daughter; her tenderneſs will not permit her to urge her: And how can you, my ſiſter, allow of my claim, madam? How can you ſtill ſilently withdraw from ſuch a mother? How can you, at other times, ſuffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to ſtay, yet hardly knowing how to go, becauſe of the *ineffectual* report ſhe muſt make to your ſorrowing father; yet the cauſe of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a ſecret faſt locked up in your own heart?

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, how you paint my obſtinacy, and my mamma's goodneſs? I only wiſh—With all my ſoul I wiſh—that I was added to the duſt of my anceſtors. I who was their comfort, I ſee now muſt be their torment.

Fie, fie, my ſiſter!

Blame me not: I am by no means ſatisfied with *myſelf*. What a miſerable being muſt ſhe be who is at variance with herſelf!

I do not hope, madam, that you ſhould place ſo much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: All I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehenſive heart of the beſt of mothers; and, by ſo doing, enable her to relieve the equally anxious heart of the beſt of fathers.

She pauſed, ſtood ſtill, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commiſſioned to acquaint your mamma—

But hold, Sir! (ſeeming to recollect herſelf) not ſo faſt—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have any thing to reveal or not?—Inſinuating man! You had almoſt perſuaded me to think I had a ſecret that lay heavy at my heart: And when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, Sir—She ſtopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand), do not think of receding thus—

You are too free, Sir. Yet ſhe withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother! And I quitted it.

Well, and what further would my *brother?*

Only to implore, to beſeech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent—

Stop, Sir, I beſeech you—What! whether I have any thing to reveal, or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell* me, *invent* for me, a ſecret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will ſave the trouble of enquiries, I may make, at leaſt, my *four* brothers eaſy.

I am pleaſed, however, madam, with your agreeable railery. Continue but in this temper, and the ſecret *is* revealed: Enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla here is continually teazing me with her *perſuaſions* to be *in love*, as ſhe calls it: That is the ſilly thing, in our ſex, which gives importance to yours: A young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but ſhe muſt be in love. I ſhould hate myſelf, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneaſineſs. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my brother, have not ſo poor, ſo low, ſo mean a thought of me.

It

It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is not *mean*, to be in love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I ſaid? You want to—But what I have now ſaid was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I ſaw your inſinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me thoſe lines of your Shakeſpeare, which, in your heart, I ſuppoſe, you had the goodneſs, or what ſhall I call it? to apply to me. Let me ſee if I can repeat them to you in their original Engliſh.

With the accent of her country, ſhe very pretty repeated thoſe lines:

——*She never told her love;*
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: She pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.—

Now, Chevalier, if you had any deſign in your pointing to theſe very pretty lines, I will only ſay, you are miſtaken; and ſo are all thoſe who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to ſo great a weakneſs.

I meant not at the *time*, madam—

Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—

Any ſuch application of the lines. How could I?

Your refuſal of many lovers; your declining the propoſals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's conſequence and merit, though approved of by every one of your friends, are convictions—

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickneſs, the Chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of your affronting queſtions and conjectures

on this ſubject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in love for the world and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleaſed to aſſign one cauſe to your mamma for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourſelf from a ſuſpicion that gives you pain, as well as diſpleaſure. Perhaps you are grieved that you cannot comply with your father's views—Perhaps—

Aſſign one cauſe, again interrupted ſhe—*Aſſign one cauſe!*—Why, Sir—I am not well—I am not pleaſed with myſelf—as I told you.

If it were any thing that lay upon your mind, your conſcience, madam; your confeſſor—

Would not make me eaſy. He is a good, but (*turning aſide, and ſpeaking low*) a ſevere man. Camilla hears not what I ſay [*She had dropt behind.*] He is more afraid of me, in ſome caſes, than he need to be. And why? Becauſe you have almoſt perſuaded me to think charitably of people of different perſuaſions, by your noble charity for all mankind: Which I think, heretic as you are, (forgive me, Sir,) carries an appearance of true Chriſtian goodneſs in it: Though Proteſtants, it ſeems, will perſecute one another; but you would not be one of thoſe, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will aſk, if you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodneſs makes her think everybody ſhould be as unreſerved as herſelf. Your father is ſo good as to *allow* you to explain yourſelf to me, when he wiſhes that I could prevail upon you to open your mind to me in the character of a fourth brother. My lord the biſhop—

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted ſhe, all our family worſhips you almoſt. I have myſelf a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother who has been the deliverer and preſerver of my third. But, Sir, who

who can prevail upon you, in any thing you are determined upon?—Had I any thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, ſhuts his eyes againſt conviction, in an article in which his everlaſting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You ſhall *indeed* be my brother; and I ſhall free one of the holieſt of men from his apprehenſions on my converſing with ſo determined a heretic as he thinks you. Then ſhall you, *as my brother*, command thoſe ſecrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

Why then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confeſſor, to my lord biſhop?

Did I not ſay, *if any I have?*

And is your reverend confeſſor uneaſy at the favour of the family to me?—How cauſeleſs!—Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the ſubject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you ſo obſtinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my papa and mamma firſt bid me do, as my *fourth* brother: I ſhould be glad that *all* my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow father Mareſcotti and father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this ſubject? And if they anſwer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this ſubject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propoſe this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, tho' not ſo directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to ſay for it. It will not be heard with patience by ſuch ſtrict profeſſors as either of thoſe you have named. Were I to be

queſtioned

queſtioned on this ſubject before the Pope, and the whole ſacred college, I would not prevaricate: But good manners will make me ſhew reſpect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan, and to venerate the good men of it: But I never will enter into debate upon the ſubject as a traveller, a ſojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obſtinate man, that's all I will ſay. I pity you; with all my ſoul I pity you: You have great and good qualities. As I have ſat at table with you, and heard you converſe on ſubjects that every one has in ſilence admired you for, I have often thought to myſelf, ſurely this man was not deſigned for perdition!—But begone, Chevalier; leave me. You are an obſtinate man. Yours is the *worſt* of obſtinacy; for you will not give yourſelf a *chance* for conviction.

We have ſo far departed from the ſubject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam; I only beg that my ſiſter—

Not ſo far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted ſhe; and turned a bluſhing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your ſiſter?

That ſhe will rejoice the moſt indulgent of parents and the moſt affectionate of brothers, with a chearful aſpect at table, eſpecially before the Patriarch. Do not, madam, in ſilence—

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with *you*.——Shall we go through your Shakeſpeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewel, Chevalier. I will try to be chearful at table. But, if I am *not*, let not your eye reproach me.——She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr Bartlett, to impute to myſelf the conſequence with this amiable lady, which might but naturally be inferred from the turn which

which the converſation took; but I thought it no more than juſtice to the whole family to haſten my departure: And when I hinted to Clementina, that I ſhould ſoon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miſs Byron, is what I find in my patron's letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young lady behaved herſelf at table as ſhe was wiſhed to do.

Mr Grandiſon was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of the whole family, to ſuſpend his departure for a few days.

The young lady's melancholy, to the inexpreſſible affliction of her friends, increaſed; yet ſhe behaved with ſo much greatneſs of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could perſuade themſelves that love was the cauſe. They ſometimes imagined, that the earneſtneſs with which they ſolicited the intereſt of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate ſpirits; and therefore they were reſolved to ſay little more on that ſubject till they ſhould ſee her diſpoſed to lend a more favourable ear to it; And the Count retired to his own palace at Parma, expecting and hoping for ſuch a turn in his favour: For he declared, that it was impoſſible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cauſe; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr Grandiſon, for fear a diſappointment ſhould affect him, reſolved to make uſe of every opportunity that ſhould offer in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude that reigned with exemplary force in the breaſt of every one of this noble family; a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generoſity, magnanimity, and other great and equally-amiable qualities of Mr Grandiſon, appeared

appeared every day more and more conſpicuous to them all.

I will ſoon, madam, preſent you with further extracts from the letters in my poſſeſſion, in purſuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my taſk.

Continuation of Miſs BYRON's *Lettter. Begun* P. 1.

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the ſetting-out of this ſtory, and the ſhort account of it given by Sir Charles in the library-conference, that I ſhall ſoon pay my duty to all in Northamptonſhire? I ſhall, indeed.

Is it not ſtrange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, ſo jealous as Italians in general are ſaid to be of their women, and ſo proud as this Bologna family is repreſented to be of their rank, ſhould all agree to give ſo fine a man as this is, in mind, perſon, and addreſs, ſuch free acceſs to their daughter, a young lady of eighteen?

Teach her Engliſh!—Very diſcreet in the father and mother, ſurely! And to commiſſion him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wiſhed her to marry!—Indeed you will ſay, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of liſtening to all that was to paſs in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were juſtified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: If you will excuſe theſe parents, you may. But I ſay, that *any*-body, though *not* of Italy, might have thought ſuch a tutor as this was dangerous to a young lady; and the more for being a man of honour and family. In every caſe the teacher is the obliger. He is called

called *maſter*, you know: And where there is a *maſter*, a *ſervant* is implied. Who is it that ſeeks not out for a married man among the common tribe of tutors, whether profeſſing muſic, dancing, languages, ſcience of any kind? But a tutor ſuch a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their diſcretion.

I AM this moment come from the Doctor. I inſinuated to him, as artfully as I could, ſome of the above obſervations. He reminded me, that the Marchioneſs herſelf had her education at Paris; and ſays, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very viſible manner, of the Italian reſerve. The women of the family of Porretta particularly, he ſays, becauſe of their learning, freedom, and converſableneſs, have been called by their enemies French-women.

But you will ſee, that honour, and the laws of hoſpitality, were Mr Grandiſon's guard: And I believe a young flame may be eaſily kept under. Sir Charles Grandiſon, Lucy, is uſed to do only what he *ought*. Dr Bartlett once ſaid, that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his paſſions.

You will ſee, in the ſecond conference between Mr Grandiſon and the lady, upon the melancholy way ſhe was in, how artfully, yet I muſt own honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he paſſes under to her! How officiouſly he *ſiſters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *ſiſter* too, you know! He has been *uſed* to this dialect, and to check the paſſions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confeſſing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almoſt gloried in it to them.

Have

Have not alſo his ſiſters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable paſſage cited by her,

——*Never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek.——

How do I admire her for her ſilence? But yet, had ſhe been circumſtanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been ſo *very* reſerved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two caſes?

Clementina's relations were all ſolicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character of family, of fortune; and who is ſaid to be a gallant and a handſome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.

Harriet's relations were all ſolicitous, from the firſt, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's addreſs; nor had *ſhe:* And all his neareſt and deareſt friends were partial to her, and ſoon grew ardent in her favour.

What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a love, which ſhe could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conſcience, acknowledge.

Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reaſon to *endeavour* to conquer a paſſion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conſcience, approved.

No wonder, then, that ſo excellent a young lady ſuffered *concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damaſk cheek.*

Suſpenſe, therefore, only, and not *concealment*, (ſince every one called upon Harriet to acknowledge her love) could feed on *her* cheek.

And is it not ſuſpenſe enough to make it pale, though it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* caſt? O what tortures has ſuſpenſe given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, ſo much in earneſt in her own perſuaſion, take, in this ſecond conference, could ſhe have ſucceeded, in her ſolicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I dare ſay ſhe would have been leſs reſerved, as to the *cauſe* of her melancholy; eſpecially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: If I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's letter. I can think of nothing elſe.

LETTER II.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday, March 28.

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles ſo much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miſs Grandiſon, till

ſhe left Colnebrook; and got hither by our breakfaſt-time this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miſs Grandiſon; but ſhe is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy, where is the ſenſe of parading it with a worthy man, of whoſe affection we have no reaſon to doubt, and whoſe viſits we allow?

Silly men in love, or pretending to be in love, generally ſay hyperbolical things, all, in ſhort, that could be ſaid to a creature of ſuperior order (to an angel); becauſe they know not how to ſay polite, proper, or ſenſible things. In like manner, from the ſame defects in underſtanding, ſome of us women act as if we thought coyneſs and modeſty the ſame thing; and others, as if they were ſenſible, that if they were not inſolent, they muſt drop into the arms of a lover upon his firſt queſtion.

But Miſs Grandiſon, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archneſs, and, I may ſay, downright roguery of temper. Courtſhip is play to her. She has a talent for railery, and in no inſtance is ſo ſucceſsful, yet ſo improper, as on that ſubject. She could not ſpare her brother upon it, though ſhe ſuffered by it.

Yet had ſhe a reſpect for Lord G. ſhe could not treat him ludicrouſly. Cannot a witty woman find her own conſequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to ſet it off.

She is indeed good-natured, and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, juſt now, that were I Lord G. I would not wiſh to have her mine, on any conſideration. She called me ſilly creature, and aſked me, if it were not one of the trueſt ſigns

of

of love, when men were moſt fond of the women who were leaſt fit for them, and uſed them worſt? Theſe men, my dear, ſaid ſhe, are very ſorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, ſpaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming ſpirits: I wiſh I could borrow ſome of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a ſingle drachm of thoſe over lively ones which I ſee ſhe will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleaſed, at preſent, with any treatment from her; though he wants not feeling, as I can ſee already—Don't, Charlotte, ſaid I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps ſhe is the ſprightlier, in order to give me and Lord and Lady L. ſpirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehenſive of the ſtory, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: So is Miſs Grandiſon: And my ſweet Emily, as often as ſhe may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my ſhoulder; and watches, with looks of love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this hiſtory of Clementina affords an excellent leſſon for the good girl. She bleſſes me for the lectures I read her on this ſubject, and ſays that ſhe ſees love is a very ſubtile thing; and, like water, will work its way through the banks that are ſet up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily aſked my leave to do ſo. I think, ſaid ſhe, my *heart* loves her; but not ſo well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How good is it in her father and mother to love her ſo dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot diſ-

like; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth ſaving; i'n't he, madam? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart ſhe has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the foreſt, in his way to Grandiſon-hall. The doctor ſays, he expects to hear from him, when there. What! will he go by this houſe, and not call in?—With all my heart—We are *only* ſiſters! Miſs Grandiſon ſays, ſhe'll be *hang'd* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me*. Afraid of me! A ſign, if he is, he knows not what a poor froward creature I am. But as he ſeems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I ſhall ſoon know every thing as to that. But ſure he might call in as he went by.

The doctor ſays, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr Bartlett with him: Upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, ſuch ſiſters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* brother? I really think his ſiſters are too acquieſcent.

He has a great taſte, the doctor tells us, yet not an expenſive one; for he ſtudies ſituation and convenience, and pretends not to level hills, or to force and diſtort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be ſeen in his works, where he can poſſibly avoid it. For he ſays, he would rather let a ſtranger be pleaſed with what he ſees, as if it were always ſo, than to obtain comparative praiſe by informing him what it was in its former ſituation.

As he is to be a ſuitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am

am here. He *may* court for others: He has had very little trouble of that ſort for himſelf, I find.

A very diſturbing thought is juſt come into my head: Sir Charles, being himſelf in ſuſpenſe, as to the cataſtrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As ſure as you are alive, Lucy, he had ſeen my regard for him through the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehenſive (*generouſly* apprehenſive) for the heart of the poor fool; and ſo has ſuffered Dr Bartlett to tranſcribe the particulars of the ſtory, that they may ſerve for a check to the over-forward paſſion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myſelf: Near borderers, Lucy!—What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr Bartlett, your kindly intended tranſcripts ſhall cure me: Indeed they ſhall.

But now this ſubject is got uppermoſt again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miſs Grandiſon ſays, that I ſhall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, ſhe ſays, when her brother is *abſent*—Nor when he is *preſent*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear! I muſt be ſo very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true ſpirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's houſe for the world: And why? Becauſe he is a ſingle man; and becauſe I think of ſomething—that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and viſit his ſiſter without ſcruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina—And is not this charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But, as I ſaid, I will *ſoon* be with you.

I told Miſs Grandiſon that I *would*, juſt now—Lovers, ſaid ſhe, are the weakeſt people in the

world; and people of punctilio the moſt *un*-punctilious—You have not talked till *now* of going in ſuch a hurry. Would you have it thought that you ſtaid in town for a *particular* reaſon? and, when that ceaſed, valued nobody elſe?—She held up her finger—Conſider! ſaid ſhe.

There is ſomething in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr Bartlett ſays, he ſhall ſoon give me another letter.

Farewel, my Dear.

LETTER III.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, March 29.

SIR Charles came hither this morning time enough to breakfaſt with us.

Lady L. is not an early riſer. I am ſure this brother of hers is: So is Miſs Grandiſon. If I ſay *I* am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boaſting, becauſe you will, by ſo calling it, acknowledge early riſing to be a virtue; and if you thought it ſuch, I am ſure you would diſtinguiſh it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: This is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main ſo patiently ſuffered this difference, and not tried to teaze you out of it? Becauſe my Lucy always *ſo well* employs her time when ſhe is *alive*. But would not one the *more* wiſh that well-employed life to be made as long as poſſible?

I endeavoured to be very chearful at breakfaſt; but I believe my behaviour was aukward and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the queſtion to the two ſiſters, whether it was

was not ſo? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a ſenſe of conſtraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpoſe to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading ſurmiſe, that he had permitted Dr Bartlett to haſten to me the hiſtory of Clementina, in order *generouſly* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too ſtrongly taken hold of my fooliſh heart.

But nothing of this was diſcoverable. Reſpect, tender reſpect, appeared, as the ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addreſſed himſelf to me; in every look that he caſt upon me.

He ſtudiouſly avoided ſpeaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the ſubject.

I am ſure I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a ſofter paſſion, I dare ſay, in the boſom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *muſt be*, I ſhould fancy, more generoſity, more tenderneſs, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity [I write in the firſt caſe from my own ſenſibilities, in the other from my apprehenſions] there is, too probably, a mixture of inſult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, muſt the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpleſs* pity of the man ſhe loves!

The ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *love*, however, is not ſo much engaged for Clementina as his *compaſſion*. They are my ſincere friends: They ſee that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a firſt love; and they generouſly endeavour to inculcate this diſtinction upon me: But to what purpoſe, when we evidently ſee, from what we already know of this ſtory, that his engagements,

gagements, be the motive what it will, are of ſuch a nature, that they cannot be diſpenſed with while this lady's deſtiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: And tenderneſs, I am ſure, is the ſole motive of my compaſſion for this fair unfortunate.

Sir Charles ſet out, immediately after breakfaſt, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to paſs the evening with Lord W. We ſhall all go to town to-morrow.

WITH this I ſend the doctor's ſecond pacquet. O my dear! What a noble young lady is Clementina? What a purity is there in her paſſion! A letter of Mrs Beaumont (Mrs Beaumont herſelf an excellent woman) will ſhew you that Clementina deſerves every good wiſh. Such a noble ſtruggle did I never hear of, between religion and love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina! You will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are juſt, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young lady do more honour to her ſex than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the moſt vehement, ſuppreſſed from motives of piety, till, poor lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the letter, and be loſt, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in ſilent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! ſhe *muſt* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandiſon! My reaſon, my juſtice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They ſay little. What *can* they ſay?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young lady.

lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

Dr BARTLETT'S *ſecond Letter.*

YOUR fourth enquiry, madam, is,

Whether the particularly chearful behaviour of the young lady, on the departure of Mr Grandiſon from Bologna, after a courſe of melancholy, is any where accounted for?

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs Beaumont's management of the lady at Florence, by which ſhe brought her to own her love, after ſhe had ſo long kept it a ſecret from her mother, and all her family?*

What I ſhall tranſcribe, in order to ſatisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wiſh to be informed of reſpecting the fourth.

But let me premiſe, that Mrs Beaumont, at the requeſt of the marchioneſs, undertook to give an account of the health of the young lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after ſhe had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that lady the deſired particulars. The following is a tranſlation of her letter:

YOUR ladyſhip will excuſe me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted, that it was not before laſt night that I could give you any tolerable ſatisfaction on the ſubject upon which I had engaged to do myſelf that honour.

I have

I have made myſelf miſtreſs of the dear young lady's ſecret. Your ladyſhip gueſſed it, perhaps, *too* well. Love, but a pure and laudable love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquility for ſo long a ſpace, and your ſplendid family of all comfort: But ſuch a magnanimity ſhewn, or endeavoured at, that ſhe deſerved to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young lady has not ſuffered in a conflict between her duty, her religion, and her love!

The diſcovery, I am afraid, will not give pleaſure to your family; yet certainty, in what muſt be, is better than ſuſpenſe. You will think me a managing perſon, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: But it was the taſk preſcribed me; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourſelves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The firſt and ſecond days, after our return to Florence, were paſſed in endeavouring to divert her, as our gueſt, in all the ways we could think of: But finding, that company was irkſome to her, and that ſhe only bore with it for politeneſs ſake, I told the ladies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her ſervice. They acquieſced: And when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, ſhe rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to aſſure me, that my converſation would be balm to her heart, if ſhe could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your ladyſhip will ſee, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made uſe of my time in the two paſt days to ingratiate myſelf into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina: Excuſe, therefore, madam, the freedom of my ſtile.

She

She engaged me laſt night to give her a leſſon, as ſhe called it, in an Engliſh author. I was ſurpriſed at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah, my dear, ſaid I, what an admirable manner of teaching muſt your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progreſs you have made in ſo ſhort a time, in the acquiring a tongue that has not the ſweetneſs of your own, though it has a force and expreſſiveneſs, that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages?

She bluſhed—Do you think ſo? ſaid ſhe—And I ſaw, by the turn of her eye, and her conſciouſneſs, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without puſhing her, juſt then, upon the ſuppoſed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with diſtinction, as the marquis had deſired I would.

She ſaid, ſhe could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reaſonableneſs or unreaſonableneſs of them. Indeed, my dear, ſaid I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulneſs that their indulgence deſerves.

She ſtarted. That is ſeverely ſaid; is it not, madam?

Conſider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it ſo, after an hour's reflection, I will call it ſo, and aſk your pardon.

I am afraid, ſaid ſhe, I am in fault. I have the beſt and moſt indulgent of parents. There are ſome things, ſome ſecrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One ſhould perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowledgment, my dear, ſaid I, is more generous than the occaſion given for it: But if you will not think me impertinent—

Don't, don't aſk me too cloſe queſtions, madam, interrupted ſhe; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am perſuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unboſoming of ſecrets is the cement of faithful friendſhip and true love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart reſts not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the intereſting events; and this communicativeneſs knits the true lover's knot ſtill cloſer. But what a ſolitarineſs, what a gloom, what a darkneſs, muſt poſſeſs that mind which can truſt no friend with its inmoſt thoughts! The big ſecret, when it is of an intereſting nature, will ſwell the heart till it is ready to burſt. Deep melancholy muſt follow—I would not for the world have it ſo much as thought, that I had not a ſoul large enough for friendſhip. And is not the eſſence of friendſhip communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very ſoul into that of a true friend?

Why, that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be ſo circumſtanced as not to have a true friend; or, if ſhe has near her a perſon to whom ſhe *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*, yet there may be a forbiddingneſs in the perſon; a difference in years; in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman—We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: But Camilla's fault is teazing, and always harping upon one ſtring, and that by my friends' commands: It would be therefore more laudable to open my mind to my mother than to her; as it would be the ſame thing.

Very true, my dear: And as you have a mother, who is leſs of the mother than ſhe would be of the ſiſter, the friend; it is amazing to me that you have kept ſuch a mother in the dark ſo long.

What can I ſay?—Ah, madam!—There ſhe ſtopt. At laſt ſaid, but my mother is in the intereſt of a man I cannot love.

The queſtion recurs—Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whoſe intereſt they ſo warmly eſpouſe!

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deſerves a better wife than I can make him. I ſhould reſpect him very much, had I a ſiſter, and he made his addreſſes to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *gueſs* the reaſon why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candour, with that friendſhip, of the requiſites of which we have been ſpeaking, whether I am right or not?

She heſitated. I was ſilent in expectation.

She then ſpoke, I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reaſon to be ſo, if you think me unworthy of your friendſhip.

What is your gueſs, Mrs Beaumont?

That you are prejudiced in favour of ſome other man: or you could not, if you had a ſiſter, wiſh her a huſband that you thought unworthy of yourſelf.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional ſtrength.

O Mrs Beaumont! How you preſs upon me.

If impertinently, ſay ſo; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently neither; yet you diſtreſs me.

That could not be, if I were not right: and if the perſon were not too unworthy of you to be acknowledged.

O Mrs Beaumont! How cloſely you urge me! What can I ſay?

If you have any confidence in me—If you think me capable of adviſing you—

I *have* confidence: Your known prudence—And then ſhe made me compliments that I could not deſerve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *gueſs* again—Shall I?

What would you gueſs?

That there is a man of low degree—Of low fortunes—Of inferior ſenſe—

Hold, hold, hold!—And do you think that the Clementina before you is ſunk *ſo* low? If you do, why don't you caſt the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *gueſs* again—That there is a man of royal houſe; of ſuperior underſtanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs Beaumont! And cannot you gueſs that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your ladyſhip had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Proteſtants than of Mahometans: Nor, indeed, are zealous Proteſtants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in perſons of whatever denomination.

I would not, however, madam, like a ſudden froſt, nip the opening bud.

There is, ſaid I, a young ſoldier of fortune, who has breathed forth paſſionate wiſhes for Clementina.

A ſoldier

A ſoldier of fortune, madam! with an air of diſdain. There cannot be ſuch a man living that can have his wiſhes anſwered.

Well, then, to ſay nothing of *him*, there is a Roman nobleman—a younger brother—of the Borgheſe houſe—Permit me to ſuppoſe *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was eaſy, while I was at a diſtance.

But if the Chevalier Grandiſon [She coloured at his name]—has done him ill offices—

The Chevalier Grandiſon, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you ſure, madam, that the Chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be truſted. They don't ſtrike till they are ſure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved where-ever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated ſhe, with warmth.

I own that he deſerves every thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is careſſed by you all: But it is amazing to me, that, in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, ſuch a young gentleman ſhould have been admitted—I ſtopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine that I—that I—She ſtopt, and heſitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to perſons of unexceptionable honour; and to manage—

Nay, madam, now has ſomebody prejudiced you againſt your countryman—He is the moſt diſintereſted of men.

I have heard young ladies, when he was here, ſpeak of him as a handſome man.

A handſome man! And is not Mr Grandiſon an handſome man? Where will you ſee a man ſo handſome?

And do you think he is ſo very extraordinary a man, as to *ſenſe*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himſelf* as a man of conſequence.

Nay, madam, don't ſay he is not a *modeſt* man. It is true, he knows when to ſpeak, and when to be ſilent: But he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the leaſt, conceited.

Was there ſo much bravery in his relieving your brother, as ſome people attribute to him in that happy event? Two ſervants and himſelf well armed; the chance of paſſengers on the ſame road; the aſſaſſins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with—

Dear, dear Mrs Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you converſed! The ſcripture ſays, *A prophet has no honour in his own country;* but Mr Grandiſon has not much from his own countrywoman.

Well, but did Mr Grandiſon ever ſpeak to you of any one man, as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he!—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earneſt in *his* favour than—

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why ſo?

Why ſo!—Why becauſe—becauſe—Why what was it to him—you know?

I ſuppoſe he was put upon it—

I believe ſo.

Or he would not—

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs Beaumont, hate Mr Grandiſon. You are the only perſon

perſon that I ever in my life heard ſpeak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, what are your ſincere thoughts of Mr Grandiſon, perſon and mind?

You may gather them from what I have ſaid.

That he is a handſome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have ſaid: And I am not ſingular.

But he is a *Mahometan*—

A *Mahometan!* madam—Ah, Mrs Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think I have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr Grandiſon, you would not have ſcrupled to have been Counteſs of Belvedere.

And can you *think*, madam—

Yes, yes, my dear young lady, I can.

My good Mrs Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to ſay.

Be ſincere, my dear young lady. Cannot a lover, talking to a ſecond perſon, be ſincere?

What, madam, a man of another religion! A man obſtinate in his errors! A man who has never profeſſed love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himſelf abſolutely dependent upon his father's bounty!—His father living to the height of his eſtate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion—

Well then, I may ſafely take up the praiſes of Mr Grandiſon: You have imputed to me, ſlight, injuſtice, prejudice againſt him: Let me now ſhew you, that the *prophet* HAS *honour with his country-woman.* Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has ſpoken of him in my hearing or knowledge—His country has not in this age ſent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every ſenſe of the word. If moral rectitude, if

practical religion (your brother the Barone teſtifies this on his own experience) were loſt in the reſt of the world, it would, without glare or oſtentation, be found in him. He is courted by the beſt, the wiſeſt, the moſt eminent men, wherever he goes; and he does good without diſtinction of religion, ſects, or nation: His own countrymen boaſt of him, and apply to him for credentials to the beſt and moſt conſiderable men, in their travels through more countries than one: In France, particularly, he is as much reſpected as in Italy. He is deſcended from the beſt families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a ſenator of it, whenever he pleaſes. He is heir to a very conſiderable eſtate; and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with ſome of the greateſt families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handſome.

O my dear, dear Mrs Beaumont! All this is too, too much!—Yet all this I think him to be!—I can no longer reſiſt you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr Grandiſon. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends ſet you to find out the love-ſick girl, how ſhall I, who cannot diſown a ſecret you have ſo fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face! Yet let them know (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have ſtruggled againſt a paſſion ſo evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their houſe.

He was, in the firſt place, as well you know, the preſerver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he reſcued him.

My father and mother preſented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and

it

it was not immediately that I found out that I *could* have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the moſt amiable and humane, and yet braveſt of men.

All my friends careſſed him. Neither family forms nor national forms were ſtood upon. He had free acceſs to us all as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wiſhes that I were his. Mr Grandiſon was above all other reward; and my brother conſidered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My confeſſor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than leſſened my eſteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own reſpectful and diſintereſted behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addreſſed me as his *ſiſter*, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guiſe of a tutor; I could not therefore arm againſt a man I had no reaſon to ſuſpect.

But ſtill I knew not the ſtrengh of my paſſion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was propoſed to me with an earneſtneſs that alarmed me: Then I conſidered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give my friends the reaſon *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepoſſeſſion in favour of another man? A prepoſſeſſion entirely hidden in my own heart.

But ſtill I thought I would ſooner die than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myſelf; all my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obſtinate heretic, as I have often called him; the firſt heretic, my dear Mrs Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*), that my ſoul deteſted not! For he is as tenacious a Proteſtant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not ſtay at home? Or why, if he muſt come abroad,

abroad, did he ſtay ſo long among us; yet hold his obſtinacy, as if in defiance of the people by whom he was ſo well received?

Theſe were the reproaches that my heart in ſilence often caſt upon him.

I was at firſt concerned only for his *ſoul's* ſake: But afterwards, finding him eſſential to my earthly happineſs, and yet reſolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earneſt for his converſion for my *own* ſake, hoping that my friends' indulgence to me would make my wiſhes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was reſolved either to conquer my paſſion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myſelf! My confeſſor hurt me by terrors, my woman teazed me, my parents and two elder brothers, and all my more diſtant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: The Chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf—Good heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I may ſay: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make *any-body* my confidante? My judgment was at war with my paſſion; and I hoped it would overcome. I ſtruggled, yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the ſtruggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs Beaumont to conſult—Well might melancholy ſeize me—Silent melancholy!

At laſt the Chevalier was reſolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleaſure did this his reſolution give me! Moſt ſincerely I hoped that his abſence would reſtore my tranquillity.

What a ſecret triumph did I give myſelf, on my behaviour to him before all my friends, on the parting

ing evening! My whole deportment was uniform. I was chearful, ſerene, happy in myſelf, and I made all my friends ſo. I wiſhed him happy where-ever he ſet his foot, and whatſoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the reſt of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleaſure he had given us, in the time he had beſtowed upon us: and I wiſhed that he might never want a friend ſo agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleaſed with myſelf, as I was not under a neceſſity of putting on ſtiffneſs or reſerve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myſelf ſecure, and ſtood out forwarder than he ſeemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the firſt time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myſelf wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—When the door ſhut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I ſighed at the reflection: But who perceived it!—I never could be inſenſible in a parting ſcene, with *leſs* agreeable friends: It was the eaſier for me to attribute to the gentleneſs of my heart the inſtant ſenſibility. My father claſped me to his boſom; My mother embraced me, without mortifying me by ſaying for what; My brother the biſhop called me twenty fine names: All my friends complimented me, but only on my chearfulneſs, and ſaid, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to reſt, pleaſed that I had ſo happily acquitted myſelf, and that poſſibly I contributed to the repoſe of dear friends, whoſe repoſe I had been the cauſe of diſturbing.

But alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: My ſoul was too high ſet.—You know the reſt; and I am loſt to the joys of this life: For I never, never, will be the

the wife of a man, if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward, and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther ſpeech. She hid her face in my boſom. She ſighed—Dear lady! How ſhe ſighed!

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has paſſed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble ſtruggle between duty and affection, though her heart was too tender, and, in ſhort, the man's merits too dazzling to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I ſhould ſend you the particulars: She ſhall be aſhamed, ſhe ſays, to look her father, her mother, in the face; and ſhe dreads ſtill more, if poſſible, her confeſſor's being made acquainted with the ſtate of her heart, and the cauſe of her diſorder But I tell her, it is abſolutely neceſſary for her mother to know every thing that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid, will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I muſt think him ſo, who will be intitled, by general conſent, to ſo great a bleſſing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: But if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourſelf obliged, ſuch are the young lady's *own* ſcruples, on the ſcore of religion, to take *pains* to perſuade her to purſue her inclination, and accept Mr Grandiſon for a huſband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and ſoothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were ſhe to experience *that* contrary now, upon an occaſion ſo very delicate, and in which her judgment and her love

love are, as ſhe hints, at variance, I verily think ſhe would not be able to bear it.—*That* God direct you for the beſt, whom you and yours have always ſerved with ſignal devotion!

I will only add, that ſince the ſecret which had ſo long preyed upon her fine ſpirits is revealed, ſhe appears to be much more eaſy than before; but yet ſhe dreads the reception ſhe ſhall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return ſhall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as ſhe ſays, to ſupport her ſpirits. She is very deſirous to enter into a nunnery. She ſays, ſhe never can be the wife of any other man; and ſhe thinks ſhe ought not to be his on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greateſt veneration and reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt faithful humble ſervant,
HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Let me add, my good Miſs Byron, that the Marchioneſs ſent an anſwer to this letter, expreſſing the higheſt obligation and gratitude to Mrs Beaumont, and incloſed a letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly motherly conſolation, inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her; promiſing, in the name of her father and brothers, a moſt indulgent welcome, and aſſuring her, that every thing ſhould be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Wed. Night, March 29.

I INCLOSE, my Lucy, the Doctor's *third* pacquet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the ſituation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are ſatisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's ſteadineſs in his, you will alſo pity them. They are all good, all conſiderate. A great deal is to be ſaid for them, tho' much more for Sir Charles, who inſiſted not upon that change of religion in the lady which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confeſſor, though not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his diſtreſs! A mind ſo delicate as his, and wiſhing, for the ſake of the ſex, and the lady and family, as he did, rather to be repulſed by them, than to be obliged himſelf to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the lady in her ſweetly modeſt behaviour, on his firſt viſit before her mother; but more, for the noble ſpirit ſhe endeavoured to reſume in her converſation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother, and aunt Selby, for that noble apoſtrophe!—"But, O my religion and my 'country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What 'can this ſhort life give, what can it promiſe to 'warrant ſuch a ſacrifice!"

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly perſuaded, as ſhe is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardor that he had from the firſt reſtrained in himſelf from hopeleſſneſs

But to admire her as ſhe deſerves, I ſhould tranſcribe all ſhe ſays, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! Who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Dr BARTLETT'*s third Letter.*

THE next thing you injoin me in, madam, is, to give you

The particulars of Mr Grandiſon's reception from the Marchioneſs and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.

Mr Grandiſon was received at his arrival with great tokens of eſteem and friendſhip, by the marquis himſelf, and by the biſhop.

Signor Jeronymo, who ſtill kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: And now, ſaid he, is the affair, that I have had ſo long in view, determined upon. O Chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: You will be Clementina's: And now indeed do I embrace my brother—But I detain you not: Go to the happy girl: She is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle ſpirit: She will not be able to ſay half ſhe thinks.

Camilla then appeared to conduct me, ſays Mr Grandiſon, to her ladies in the marchioneſs's drawing-room. She whiſpered me in the paſſage, Welcome, thrice welcome, beſt of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodneſs!

I found the marchioneſs ſitting at her toilette, richly dreſſed as in ceremony; but without attendants; even Camilla retired, as ſoon as ſhe had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina ſtood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dreſſed: But her natural modeſty, heightened by a glowing conſciouſneſs that ſeemed to ariſe from the occaſion, gave her advantages that her richeſt jewels could not have given her.

The marchioneſs ſtood up. I kiſſed her hand—You are welcome, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe. The only man on earth that I could *thus* welcome, or is fit to be *ſo* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young lady had ſhrunk back, her complexion varying, now glowing, now pale—Excuſe her *voice*, ſaid the condeſcending mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr Bartlett, how I muſt be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew not the terms that were to be preſcribed to me. "Spare me, dear lady, thought I, ſpare me my conſcience, and take all the world's wealth and glory to yourſelf: I ſhall be rich enough with Clementina."

The marchioneſs ſeated her in her own chair. I approached her: But how *could* I with that grateful ardour that, but for my doubts, would have ſprung to my lips? Modeſt love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praiſe *wholly* for that which was but partly due to it.

I drew a chair for the marchioneſs, and, at her command, another for myſelf: The mother took one hand of her baſhful daughter: I preſumed to take the other: The amiable lady held down her bluſhing face, and reproved me not, as ſhe did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her mother aſked me queſtions of an indifferent nature, as of my journey, of the courts I had viſited ſince I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my ſiſters: The latter queſtions

queſtions in a kind way, as if ſhe were aſking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour ſhewn me, and *for* the favour ſhewn me! For I queſtioned not but a change of religion would be propoſed and inſiſted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a ſhort converſation the amiable daughter aroſe, courteſied low to her mother, with dignity to me, and withdrew.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid the Marchioneſs, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we ſhould ſo ſoon ſee you again, and on the account we ſee you: But you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modeſty keeps in countenance our forwardneſs.

I bowed—What could I ſay?

I ſhall leave, ſo will my lord, particular objects to be talked of between the biſhop and you. You will, if it be not your own fault, have a treaſure in Clementina, and a treaſure with her. We ſhall do the ſame things for her as if ſhe had married the man we wiſhed her to have when we thought her affections diſengaged. You may believe we love our daughter—Elſe—

I applauded their indulgent goodneſs.

I can have no doubt, Mr Grandiſon, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never ſeen the woman, Dr Bartlett, that I *could* have loved ſo well, had I not reſtrained myſelf at firſt from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank, from conſiderations of the difference in religion, of the truſt and confidence the family placed in me, and by the reſolution I had made, as a guard to myſelf from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I aſſured the marchioneſs, that I was abſolutely diſengaged in my affections: That, not having

preſumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that ſeemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myſelf that ſo great a happineſs was reſerved for me.

She anſwered, that I deſerved it all: That I knew the value they had for me: That Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: That my character was my happineſs: That, however, what the *world* would ſay had been no ſmall point with them; but that was as good as got over; and ſhe doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generoſity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: And if ſo, would to heaven I had never ſeen Italy!]

The marquis joined his lady and me ſoon after. His features had a melancholy caſt. This dear girl, ſaid he, has faſtened upon me part of her malady. Parents, Chevalier, who are bleſſed with even *hopeful* children are not always happy. This girl—But no more: She is a good child. In the general oeconomy of Providence, none of the ſons of men are unhappy, but ſome others are the happier for it. Our ſon the biſhop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the Chevalier, my lord, ſaid the marchioneſs, the happineſs that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Baſhful enough, I ſuppoſe!

Indeed, my lord, ſhe cannot look up, anſwered the lady.

Poor thing! I ſuppoſed it would be ſo.

Why, why, thought I, was I ſuffered to ſee this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were propoſed to me!

But what indulgent parents are theſe, Dr Bartlett! What an excellent daughter! Yet not to be happy!—But how much more unhappily circumſtanced

ſtanced did I think myſelf!—I, who had rather have been rejected with diſdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I reverenced!

Thus far Mr Grandiſon. This, madam, will anſwer your queſtion, as to the ſixth article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The marquis led me, proceeds Mr Grandiſon, into the chamber of ſignor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, Chevalier, ſaid he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bleſs God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means!

I made my acknowledgments both to father and ſon.

The marquis then went into public affairs; and ſoon after left us together.

I was conſidering, whether I had beſt tell that ſincere friend my apprehenſions in relation to the articles of religion and reſidence; for he had with an air of humour congratulated me on the philoſophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whiſpered me, of her own head, as ſhe ſaid, that her young lady was juſt gone into the garden.

I dare ſay, it *was* of her own head: For Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is conſtantly deſirous of obliging, where ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall not offend any body.

Follow her then, ſaid Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla ſaid: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you pleaſe. I am afraid of the return of my young lady's thoughtfulneſs. She ſays, ſhe is aſhamed of the poor figure ſhe made before her mother: She is ſure ſhe

muſt look mean in your eyes. A man to be ſent for, Camilla, ſaid ſhe, in compliment to my weakneſs! Why did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my folly, or die! O that I had not owned my attachment! "Naughty Mrs Beaumont! ' ſaid ſhe, had it not been for you, my own boſom ' had contained the ſecret; till ſhame, and indig- ' nation againſt myſelf, had burſt my heart." She is reſolved, ſhe ſays, to reſume a ſpirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehenſions are, that, with all this condeſcenſion of her parents, obſtacles will ariſe on *your* part. If ſo, ſhe ſays, ſhe ſhall not be able to bear her own reflections, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto ſo happily eſcaped the ſnares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarraſſed by perverſe accidents that have ariſen from my friendſhips with the *worthy* of the ſex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthineſs, and even their piety, the cauſe to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my religion and my country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this ſhort life give, what can it promiſe, to warrant ſuch a ſacrifice!

I ſaid nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or could *not* do; yet ſhe ſaw my diſtreſs: She took notice of it. Being firmly perſuaded of the excellency of her own religion, ſhe wondered that a man of reflection and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, ſhe ſaid, as well as the heart of her young lady, boded an unhappy iſſue to our loves: Heaven avert it! ſaid the honeſt woman: But what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young lady—(Forgive me,

me, Sir)—prefers a man ſhe thinks ſhe ought *not* to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the church condemns?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praiſed her good intention, and ſincere dealing; and leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young lady in the orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her; and, ſeeing who it was, ſtopt.

Clementina, armed with conſcious worthineſs, as if ſhe had reſumed the ſame ſpirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condeſcended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that ſhines in that noble aſpect!—Who knows what may be our deſtiny?

I bowed. Veneration, eſteem, and concern from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeiſance profound.

I was going to ſpeak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, ſaid ſhe. My mamma bid me ſay welcome. I could not *then* ſpeak: And ſhe was ſo good to *you* as to anſwer for my heart. My *voice* is now found: But tell me—Do I ſee the ſame generous, the ſame noble Grandiſon, that I have heretofore ſeen?—Or, do I ſee a man inclined to ſlight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the ſacrifice of all their views?

You ſee, madam, the ſame Grandiſon, his heart only oppreſſed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happineſs deſigned for him may yet be fruſtrated. If it ſhould, how ſhall I be able to ſupport myſelf?

[What a difficult ſituation, my dear Dr Bartlett, was mine!—Equally afraid to urge my ſuit with ardour,

ardour, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour.]

What do you fear, Sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I oppoſed the ſtep taken. I declared that I would ſooner die than it *ſhould* be taken. It was to YOU, they ſaid; and you would know how to receive as you ought the diſtinction paid you. I have a ſoul, Sir, not unworthy of the ſpirit of my anceſtors: Tell me what you fear?—I only fear one thing; and that is, that I ſhould be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble lady! And think you, that while my happineſs is not yet abſolutely reſolved upon, I have not *reaſon* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: You will be moſt ſo when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowledge your goodneſs to me as a condeſcenſion.

But ſay; tell me, Sir; did you not, at firſt receiving the invitation, deſpiſe, in abſence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in preſence, you have the *goodneſs* to *pity?*

O that the high-ſoul'd Clementina would not think ſo contemptibly of the man before her, as ſhe *muſt* think, when ſhe puts a queſtion that would intitle him to infamy, could he preſume to imagine an *anſwer* to it neceſſary!

Well, Sir: I ſhall ſee how far the advances made on the *wrong* ſide will be juſtified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, ſhall I ſay (I will if you pleaſe) *condeſcenſions* to be made on *yours.*

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be propoſed, with which in honour and conſcience I cannot comply, put my regard for her

on

on ſuch a teſt as this!—I will not ſuppoſe that ſhe is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, ſaid I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: But when your friends are ſo good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I ſhall not be claſſed, by their beloved daughter, among the loweſt of mankind.

Excuſe me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reaſon to be always afraid of herſelf. If *you* do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myſelf*; and then, Sir, I ſhall think better of *you*, if better I *can* think: For, after all, did I not more miſtruſt *myſelf* than I do *you*, I ſhould not perhaps be ſo capricious as, I am afraid, I ſometimes am.

The marquis has hinted to me, madam, that your brother the biſhop is to diſcourſe with me on the ſubject now the neareſt to my heart of all others: May I preſume to addreſs myſelf to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepoſſeſs her in my favour before my lord and I meet?

I will anſwer you frankly, Sir: There are preliminaries to be ſettled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are do not think myſelf at liberty to hear you upon *any* ſubject that may tend to prepoſſeſſion.

I acquieſce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wiſh for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr Bartlett, but upon a ſuppoſition of a mutual intereſt between us, as I had hoped ſhe would allow, Clementina might *wiſh* that I would lead to ſome particular diſcourſe. Tho' modeſty becomes ours as well as the other ſex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a lady, in ſome

ſome certain caſes. But thus diſcouraged,] Perhaps, madam, ſaid I, the attendance I do myſelf the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the marquis.

Then, Sir, you will chuſe, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I reſpectfully withdrew; but ſhe taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I ſlowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, ſaid ſhe, I have been a little petulant: Indeed, Sir, I am not ſatisfied with myſelf. I *wiſh*—And there ſhe ſtopt.

What, madam, do you wiſh? Favour me with your wiſhes. If it be in *my* power—

It is *not*, interrupted ſhe—I wiſh I had not been at Florence. The lady I was with is a good woman; but ſhe was too hard for me. Perhaps (and ſhe ſighed) had I not been with *her*, I had been at reſt, and happy, before now; but if I had *not*, there is a pleaſure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am ſo fretful!—If I hated the bittereſt enemy I have as *much* as at times I hate myſelf, I ſhould be a very bad creature.

This was ſpoken with an air ſo melancholy, as greatly diſturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of religion and reſidence may be agreed upon between the biſhop and me!

Here, my good Miſs Byron, I cloſe this letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the biſhop and him; and I haſten to obey you in your next article.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Thurſday morning, March 30.

I SEND you now incloſed the doctor's fourth letter. I believe I muſt deſire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to ſend for me down.

We ſhall all be in London this evening.

Would to heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleaſure have I had in it!—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been eaſy and happy; ſince but for *him*, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandiſon; never had known him. Fame perhaps might have brought to my ears, in general converſation, as other perſons of diſtinction are talked of, ſome of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without coſting me one ſigh. And yet, had it been ſo, I ſhould then have known none of thoſe lively ſenſibilities that have mingled pleaſure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being diſtinguiſhed as a ſiſter to the ſiſters of ſo extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my fooliſh heart free! I ſhould then have had enough to boaſt of for my whole life; enough to talk of to every one: And when I had been aſked by my companions and intimates, what diverſions, what entertainments, I had been at? I ſhould have ſaid, "I have been in company and converſed with 'SIR CHARLES GRANDISON; and been favoured 'and diſtinguiſhed by all his family:" And I ſhould have paſſed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-houſe, in anſwering their queſtions about all theſe; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *the fine gentleman;* and my young friends would have

have come about me, and aſked me to tell them ſomething more of *the excellent man.*

But now my ambition has overthrown me: Aiming, wiſhing, to be every thing, I am nothing. If I am aſked about him, or his ſiſters, I ſhall ſeek to evade the ſubject: And yet, what other ſubject can I talk of? For what have I ſeen, what have I known, ſince I left Northamptonſhire, but him and them; and what elſe, indeed, ſince I have known this family, have I wiſhed to ſee, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I ſee, ſuffered my childiſh fancies to delude me into a ſhort forgetfulneſs of *his*, of *every* body's diſtreſſes! —But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's ſake, than for my own! How ſeverely do I pay for my curioſity! Yet it was neceſſary that I ſhould know the worſt. So Sir Charles ſeems to have thought, by the permiſſion he has given to Dr Bartlett to oblige me.

Your pity will be more raiſed on reading the letter I incloſe, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, though they are all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleaſed with the young lady's faithful Camilla: But, my dear, there is ſo much tenderneſs in Sir Charles's woe—It muſt be love—But he *ought* to love Clementina: She is a glorious, though unhappy young creature. I muſt not have one ſpark of generoſity left in my heart, I muſt be loſt wholly in *ſelf*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

Dr BARTLETT'S *fourth Letter.*

AS I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the diſ-

treſs he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his, were propoſed to him; as they were by the biſhop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to diſappoint the expectation of perſons ſo deſervedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be diſpleaſed, if I dwell a little more on theſe particulars, tho' they are not commanded from me.

The biſhop, when he had acquainted Mr Grandiſon with the terms, ſaid, you are ſilent, my dear Grandiſon: You heſitate. What, Sir! Is a propoſal of a daughter of one of the nobleſt families in Italy, that daughter a *Clementina*, to be ſlighted by a man of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy a prince's acceptance? Do you heſitate upon ſuch a propoſal as this, Sir?

My lord, I am grieved, rather than ſurprized, at the propoſal: I was apprehenſive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condeſcending invitation, and at the honour done me, on my arrival, otherwiſe would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon ſome articles in which the church of Rome and the Proteſtant churches differ. Mr Grandiſon would fain have avoided it; but the biſhop, ſuppoſing he ſhould have ſome advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr Grandiſon more than once, which did not help his cauſe.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: They would carry me into great length; and I have much to tranſcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me ſee of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed, after a paſſage or two, which will

ſhew you how that debate, about the difference in religion, went off.

You will call to mind, chevalier, ſaid the biſhop, that your church allows of a poſſibility of ſalvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My lord, our church allows not of its members indulging themſelves in capital errors, againſt conviction; but I hope that no more need be ſaid on this ſubject.

I think, replied the biſhop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were ſo firmly rooted in error as I find you: But to the point on which we began: I ſhould think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourſelves reduced to the neceſſity of reaſoning a private man into the acceptance of our ſiſter Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were ſhe to know that you *but heſitate*—He ſpoke with earneſtneſs, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my lord: You are diſpoſed to be warm. I will not ſo much as *offer* to defend myſelf from any imputations that may, in diſpleaſure, be caſt upon me, as if I were capable of ſlighting the honour intended me of a lady who is worthy of a prince. I am perſuaded that your lordſhip cannot think ſuch a defence neceſſary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconſiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of anceſtors, whom hitherto I have not diſgraced, will give me conſideration. But what, my lord, is anceſtry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condeſcending invitation. Your lordſhip would not perſuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and ſince, as you have heard, I have ſomething to offer, when called upon, in ſupport of them.

You will conſider this matter, my dear chevalier. It is you, I think, that are diſpoſed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our ſiſter, wiſh to have you among us: Our church

church would wiſh it. Such a proſelyte will juſtiſy us to every other conſideration, and to all our friends. Conſider of it, Grandiſon; but let it not be known to the principals of our family, that you think conſideration neceſſary: The dear Clementina, particularly, muſt not know it. Your *perſon*, chevalier, is not ſo dear to the excellent creature, as your *ſoul*. Hence it is that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame ſo pure, and ſo bright.

My diſtreſs, my lord, is beyond the power of words to deſcribe. I revere, I honour, and will to my laſt hour, the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur and nobility. Their ſons--You know not, my lord, the pride I have always had to be diſtinguiſhed even by a nominal relation to *them*: And give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you preſcribe, and I ſhall be happy beyond my higheſt wiſh. I deſire not dowry with her. I have a father on whoſe generoſity and affection I can rely. But I muſt repeat, my lord, that my principles are ſo well known, that I hoped a compromiſe would be accepted. I would not for the world compel your ſiſter. The ſame liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to conſider? Are you abſolutely determined?

If your lordſhip knew the pain it gives me to ſay that *I am*, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am ſorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever ſince he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, Chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, ſaid I, that your lordſhip does not do me juſtice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not ſuffer, from the friendſhip, from the love of that brother, and from

the urgency of the biſhop! But what was the reſult?

The biſhop aſked me, if he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his ſiſter?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I reſpectfully bowed. I recommended myſelf to the favour of the two brothers, and through them to that of the three truly reſpectable perſons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart ſorely diſtreſſed.

I was unable to ſtir out for the remainder of the day. The ſame chair into which I threw myſelf, upon my firſt coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in diſguiſe, made me a viſit. On my ſervant's withdrawing, revealing herſelf, O Sir, ſaid ſhe, what a diſtracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiouſneſs: I cannot ſtay. But let me juſt tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generoſity will ſuggeſt to you what is beſt to be done.

As ſoon as you were gone, my lord biſhop acquainted my lady marchioneſs with what had paſſed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in ſignor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to ſoften every thing. My lady marchioneſs acquainted my lord with the biſhop's report. I never ſaw that good nobleman in ſuch a paſſion. It is not neceſſary to tell you what he ſaid—

In a paſſion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family diſhonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthieſt of men, Camilla, ſaid I. I honour him.—But proceed.

The marchioneſs, in the tendereſt manner, broke the matter to my young lady: I was preſent.

She

She apprehended, that there might be occaſion for my attendance, and commanded me to ſtay.

Before ſhe could ſpeak all ſhe had to ſay, my young lady threw herſelf on her knees to her mamma, and bleſſing her for her goodneſs to her, begged her to ſpare the reſt. I ſee, ſaid ſhe, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, madam, am refuſed. Palliate not, I beſeech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough that I am refuſed. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not ſo baſe in ſpirit as to need your maternal conſolation on ſuch a contempt as this. I feel for my papa, for you, madam, and for my brothers. I feel the indignity. Bleſſings follow the man wherever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own maſter; and now he has made me my own miſtreſs. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will ſit as light upon me as it ought. His humility will allow him to be ſatisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my papa, my brothers, ſhall not find *me* mean.

The marchioneſs embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my lord to her, and reported what her daughter had ſaid: He alſo tenderly embraced the dear young lady, and rejoiced in her aſſurances, that now the cure was effected.

But unſeaſonably, as the event ſhewed, father Mareſcotti, being talked with, was earneſt to be allowed to viſit her: *Then*, he ſaid, was the proper time, the very criſis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his reverence deſired to attend her.

O let me go, ſaid ſhe, to Florence; to my dear Mrs Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go; and not ſee father Mareſcotti, till I can ſee him as I wiſh to ſee him!

But the good father prevailed: He meant the beſt.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, ſhe found her ſpiritleſs, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was ſilent to two or three of her mother's queſtions; and when ſhe *did* ſpeak, it was with wildneſs; but declaring, without being ſolicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, againſt marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her, ſhe ſhould go to Florence, as ſoon as ſhe pleaſed: But then the humour was off. Would to heaven ſhe had gone before ſhe ſaw his reverence! So they all now wiſh.

Camilla, ſaid ſhe to me, when we were alone, was it neceſſary to load the Chevalier Grandiſon? Was it neceſſary to inveigh againſt him?—It was ungenerous to do ſo. Was the man then obliged to have the creature whoſe forwardneſs had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed againſt. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. Yet, Camilla, I cannot bear being deſpiſed neither.

She aroſe from her ſeat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: She raves: She ſtarts: She neither ſits nor ſtands with quietneſs—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with paſſion and hurry; yet weeps not, though ſhe makes every body elſe weep. She ſpeaks to herſelf, and anſwers herſelf; and, as I gueſs, repeats part of the talk that paſſed between father Mareſcotti and her: But ſtill, *To be deſpiſed!* are the words ſhe often repeats.—*Jeſu!* once, ſaid ſhe—*To be deſpiſed!*—And by an Engliſh Proteſtant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The ſweeteſt creature!—I ſee, I ſee you have compaſſion, Sir! You never wanted humanity! Generoſity is a part of your nature!—I am ſure you love her—

her—I *ſee* you love her—I pain your noble heart! —Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's love extended beyond the limits of this world: She hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the ſenſible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not ſpeak. And had I been able, to what purpoſe ſhould I have pleaded to Camilla the ſuperior attachment which occaſioned an anguiſh that words cannot deſcribe?

What can I ſay, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eaſed your own heart, but you have loaded mine—Nevertheleſs I thank you. Would to heaven that your lady's own wiſhes had been complied with! that ſhe had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs Beaumont! the firſt natural impulſes of the diſtreſſed heart often point out the beſt alleviation. Would to heaven they had been purſued! I have great dependence on the generous friendſhip of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do I will do. I honour, I venerate every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deſerve their favour. On all occaſions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, ſaid ſhe, to put it into your heart to reſtore the tranquillity of a family which was, till lately, the happieſt in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg of you to excuſe my officiouſneſs. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I ſhall be wanted.

She was haſtening away. Good Camilla, ſaid I, taking a ring of ſome value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (ſhe is above accepting of pecuniary preſents, and ſtruggled againſt this), accept this as a remembrance, not acknowledgment. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta,

Porretta, and ſo have no opportunity again to ſee the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been preſcribed, Dr Bartlett, that I ſhould have refuſed to comply with? How was I anew diſtreſſed at the account Camilla gave me! But my great conſolation in the whole tranſaction is, that my own heart, on the matureſt deliberation, acquits me: And the rather, as it is impoſſible for me to practiſe a greater piece of ſelf-denial: For can there be on earth a nobler woman than Clementina?

The next morning early, Mr Grandiſon received the following letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo. I tranſlated it, my good Miſs Byron, at the time I received it. I will ſend you the tranſlation only.

My dear Chevalier!

SHALL I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother?—They blame themſelves, for the free acceſs you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her diſcernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, wherever ſhe found it? Can I therefore blame my ſiſter? —Indeed no. Has ſhe a *brother* whom I can blame? —No. But ought I not to blame myſelf? The dear creature owned, it ſeems, to Mrs Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Muſt I therefore accuſe myſelf?—If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preſerved by you, and for a ſenſe of my *ſocial* duties (ſoul as well as body indebted to you, though a Proteſtant yourſelf), will not ſuffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How ſtrangely is that calamity circumſtanced!

But

But is there ſo irreconcileable a difference between the two religions?—There is: The biſhop ſays there is: Clementina thinks there is: My father, my mother think there is.

But does *your* father think ſo? Will you put the whole matter on that iſſue, Chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: Yet, ſurely, with leſs reaſon.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a maſter of the queſtion.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina periſh? Will not the gallant youth who ventured his life ſo ſucceſsfully to ſave a brother, exert himſelf to preſerve a ſiſter?

Come and ſee the way ſhe is in—Yet they will not admit you into her preſence while ſhe is in that way.

The ſenſe ſhe has of her dignity debaſed, and the perpetual expoſtulations and apprehenſions of her zealous confeſſor—Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of her ſex? At laſt, you ſee, I have found ſomebody to accuſe.—But I come to my motive for giving you this trouble.

It is to requeſt you to make me a viſit. Breakfaſt with me, my dear Chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps ſee nobody elſe.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that ſhe attended you laſt night: She tells me how greatly you are grieved. I ſhould renounce your friendſhip were you *not*. At my ſoul I pity you, becauſe I knew, long ſince, your firm attachment to your religion; and becauſe you love Clementina.

I wiſh I were able to attend *you:* I would ſave you the pain of this viſit; for I know it muſt pain you: But come nevertheleſs.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were ſo well known, a compromiſe would

would be accepted—Explain yourſelf to me upon this compromiſe—If I can ſmoothe the way between you—Yet I deſpair that any thing will do but your converſion. They love your ſoul; *they* think they love it better than you do yourſelf. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boaſt in return!

The general, I hear, came to town laſt night: We have not ſeen him yet. He had buſineſs with the Gonfaloniere. I think you muſt not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till laſt night, that the biſhop broke to him at that magiſtrate's our unhappy ſituation. What a diſappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and to give his ſiſter pleaſure. Ah, Sir! he came to be preſent at two ſolemn acts: The one your nuptials, in conſequence of the other.—You muſt not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, eſpecially in our own houſe.

Come, however; I long to ſee you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not uſe to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to,

Your ever affectionate
and faithful friend,
JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family. I longed, before this letter came, to ſee and to hear from it. The face of the meaneſt ſervant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the deſire I had once more to enter doors that uſed to be opened to me with ſo much pleaſure on both ſides!

Dr

Dr BARTLETT'S *fifth Letter.*

MR Grandiſon thus proceeds: I was introduced to ſignor Jeronymo. He ſat expecting me. He bowed more ſtiffly than uſual in return to my compliment.

I ſee, ſaid I, that I have loſt my friend.

Impoſſible, ſaid he. It cannot be.

Then ſpeaking of his ſiſter, dear creature! ſaid he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever ſince three o'clock: Nobody elſe has any influence with her. Theſe talking fits are worſe than her ſilent ones.

What could I ſay? My ſoul was vexed. My friend ſaw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He then entered upon the ſubject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the general, ſaid he. I will not, I think, have you ſee each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted while you are with me. If you chuſe not to ſee the general, or my father or mother, ſhould they ſtep in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the backſtairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the leaſt ſufferer in this diſtreſs, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but elſe I cannot conceal myſelf.

This is like you. It is yourſelf. O Grandiſon! that we could be *real* brothers!—In ſoul we are ſo. But what is the compromiſe you hinted at?

I then told him, that I would reſide one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England in every year. As to religion, ſhe ſhould keep her own; her confeſſor only to be a man of known diſcretion.

He

He ſhook his head. I'll propoſe it as from yourſelf, if you would have me to do ſo, Chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body elſe. I have undertaken for *more* than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, Chevalier, that you, for *my* ſake, for *all* our ſakes—But I know you have a great deal to ſay on this ſubject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Proteſtants, Proteſtants by deſcent, as I may ſay, 'tis ſtrange you ſhould be ſo very ſtedfaſt. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be ſo very tenacious; ſuch offers, ſuch advantages—And ſurely you muſt love my ſiſter. All our family you ſurely love. I will preſume to ſay, they deſerve your love; and they give the ſtrongeſt proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative anſwer to what he ſaid. My ſtedfaſtneſs was beſt expreſſed, and ſurely it was ſufficiently expreſſed (the circumſtances of the caſe ſo intereſting), by ſilence.

Juſt then came in Camilla. The Marchioneſs, Sir, knows you are here. She deſires you will not go till ſhe ſees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is perſuading Lady Clementina to be blooded. She has an averſion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leeches. The marquis and the biſhop are both gone out. They could not bear her ſolicitations to them to *ſave* her, as ſhe called it.

The Marchioneſs ſoon after entered—Care, melancholy, yet tenderneſs, was in her aſpect: Grief for her daughter's malady ſeemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your ſeat, Chevalier. She ſat down, ſighed, wept; but would not have had her tears ſeen.

Had I not been ſo deeply concerned in the cauſe of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I ſay? I turned my head aſide. I would alſo have concealed *my* emotion; but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor Chevalier, kindly ſaid he, with an accent of compaſſion—

I don't doubt it, anſwered ſhe as kindly, though he ſpoke not out what he had to ſay. He may be obdurate, but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generoſity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You *know* that heart, Dr Bartlett, and what a taſk it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his ſiſter's health; I was afraid to enquire.

Not worſe, I hope; but ſo talkative! poor thing! She burſt into tears.

I preſumed to take her hand—O madam! Will no compromiſe! Will no—

It *ought not*, chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if ſhe be yours; and you know what we then ſhould think of her precious ſoul!—Better to part with her for ever—Yet how can a mother—Her tears ſpoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, ſaid ſhe, contending with the doctors againſt being let blood. She was ſo earneſt with me to prevent it, that I could not ſtay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the aſtoniſhment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herſelf.—A happy eſcape! Thank God! ſaid ſhe—Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you!—You don't uſe to be cruel; and to leave me with theſe doctors—See! ſee! and ſhe held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as we, was ſpeechleſs with ſurprize—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—And I ran for ſhelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Deareſt, deareſt madam, don't let me be ſacrificed. What has your poor child done to be thus treated?

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not ſuffered enough?—

The door opened. She caſt her fearful eye to it, clinging faſter to her mother—They are come to take me!—Begone, Camilla, [it was ſhe]; begone, when I bid you! They ſhan't take me—My mamma will ſave me from them—Won't you, my mamma? claſping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her boſom: Then, lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They ſhan't have me—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me; won't you?

I aroſe. I was unable to bear this affecting ſcene—She ſaw me.

Good God! ſaid ſhe—Then in Engliſh breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which ſhe had taken great notice of, when we read that play together—

Angels, and miniſters of grace, defend us!

She left her mother, and ſtept gently towards me, looking earneſtly with her face held out, as if ſhe were doubtful whether it were I or not.

I ſnatched

I ſnatched her hand, and preſſed it with my lips—O madam!—Deareſt lady!—I could ſay no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother, one hand held up, as in ſurprize, as I detained the other.

The ſon's arms ſupported the almoſt fainting mother; his tears mingled with hers.

For God's ſake! for my ſake, dear Grandiſon! ſaid he, and ſtopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I haſtened to ſupport the marchioneſs.

O chevalier! ſpare your concern for me, ſaid ſhe. My child's *head* is of more conſequence to me than my own *heart*.

What was it of diſtreſs that I did not at that moment feel!

The young lady turning to us—Well, Sir, ſaid ſhe, here is ſad work! Sad work, to be ſure! Somebody is wrong: I won't ſay who.—But *you* will not let theſe doctors uſe me ill—Will you?—See here! ſhewing her bound-up arm to me—what they would have done!—See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I ſprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention, my deareſt mamma! How do you do?—

O my child! and ſhe claſped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by *her* grief to the diſtreſsful ſcene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the marchioneſs: O my deareſt lady! ſaid ſhe—The marchioneſs feeling for her *ſalts*, and taking them out of her pocket, and ſmelling to them: Unclaſp me, Camilla, ſaid ſhe: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whiſpered Camilla: But they ſay, it is highly proper; and they talk of bliſtering!—

Not her head, I hope—the dear creature, when ſhe uſed to value herſelf upon any thing, took pride, as well ſhe might, in her hair.

Now you are whiſpering, my mamma—And this impertinent Camilla is come—Camilla, they ſhall not have me, *I* tell you—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already!—again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to ſubmit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command—Well, I won't love you, brother, ſaid ſhe: You are in the plot againſt me—But *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earneſtly in my face, with ſuch a mixture of woe and tenderneſs in her eye as pierced my very ſoul.

Perſuade her, chevalier, ſaid the marchioneſs.

My good young lady, will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you diſtreſs your noble brother!

She ſtroked her brother's cheek (it was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably ſoothing—Poor Jeronymo! My deareſt brother! And have you not ſuffered enough from vile aſſaſſins? Poor dear brother!—and again ſtroked his cheek—How was I affected!

A freſh guſh of tears broke from his eyes—Ah, Grandiſon! ſaid he.

O why, why, ſaid I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This diſtreſs could not have been ſo deep, had not I been preſent.

See! ſee! chevalier! holding out her ſpread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—He weeps for his ſiſter, I believe.—Theſe—look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—ſee! is wet with a brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother

mother. It is a grievous thing to ſee men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—Have they ſofter hearts than mine!—Don't weep, chevalier—See, Jeronymo has done!—I would ſtroke your cheek too, if it would ſtop your tears.—But what is all this for? It is becauſe of theſe doctors, I believe—But, Camilla, bid them be gone: They ſhan't have me.

Deareſt madam, ſaid I, ſubmit to your mamma's advice. Your mamma wiſhes you to ſuffer them to breathe a vein—It is no more—Your Jeronymo alſo beſeeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wiſh it too, chevalier!—Do *you* wiſh to ſee me wounded!—To ſee my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be ſo hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: For your father's ſake! For——

For *your* ſake, chevalier?—Well, will it do you good to ſee me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not ſtand this queſtion; but with an air of tenderneſs for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irreſiſtible lady (O what eloquence in her diſorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earneſtly after my averted face, as if ſhe would not ſuffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it comfort *you* to ſee me bleed?—Come then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: But you ſhall not leave me. You ſhall ſee that theſe doctors ſhall not kill me quite.

O Dr Bartlett! How did this addreſs to me torture my very ſoul!

Camilla, proceeded ſhe, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her mother, will it pleaſe *you* to have me bleed? Will it pleaſe *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him—And, Sir, Sir, ſtepping to me with quickneſs, will it pleaſe *you?*—Why then, Camilla, bid the

doctors come in.—What would I not do to pleaſe ſuch kind friends? You grudge not your tears: And as I cannot give you tears for tears from my eyes, ſhall not my arm weep?—But do *you* ſtand by me, chevalier, while it is done. You will: Won't you?—ſeeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the reſtoring the peace of mind of this dear lady and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own!—But my conſcience!—Prepoſſeſſed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in diſfavour of that I am wiſhed to embrace: How, thought I, can I make a ſacrifice of my conſcience!

The dear lady was then as earneſt for the operation, as before ſhe had been averſe to it: But ſhe did and ſaid every thing in a hurry.

The marchioneſs and my friend were comforted, in hopes that ſome relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you ſtand by me, Sir, ſaid ſhe to me.—Come, make haſte. But it ſha'n't be the ſame arm—Camilla, ſee, I can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant—I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make haſte—Are you always ſo tedious?—The preparation in all theſe things, I believe, is worſe than the act.—Pray, pray, make haſte.

They did; though ſhe thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, ſaid the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, chevalier, going to be offered—looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and ſhe bleeding freely.

The doctors were not ſatisfied with a ſmall quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite ſo much as they intended; and her women

women carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair ſhe ſat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compaſſion and my *beſt* wiſhes followed her.

You ſee your power over the dear girl, Grandiſon, ſaid her brother.

The marchioneſs ſighed; and looking at me with kind and earneſt meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

LETTER VI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

RECEIVE, my Lucy, the doctor's ſixth letter. The fifth has almoſt broken the hearts of us all.

Dr BARTLETT'S *ſixth Letter.*

A SCENE of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr Grandiſon.

Camilla ſtept in and ſaid, the general was come: and was at that time lamenting with the marchioneſs the diſordered ſtate of mind of his beloved ſiſter, who had again fainted away, but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The general will be here preſently, ſaid Jeronymo. Do you chuſe to ſee him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart inſtantly. If he comes not in ſoon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done ſpeaking when the general entered, drying his eyes.

Your ſervant, Mr Grandiſon, ſaid he. Brother, How do you? Not the better, I dare ſay, for the preſent affliction. Who the devil would have thought

thought the girl had been ſo deeply affected?—Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family—

My lord, I hope I do not deſerve this addreſs!—*Triumph*, my lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more diſtreſſed than mine.

And is religion, is conſcience, *really* of ſuch force, Chevalier?

Let me aſk that queſtion, my lord, of your own heart: Let me aſk it of your brother the biſhop; of the other principals of your noble family: And the anſwer given will be an anſwer for me.

He ſeemed diſpleaſed. Explain yourſelf, Chevalier.

If, my lord, ſaid I, you think there is ſo great, ſo eſſential a difference in the two religions, that you cannot conſent that I ſhould keep my own, what muſt I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, though on the higheſt temporal conſideration! Make the caſe your own, my lord.

I *can*. And were I in your ſituation, ſuch a woman as my ſiſter, ſuch a family as ours, ſuch a ſplendid fortune as ſhe will have, I believe, I ſhould not make the ſcruples you do. My brother the biſhop indeed might not have given the ſame anſwer. He might have been more tenacious.

The biſhop cannot be better ſatisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my lord, *from what you have ſaid*, that I may claim the honour of your friendſhip in this great article. It is propoſed to me that I renounce my religion: I make no ſuch propoſal to your family; on the contrary, I conſent that Lady Clementina ſhould keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handſome proviſion for a diſcreet man, her confeſſor, to attend her, in order to ſecure her in it. As to reſidence, I will conſent to reſide one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if ſhe chuſe not to go

to

to England at all, I will acquieſce, and viſit England myſelf but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr Grandiſon? ſaid Signor Jeronymo, deſirous of promoting the compromiſe.

I will conſent that daughters ſhall be the mother's care; the education of ſons muſt be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, Chevalier, ſneeringly ſpoke the general, that *they* ſhould be left to perdition?

Your lordſhip, without my entering into the opinion of the profeſſors of both religions on this ſubject, will conſider my propoſal as a *compromiſe*. I would not have begun an addreſs upon theſe terms with a princeſs. I do aſſure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Preſcribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my ſoul, give up every ducat of your ſiſter's fortune.

Then what will you have to ſupport—

My lord, leave that to your ſiſter and me. I will deal honourably with her. If ſhe renounce me on that article, you will have reaſon to congratulate yourſelves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more conſiderable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: Why then ſhould you not look forward to your poſterity as Italians? And in *that* caſe—

He ſtopt there.—It was eaſy to gueſs at his inference.

I would no more renounce my country than my religion: I would leave poſterity free, but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myſelf upon; nor yet my country of a family that never gave it cauſe to be aſhamed of it.

The general took ſnuff, and looked on me and off me, with an air too ſupercilious. I could not but be ſenſible of it.

I have

I have no ſmall difficulty, my lord, ſaid I, to bear the hardſhips of my ſituation, added to the diſtreſs which that ſituation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done any thing to reproach myſelf with, either in thought, word, or deed—My lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my lord, ſaid Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the caſe before us is, that the Chevalier Grandiſon has merit ſuperior to that of moſt men; and that our ſiſter, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be inſenſible to his.

Whatever were my ſiſter's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours*; and generous ones they are: But we all know how handſome men may attach young ladies, without needing to ſay a ſingle word. The poiſon once taken in at the eye, it will ſoon diffuſe itſelf through the whole maſs.

My honour, yet, my lord, was never called in queſtion, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, Chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we ſhould not have entered into treaty with you on this ſubject, I do aſſure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our houſe refuſed. You don't know the conſequence, I can tell you, of ſuch an indignity offered in this country.

Refuſed! my lord!—To *endeavour* to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your lordſhip's juſtice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble houſe.

He aroſe in anger, and ſwore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I ſtood up too: And if I am, my lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been uſed to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was diſturbed. He ſaid, he had oppoſed our ſeeing each other. He knew his brother's

brother's warmth; and I, he ſaid, from the ſcenes that had before paſſed, ought perhaps to have ſhewn more pity than reſentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your ſiſter, Signor Jeronymo, ſaid I (for whom I have the tendereſt ſentiments), as well as to do juſtice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help ſhewing myſelf affected *by* the word *refuſed*.

Affected by the word refuſed! Sir, ſaid the general—Yes you have ſoft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make uſe of thoſe that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the propoſed compromiſe, than to have met with your diſpleaſure.

Conſider, Chevalier, coolly conſider this matter: How ſhall we anſwer it to our country (we are public people, Sir), to the church, to which we ſtand related, to our own character, to marry a daughter of our houſe to a Proteſtant? You ſay you are concerned for her honour: What *muſt* we, what *can* we ſay in her behalf, if ſhe be reflected upon as a love-ſick girl, who, though ſtedfaſt in her religion, could refuſe men of the firſt conſideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Engliſhman, carry her off?—

Preſerving nevertheleſs by *ſtipulation*, you will remember, my lord, her religion.—If you ſhall have ſo much to anſwer for to the world with ſuch a ſtipulation in the lady's favour, what ſhall I be thought of, who, though I am not, nor wiſh to be a public man, am not of a low or inconſiderable family, if I, againſt my conſcience, renounce my religion and my country, for a conſideration, that, though the higheſt in private life, is a partial and ſelfiſh conſideration?

No

No more, no more, Sir—If you can deſpiſe worldly grandeur, if you can ſet light by riches, honours, love, my ſiſter has *this* to be ſaid in her praiſe, that ſhe is the firſt woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philoſopher: And ſhe muſt, I think, take the conſequence of ſuch a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my lord, it will, ſaid Jeronymo, if Mr Grandiſon be the philoſopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart go off ſo lightly; but the levity ſhewn by the general was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the paſt warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I paſſed through the ſaloon, I had the pleaſure of hearing, by a whiſper from Camilla, that her young lady was ſomewhat more compoſed for the operation ſhe had yielded to.

In the afternoon the general made me a viſit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiſs ſome things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excuſed myſelf by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my intereſt as to the propoſed compromiſe. He gave me no encouragement, but took down my propoſals in writing.

He aſked me if my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him that I had forborn to write any thing of the affair to my father.

That, he ſaid, was ſurprizing. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be ſtrict in religion, be it what religion it would, ſhould be uniform. He who could diſpenſe with one duty, might with another.

I anſwered,

I anſwered, that having no view to addreſs lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family ſo conſiderable: That it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he muſt know: That thoſe hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and reſidence would be an inſuperable obſtacle: But that it was my reſolution, in the ſame hour that I could have any proſpect of ſucceeding, to lay all before him; and I was ſure of his approbation and conſent to an alliance ſo anſwerable to the magnificence of his own ſpirit.

The general, at parting, with a haughty air ſaid, I take my leave, Chevalier: I ſuppoſe you will not be in haſte to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely ſenſible of the indignity you have caſt upon us all. I *am*, and ſwore—We ſhall not diſgrace our ſiſter and ourſelves, by courting your acceptance of her. I underſtand that Olivia is in love with you too. Theſe contentions for you may give you conſequence with yourſelf: But Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a firſt family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir.

What you have ſaid, my lord, I have not deſerved of you. It can-*not* be anſwered, at leaſt by me. I ſhall not leave Bologna till I apprize you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be aſſured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once deſigned me. I will only add, that my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that ſtep? It was a *baſe* one. It had not *my* concurrence. He went from me in a paſſion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr Bartlett, had I been ſpared this inſult from a brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threaten-

ed. But, I thank God, I do not deſerve the treatment.

LETTER VII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

London, Friday Morning, Mar. 21.

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yeſterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miſs Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My couſin ſays, they are inſeparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's ſake.

Dr Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think that he and his kinſman give up all their time in tranſcribing for us. I ſend you now his ſeventh, eighth, and ninth letters. In reading the two latter, we were ſtruck (for the two ſiſters and my lord were with us) with the nobleneſs of Clementina. Her motive, through her whole delirium, is ſo apparently owing to her concern for the ſoul of the man ſhe loved (entirely regardleſs of any intereſt of her own), that we all forgot what had been ſo long our wiſhes, and joined in giving preference to her.

Dr BARTLETT's *ſeventh Letter.*

I HAD another viſit paid me, proceeds Mr Grandiſon, two hours after the general left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, diſguiſed as before.

I come now, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, with the marchioneſs's connivance, and, I may ſay, by her command; and, at the ſame time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my laſt attendance

attendance upon you, though no one elſe does, not even the marchioneſs. He gave me this letter for you.

But how does the nobleſt young lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More compoſed than we could have hoped for from the height of her delirium. It *was* high; for ſhe has but a very faint idea of having ſeen you this morning.

The marchioneſs had bid her ſay, that although I had now given her deſpair inſtead of hope, yet that ſhe owed it to my merit, and to the ſenſe ſhe had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that reſentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore ſhe wiſhed I would leave Bologna for the preſent. If happier proſpects preſented, ſhe would be the firſt to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the letter of my kind Jeronymo. Theſe were the contents:

I AM infinitely concerned, my dear Grandiſon, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brother is, hurried away by paſſion. You *may* have acted with your uſual magnanimity in preferring your religion to your love, and to your glory. I, for my part, think you to be a diſtreſſed man. If you are not, you muſt be very inſenſible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the diſtinction ſhe honours you with. I muſt write in this ſtile, and think ſhe does honour by it even to my Grandiſon. But ſhould the conſequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you, if, in particular, for my *brother*, What cauſe of regret would our family have, that a *younger* brother was ſaved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder*? If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflection, that you

ſaved one brother, and periſhed by the hand of another! Would to God that his paſſion, and your ſpirit, were more moderate! But let me requeſt this favour of you, that you retire to Florence, for a few days at leaſt.

How unhappy am I, that I am diſabled from taking part in a more active mediation!—Yet the general admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his ſoul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's ſake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more ſedate. I have carried it, that her confeſſor ſhall not at preſent viſit her; yet he is an honeſt and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miſerable! And can religion be the cauſe of ſo much unhappineſs? I cannot *act*. I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna to-morrow, and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO.

I ſent my grateful compliments to the marchioneſs by Camilla. I beſought her to believe, that my conduct on this occaſion ſhould be ſuch as ſhould merit her approbation. I expreſſed my grief for the apprehended reſentments. I was ſure that a man ſo noble, ſo generous, ſo brave, as was the man from whom the reſentments might be ſuppoſed to ariſe, would better conſider of every-thing: But it was impoſſible for me, I bid Camilla ſay, to be far diſtant from Bologna; becauſe I ſtill preſumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to the ſame effect. I aſſured him of my high regard for his gallant brother; I deplored the occaſion which had ſubjected me to the general's diſpleaſure; bid him depend

pend upon my moderation. I referred to my known reſolution of long ſtanding, to avoid a meditated rencounter with *any* man; urging, that he might, for that reaſon, the more ſecurely rely upon my care to ſhun any acts of offence either to or from a ſon of the Marquis della Porretta, a brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the moſt excellent and beloved of ſiſters!

Neither the marchioneſs nor Jeronymo were ſatisfied with the anſwers I returned: But what could I do? I had promiſed the general that I would not leave Bologna till I had appriſed him of my intention to do ſo; and I ſtill was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the marchioneſs, to indulge my hopes of ſome happy turn.

The marquis, the biſhop, and general, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full aſſembly, that Grandiſon, as well from difference in religion as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: And it was hinted to the general, that he was equally unworthy of his reſentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a ſedate mind. She deſired her mother to allow her to ſee me: But the marchioneſs, believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the conſequences, and of incurring blame from the reſt of her family, now eſpecially that they were abſent, and conſulting together on what *was* proper to be done, deſired ſhe would not think of it.

This refuſal made Clementina the more earneſt for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they

were of one another, throughout the ſeveral branches of it: This harmony among them added greatly to the family conſequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confeſſor ſtrengthening the marchioneſs's apprehenſions of what the conſequence of indulging the young lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wiſhes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which tears my heart in pieces.

The young lady's malady, after ſome favourable ſymptoms which went off, returning in another ſhape, her talkativeneſs continued; but the hurry with which ſhe ſpoke and acted, gave place to a ſedateneſs that ſhe ſeemed very fond of. They did not ſuffer her to go out of her chamber; which ſhe took not well: But Camilla, being abſent about an hour, on her return miſſed her, and alarmed the whole houſe upon it. Every part of it and of the garden was ſearched. From an apprehenſion that they dared not ſo much as whiſper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they ſo carefully ſought after.

At laſt, Camilla ſeeing, as ſhe ſuppoſed, one of the maid-ſervants coming down ſtairs with remarkable tranquillity, as ſhe thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! ſaid ſhe, how compoſed do you ſeem to be in a ſtorm that agitates every body elſe!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the ſuppoſed ſervant.

Q my

O my lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's cloaths! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the marchioneſs know (ſaid ſhe to one of the women-ſervants who then appeared in ſight) that we have found my young lady—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina (to another woman-ſervant), go this inſtant to my lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus ſhe went on, aſking queſtions of her young lady, and giving orders, almoſt in the ſame breath, till the marchioneſs came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which ſhe had thrown herſelf; tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every ſervant, with fatal tidings.

The young lady ſtood ſtill, but with great compoſure. I *will* go, Camilla, ſaid ſhe; indeed I will. You diſturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wiſh you would be as ſedate and calm as I am: What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—O my ſweet girl! ſaid ſhe, how could you terrify us thus! What's the meaning of this diſguiſe? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beſide herſelf!

O my dear! ſaid her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her), tell me, ſaid ſhe, tell me, has Laura furniſhed you with this dreſs?

Why no, madam: I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myſelf in Laura's room, while ſhe changed her cloaths: I ſaw where ſhe put thoſe ſhe took off; and when ſhe had left her room, I put them on.

And

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you deſigned?

I am neither afraid nor aſhamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon.

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear mamma, and I'll tell you. Do let me kiſs away theſe tears—And ſhe tenderly embraced her mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the chevalier Grandiſon. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believe I could ſay a great deal to the purpoſe to him; and you told me I muſt not ſee him: So I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I ſhould convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I ſay to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the biſhop, or father Mareſcotti. I am a ſimple girl, and can have no intereſt in his converſion; for he has refuſed me, you know: So there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refuſed before: *Was* I, my mamma? I never will be twice refuſed. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can ſave a ſoul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own. And ſhall I not go? Yes, I ſhall. I know you will give me leave.—She courteſied. Silence is permiſſion! Thank you, madam—And ſeemed to be going.

Well might her mother be ſilent. She could not ſpeak; but riſing, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, ſobbed over it her denial (as Camilla deſcribed it); and brought her back, and motioned to her to ſit down.

She whiſpered Camilla, what ails my mamma? Can you tell?—But ſee how calm, how compoſed I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and ſhe looked up. And ſo I ſhall

tell the chevalier. I ſhall tell him not to refuſe heaven, though he has refuſed a ſimple girl, who was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all theſe things I wanted to ſay to him, and a vaſt deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I ſhall be eaſy.

Will my precious girl be eaſy, broke out into ſpeech her weeping mother, when you have told the chevalier your mind? You *ſhall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God reſtore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good ſign—For if I have moved you to oblige me, why may I not move him to oblige himſelf?—That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutreſs; and ſo you will let me go—Wont you?

No, my dear, we will ſend for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: For theſe proud men may be aſhamed, before company, to own themſelves convinced by a ſimple girl.

But, my deareſt love, whither would you have gone? Do you know where the chevalier's lodgings are?

She pauſed.—She does not, ſurely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the queſtion, that the young lady might herſelf anſwer it.

She looked as if conſidering—Then, why no, truly, ſaid ſhe; I did not think of that: But every body in Bologna knows where the chevalier Grandiſon lives—Don't you think ſo—But when ſhall he come! That will be better; *much* better.

You ſhall go, Camilla, diſguiſed as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has paſſed, on this attempt of the dear ſoul—If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too

too late: Though it *will be* ſo after my lord and my two ſons return from Urbino. But ſmall are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child eaſy, that will be a bleſſed event: We ſhall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my dear—But firſt reſume your own dreſs—And then we will tell Jeronymo what we were determined upon. He will be pleaſed with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miſs Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I ſee, affects you too ſenſibly: As it alſo does my Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon. No wonder, when the tranſcribing of them has the ſame effect upon me, as the reading had at my firſt being favoured with the letters that give the moving particulars.

Dr BARTLETT'*s eighth Letter.*

I PROCEED now to give an account of Mr Grandiſon's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no ſooner heard the preceeding particulars, than he haſtened to her, though with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the marchioneſs and ſignor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I ſuppoſed, ſaid the marchioneſs, after firſt civilities, Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great deſire to talk with you. Who knows but ſhe may be eaſier after ſhe has been humoured?—She is more compoſed than ſhe was, ſince ſhe knows ſhe may expect to ſee you. Poor thing! ſhe has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, ſaid Jeronymo, that compaſſion for her diſordered mind may have that effect upon my Grandiſon, which argument has not had!

—Poor

—Poor Grandiſon! I can pity you at my heart. Theſe are hard trials to your humanity! Your diſtreſs is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, ſaid I.

Indeed, Dr Bartlett, it was.

The marchioneſs rang. Camilla came in. See, ſaid ſhe, if Clementina is diſpoſed now to admit of the chevalier's viſit; and aſk her, if ſhe will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the anſwer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was ſitting at the window, a book in her hand. She ſtood up. A great, but ſolemn compoſure appeared in her air and aſpect.

The marchioneſs went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound reſpect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to ſpeak firſt—*She* could ſpeak. She did, without heſitation—

You are nothing to me now, chevalier: You have refuſed me, you know; and I thank you: You are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you ſaw what trouble I gave to the beſt of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give ſo much concern to them, muſt make any man afraid of her. But religion, it ſeems, is your pretence. Now I am ſorry that you are an obſtinate man. You *know* better, chevalier. I think you *ſhould* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I ſhall attend to every inſtruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kiſſing firſt one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You ſee I am quite well. You ſee I am ſedate—Bleſs your Clementina!

God

God bleſs my child!

She aroſe from her knees; and ſtepping towards me—You are very ſilent, Sir; and very ſad.—But I don't want you to be ſad.—Silent I will allow you to be; becauſe the tutored ſhould be all ear. So I uſed to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to ſay to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look ſo melancholy, chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought juſt and fit—Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother—The poor chevalier cannot ſpeak, madam—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is ſorry, to be ſure!—Well, but, Sir, turning to me, don't be ſorry.—And yet the man who once refuſed me—Ah, chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: But I ſoon got over it. You ſee how ſedate I am now. Cannot you be as ſedate as I am?

What could I ſay? I could not ſoothe her: She boaſted of her ſedateneſs. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromiſe have been allowed of, I could have been unreſerved in my declarations. Was ever man ſo unhappily circumſtanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendſhip with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the ſweet ties of kindneſs and eſteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But let me aſk you, chevalier, how could you be ſo *unreaſonable* as to expect, that I ſhould change my religion, when you were ſo very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreaſonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any conſciences, ſo as we do but ſtudy your wills, and do

our duty by you. Men look upon themſelves as Gods of the earth, and on us women but as their miniſtring ſervants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be ſo unreaſonable. You uſed to ſpeak highly of our ſex. Good women, you uſed to ſay, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I *was* a woman. How could *you*, chevalier, be ſo unreaſonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the propoſals I made?—She ſeems to think that I inſiſted upon her change of religion.

It was not deſigned ſhe ſhould think ſo: But I remember now, that ſhe would not let me tell all I had to ſay, when I was making my report to her of what had paſſed between the biſhop and you. It was enough, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had been refuſed; ſhe beſought me to ſpare the reſt: And ſince that, ſhe has not been in ſuch a way that we *could* talk to her on that part of the ſubject. We took it for granted, that *ſhe* knew it all, becauſe *we* did. Could we have yielded to your propoſals, we ſhould have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had propoſed, it may make her think ſhe has not been *deſpiſed*, as ſhe calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of ſpeaking low to each other, ſaid the young lady. After your ſlight, Sir, you may let me hear *any thing*.—Madam! you ſee how ſedate I am. I have quite overcome myſelf. Don't be afraid of ſaying *any thing* before me.

Slight, my deareſt Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witneſs, your honoured mamma is my witneſs, that I have not ſlighted you!—The conditions I had propoſed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happieſt of men!

Yes, and me the unhappieſt of women. Why you refuſed me, did you not? And putting both her hands ſpread before her face, Don't let it be told

abroad, that a daughter of that beſt of mothers was refuſed by any man leſs than a prince!—Fie upon that daughter! To be able to ſtand before the proud refuſer! [She walked from me.] I am aſhamed of myſelf!—O Mrs Beaumont! but for *you!*—My ſecret had been buried here, putting one hand on her boſom, holding ſtill the other before her face.—But, Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't ſpeak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlaſting ſilence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to ſay to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, Sir: Mine was a pure, diſintereſted eſteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was ſetting out to convert you. I ſhould have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: *Out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings:* Do you remember that text, Sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—But now I have loſt it—O that impertinent Camilla!—*She* muſt queſtion me—The woman addreſſed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to ſee me ſo ſedate.

I was going to ſpeak—Huſh, huſh, when I bid you! and ſhe put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kiſſed it.

Ah, chevalier! ſaid ſhe, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *deſpiſed* girl—

Let me *now* ſpeak, madam—Uſe not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the propoſals I made—

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguiſh of my ſoul—Huſh, ſaid ſhe, interrupting, and turning to her mother—I know nothing of theſe men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? He *looks*

as

as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was ſilent through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, though ſhe is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She ſtept to her cloſet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, Sir, you muſt not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand what you have now ſaid—But I will write it, and you ſhall ſign it.

She wrote in an inſtant as follows:

> THE Chevalier Grandiſon ſolemnly declares, that he did, in the moſt earneſt manner, of his own accord, propoſe, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if ſhe might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free uſe of her religion; and to have a diſcreet man, at her choice, for her confeſſor: And that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: And that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you ſign this, Sir?—

Moſt willingly.—

Do then.—

I did.

And you *did* propoſe this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he hid. And I would have told you ſo, but that you were affected at his ſuppoſed refuſal.

Why, to be ſure, madam, interrupted ſhe, it was a ſhocking thing to be *refuſed*.

Would you have wiſhed us, my dear, to comply with theſe terms? Would you have choſen to marry a Proteſtant? A daughter of the houſe of Porretta, and of the houſe I ſprung from, to marry an Engliſh Proteſtant?

Clementina took her mother aſide; but ſpoke loud enough to be heard:

To be ſure, madam, that would have been wrong: But I am glad I was not refuſed with contempt: That my tutor, and the preſerver of my Jeronymo, did not *deſpiſe* me. To ſay truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and ſo made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the chevalier's propoſals?

Why no, ſurely, madam!—Might I have not had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his *fault*, madam. Chevalier, ſtepping towards me, I think you a very obſtinate man. I hope you have not heard our diſcourſe.

Yes, my dear, he has: And I deſire not but he ſhould.

Would to God, madam, ſaid I to the marchioneſs, that I had yours and my lord's intereſt! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might preſume—

But, Sir, you are *miſtaken*, perhaps, ſaid the young lady. Though I anſwer for anſwering's ſake, and to ſhew that I have no doubt of my ſtedfaſtneſs in an article in which my ſoul is concerned, yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obſtinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aſide: For God's ſake, madam, encourage my preſumptuous hopes. Do you not obſerve already an alteration in the dear lady's mind? Is ſhe not more unaffectedly ſedate than ſhe was before? Is not her mind quieter, now ſhe knows that every thing was yielded up that honour and conſcience would permit to be yielded up?

up? See that ſweet ſerenity almoſt reſtored to thoſe eyes, that within theſe few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it *did*, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man ſo bigotted to his errors. Excuſe me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I ſhould have more hopes of you, and leſs objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be reſiſted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with ſuch a family—

Ah chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the ſweet lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what ſhe was, the joy of every heart; and what ſhe may be! which, whatever becomes of me, heaven avert!—And ſhall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witneſs, that your Clementina's happineſs is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's ſake (What alas! is *my* ſake to that), on my knee, let me requeſt your intereſt: That, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear lady recede not, if ſhe blaſt not theſe budding hopes, will, I doubt not, ſucceed.

The young lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, riſe, chevalier!—Shall I raiſe the chevalier, madam?—I don't love to ſee him kneel. Poor chevalier!—See his tears!——What is the matter with every body? Why do you weep?——My mamma weeps too!——What ails every body?

Riſe, chevalier, ſaid the marchioneſs. O this ſweet prattler! She will burſt my heart aſunder!—You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot *wiſh* that you ſhould) but upon your own terms. And will

not this ſweet ſoul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandiſon!

What a fate is mine! riſing: With a ſoul penetrated by the diſorder of this moſt excellent of women, and by the diſtreſs given by it to a family, every ſingle perſon of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I deſire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conſcience is ſatisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it one, about which, though I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have ſcruples, *more* than ſcruples, that my heart can juſtify, and my reaſon defend! You have not, madam, yourſelf, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earneſtneſs, now on me, now on her weeping mother ——And at laſt breaking ſilence [her mother could not ſpeak], and taking her hand, and kiſſing it, I don't, ſaid ſhe, comprehend the reaſon of all this. This houſe is not the houſe it was: Who, but I, is the ſame perſon in it? My father is not the ſame. My brothers neither: My mamma never has a dry eye, I think: But I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will*. Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O my mamma! What would you ſay to your girl, if *ſhe* refuſed comfort? Then kneeling down, and kiſſing her hand with eagerneſs, I beſeech you, my dear mamma, I *beſeech* you be comforted; or lend me ſome of your tears—What ails me that I cannot weep for you?—But, turning to me, ſee, the chevalier weeps too!—Then riſing, and coming to me, her hand preſſing my arm——Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preſerver! What ails you!—Be comforted!—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, ſtill preſſing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and

and looking upon it—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this?—You ſee what an example I, a ſilly girl, can ſet you—Affecting a ſtill ſedater countenance.

O Chevalier! ſaid the weeping mother, and do you ſay your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! would to heaven it were given me to reſtore my child!—O Chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—But *you* are immoveable!

How can that be ſaid, madam, when I have made conceſſions, that a princely family ſhould not, on a *beginning* addreſs, have brought me to make! May I *repeat*, before Lady Clementina—

What would he repeat to me? interrupted ſhe. Do, madam, let him ſay all he has a mind to ſay. If it will make his poor heart eaſy, why let him ſay all he would ſay—Chevalier, ſpeak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy if I could.

This, madam, ſaid I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young lady!—Who can bear ſuch tranſcendent goodneſs of heart, ſhining through intellects ſo diſturbed!—And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumſtanced than I am?

O my Clementina! ſaid the mother, dear child of my heart! And could you conſent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You ſee, Chevalier, I will put *your* queſtions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own anceſtors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I preſume, madam, to put the queſtion in my own way?—But yet I think it may diſtreſs the dear lady, and not anſwer the deſirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* intereſt in my favour; and

and of the acquieſcence of the marquis and your ſons with my propoſals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear inſolent, unreaſonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the eaſier by ſuch a repreſentation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I muſt indeed deſpair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cauſe, I know not what might be done: But I muſt not ſeparate myſelf from my family in this great article.—My dear! to Clementina, you ſaid you ſhould be eaſier in your mind, if you were to talk to the Chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow—And then, Chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to ſay to him. And, as I thought I had no *intereſt* in what I had to ſay—

Would you wiſh, my dear, to be left alone with the Chevalier? Can you recollect any thing that you had intended to ſay to him, had you made him the viſit you deſigned to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (you have been my tutor, and many excellent leſſons have you taught me—tho' I don't know what is become of them!—Ought I) to wiſh my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have any thing to ſay to you that I could not ſay before her?—I think not.

The marchioneſs was retiring. I beg of you, madam, ſaid I, to ſlip unobſerved into that cloſet. You *muſt* hear all that paſſes. The occaſion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or cenſured, as I ſhall appear to deſerve, in the converſation that may paſs between the dear lady and me if you do withdraw.

O Chevalier! You are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courteſied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the marchioneſs re-entered, and ſlipt into the cloſet.

I conducted the young lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the cloſet-door, that her mother might hear all that paſſed.—She ſat down, and bid me ſit by her.

I was willing ſhe ſhould lead the ſubject, that the marchioneſs might obſerve I intended not to prepoſſeſs her.

We were ſilent for a few moments. She ſeemed perplexed; looked up, looked down: then on one ſide, then on the other—At laſt, O Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me Engliſh!

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs Beaumont was too hard for me, Chevalier!—Do you know Mrs Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the beſt of women.

Why ſo I think. But ſhe turned and winded me about moſt ſtrangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How ſo, madam?

How ſo! Why to let her get out of me a ſecret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother.—Now you look, Chevalier: But I ſha'n't tell you what the ſecret was.

I do not aſk you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you.—Well, but I had a great deal to ſay to you I thought. I wiſh that frantic Camilla had not ſtopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to ſay to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me conſider——Why, in the firſt place, I thought you *deſpiſed* me. I was not ſorry for that,

I do

I do aſſure you: That did me good. At firſt it vexed me—You cannot think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir—But well, I got over that; and I grew ſedate—You ſee how ſedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks ſo or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir), but don't be grieved.—You ſee how ſedate *I* am. Yet I am a ſilly girl; you are thought to be a wiſe man: Don't diſgrace your wiſdom. Fie! a wiſe man to be weaker than a ſimple girl!—— Don't let it be ſaid—What was I ſaying?

Yet this poor man, whether he thinks ſo or not, you ſaid, madam.

True!—has a ſoul to be ſaved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England! Shall I not take ſome with *him*, to teach him the language of heaven!—No heretic can learn that, Sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And ſo they are all gone—But this one thing I have to ſay—I deſigned to ſay ſomething like it at the concluſion of my diſcourſe with you—So it is premeditated, you will ſay: And ſo it is. But let me whiſper it—No I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my bluſhes come already—But (and ſhe put her ſpread hand before her face, as if to hide her bluſhes) don't look at me, I tell you—Look at the window [I did]. Why, Chevalier, I did intend to ſay—But ſtay—I have wrote it down ſomewhere [ſhe pulled out her pocket-book]; Here it is. Look another way when I bid you—She read—

"Let me beſeech you, Sir (I was very earneſt 'you ſee), to hate, to deſpiſe, to deteſt (now don't 'look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all 'my heart; but, for the ſake of your immortal 'ſoul, let me conjure you to be reconciled to our 'holy mother church!—" Will you, Sir?—fol-

lowing

lowing my indeed averted face with her ſweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an angel of a man: And is it not better to be an angel in heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had ſenſibility—Say you will—Not for my ſake—I told you, that I would content myſelf to be ſtill deſpiſed. It ſhall not be ſaid that you did this for a wife!—No, Sir, your conſcience ſhall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what, I will lay me down in peace—She ſtood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety, and I will ſay, "Now do you, O beckoning angel (for an angel will be on the other ſide of the river—The river ſhall be death, Sir!—Now do thou) "reach 'out thy divine hand, O miniſter of peace! I will 'wade through theſe ſeparating waters, and I will 'beſpeak a place for the man who, many, many 'years hence may fill it!—And I will ſit next you 'for ever and ever!"—And this, Sir, ſhall ſatisfy the poor Clementina, who will then be richer than the richeſt! So you ſee, Sir, as I told my mother, I was ſetting out on God's errand, not on my own!

For hours might the dear lady have talked on, without interruption from me!—My dear Dr Bartlett! what did I not ſuffer?

The marchioneſs was too near for herſelf: She could not bear this ſpeech of her pious, generous, noble daughter. She ſobbed; ſhe groaned.

Clementina ſtarted——She looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came theſe groans? Did *you* groan, Sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, though they ſay you are. But will you be a Catholic, Sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what—If I don't reſign to my deſtiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go to a nunnery, and then ſhall I be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What

What could I ſay to the dear lady? Her mind was raiſed above an earthly love. Circumſtanced as we were, how could I expreſs the tenderneſs for her which overflowed my heart? Compaſſion is a motive that a woman of ſpirit will reject: And how could love be here *pleaded*, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myſelf in her affection, when I refuſed to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued againſt her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind ſo diſturbed, could not be done: And ought I, in generoſity, in juſtice to her family, to have attempted to unſettle her in a faith in which ſhe and all her family were ſo well ſatisfied?

I could only, when I could ſpeak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an angel of a woman, an ornament of her ſex, and an honour to her religion, and endeavour to wave the ſubject.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, after a ſilence of ſome minutes!—You are an obſtinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not deſpiſe me.—But what ſays your paper?

She took it out of her boſom and read it. She ſeemed affected by it, as if ſhe had not before conſidered it: And you *really* propoſed theſe terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exerciſe of my religion? And ſhould I have had my confeſſor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confeſſor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two other brothers as well as you do Jeronymo?—And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't ſay, Yes.—But do you ſay, No?

To theſe terms, madam, moſt willingly would I have ſubſcribed: And if, my deareſt lady, they could

could have had the wiſhed-for effect, how happy had I been!

Well!—She then pauſed; and reſuming, What ſhall we ſay to all theſe things?

I thought her mother would take it well to have an opportunity given her to quit the cloſet, now her Clementina had changed her ſubject to one ſo concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing ſo. She ſlipt out, her face bathed in tears, and ſoon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! ſaid Clementina, paying obeiſance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the Chevalier.

Then, ſpeaking low, I believe he may in time be convinced: He has a tender heart. But huſh, putting her finger to her mouth, and then ſpeaking louder. I have been reading this paper again—

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the marchioneſs apprehended (the firſt time that I had reaſon to think ſhe was diſinclined to the alliance): For ſhe ſtopt her: My love, ſaid ſhe, you and I will talk of this matter by ourſelves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter; and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, how was it poſſible that you could withſtand ſuch a heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as ſhe deſerves to be loved: You cannot but act nobly, generouſly; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your ladyſhip adds diſtreſs to my very great diſtreſs!—*Am* I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man?—But muſt I loſe *your* favour, *your* intereſt? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, Chevalier: And I have now no hopes of you. After this laſt converſation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor ſoul! She began to waver. O how ſhe loves you! I ſee you are *not* to be united: It is impoſſible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine further to expoſe herſelf, as it muſt have been to no manner of purpoſe.—You are concerned.—I ſhould pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your power to make yourſelf happy, and us and ours too.

Little did I expect ſuch a turn in my diſfavour from the marchioneſs.

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear lady, to whoſe piety and admirable heart I am ſo much indebted?

I believe it may as well be deferred, Chevalier.

Deferred, madam!—The marquis and the general come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to ſee her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it muſt, I ſubmit—God for ever bleſs you, madam, for all your goodneſs! God reſtore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me!* Time, and my own not diſapproving conſcience, may—But a more unhappy man never paſſed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiſs her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla haſtened after me. Chevalier, ſays ſhe, my lady aſks, if you will not viſit Signor Jeronymo?

Bleſſings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot ſee him. I ſhall *complain* to him. My heart will burſt before him. Commend me to that true friend. Bleſſings attend every one of this excellent family! Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr Bartlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the abſence of

of her lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of ſhewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumſtanced, it was proper ſhe ſhould ſhew me: Yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way ſhe was in, was not eaſily diverted from any thing ſhe took ſtrongly into her head; and they never had accuſtomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this letter, do you not own, that this man and this woman can only deſerve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the ſame opinion, I am ſure: And this letter will convince you, that *more* than his compaſſion, that his *love* for Clementina was engaged. And ſo it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a ſecond love, that was in a firſt. Do you think there can?

Dr BARTLETT'S *ninth Letter.*

THE young lady, proceeds Mr Grandiſon, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I ſhould have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, viſited my friend: But when I found he was likely to ſtand alone in his favour to me; when the marchioneſs had ſo unexpectedly declared herſelf againſt the compromiſe; I was afraid of diſturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the inſtant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo ſent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His ſiſter, making Camilla retire, ſhewed him

the paper which ſhe had written, and made me ſign, and aſked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had paſſed between his mother and me, nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made thoſe propoſals. He aſſured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my diſtreſs.

She pitied me. She thought, ſhe ſaid, that I had not made any overtures, any conceſſions; that I deſpited her, and ſenſibly aſked why the Chevalier was ſent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind as to religion, ſaid ſhe.

Then, after a pauſe, he never could have perverted me, proceeded ſhe: He would have allowed me a confeſſor, would he not?

He would, anſwered Jeronymo.—

And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?—

He would, replied he.

Well, brother, and I ſhould have been glad perhaps to have ſeen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his ſiſters and his father to viſit us: And he praiſes them highly, *you know*. And if I were their ſiſter, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them*, they would not have loved *me?* I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know*; and they *muſt* be courteous: Are they not *his* ſiſters? And don't you think his father would love me? I ſhould have brought no diſhonour into his family, *you know*.—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo: He is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his ſoul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed in time. Father Mareſcotti is a ſevere man, *you know*; and he has been always ſo much conſulted, and don't love the Chevalier, I believe: So that I fancy, if I were to have a venerable ſweet-tempered man for my confeſſor, between *my* love and my *confeſſor's* prudence we ſhould gain a ſoul—

ſoul—Don't you think ſo, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many ſins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know!*

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, ſhe ſaid, that I was not yet gone. He is *ſo* tender-hearted, brother! *that* is my dependence: And you ſay he loves me. Are you ſure of that?—But I have reaſon to think he does. He ſhed tears, as I talked to him, more than once, while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not ſhed one tear. Well, I'll go to him and talk with him.

She went to the door, but came back on tiptoe; and in a whiſpering accent—My mamma is coming: Huſh, Jeronymo! let Huſh be the word!—

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my mamma: The impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my ſhadow!

My lady deſires to ſee you, Lady Clementina, in her dreſſing room.

I obey. But where is the Chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone ſome time.

Ah, brother! ſaid ſhe, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! ſaid Jeronymo, without ſeeing me! Unkind Grandiſon! He did not uſe to be ſo unkind.

This was the ſubſtance of the advices ſent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had paſſed between the marchioneſs and me, that he might not, by his friendſhip for me, involve himſelf in difficulties.

In the morning I had a viſit from Camilla, by her lady's command, with excuſes for refuſing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not diſpleaſed with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not diſreſpect. She ſhould ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the deſired relation could have taken place.

Her lord, and her brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called), with the general and the biſhop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the count's eldeſt ſon, Signor Sebaſtiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regreted it the leſs, as her beloved daughter was more compoſed than before, and gave ſedate anſwers to all the queſtions put to her. But, nevertheleſs, ſhe wiſhed that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's ſake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wiſhed to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: And as from herſelf, and in confidence, that her young lady was greatly concerned that I did not wait on her again before I went away: That ſhe fell into a ſilent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not anſwering to her queſtions for the firſt time, chid her: That this gave her great diſtreſs, but produced what they had ſo much wiſhed for, a flood of tears; and that now ſhe frequently wept, and lamented to her, What *ſhould* ſhe do? Her mamma did not love her, and her mamma talked againſt the Chevalier. She wiſhed to be allowed to ſee him. Nobody now would love her but the Chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or anywhere, than to be in the ſweeteſt country in the world and hated.

Camilla told me, that the marquis, the count his brother, and the general, had indeed blamed the marchioneſs for permitting the interview; but were pleaſed that I was refuſed taking leave of the young lady, when ſhe ſeemed diſpoſed to dwell on the contents of the note ſhe had made me ſign: They ſeemed now all of a mind, ſhe ſaid, that were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not by any means be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages in all theſe eſpects were heightened; my degree, my conſequence

quence lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties inſuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldeſt ſon, both men of ſenſe and honour, who uſed to be high in her eſteem, had talked to her; but could get nothing from her but No and Yes. Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing reſulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him; but ſhe threw herſelf at her mother's feet, beſought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again.* They had intended to diſcourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The general and the biſhop were to talk to her that morning. They had expreſſed diſpleaſure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Mareſcotti was now conſulted as an oracle: And I found that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined that the *huſband* would ſet all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at diſtance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a ſervant's intelligence out of the family ſhe belonged to, unleſs ſome one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet you muſt believe I wanted not anxious curioſity on a ſubject ſo intereſting. I thanked her; but ſaid, that it might, if diſcovered, lay her under inconveniencies which would grieve me for her ſake. She had the good ſenſe to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the ſame day, I had a viſit made me which I little expected: It was from father Mareſcotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, eſpecially if he be in holy orders, and comes to us in the guiſe of friendſhip, with the charge of hypocriſy: But partiality may be at the bottom of the accuſation. Father Mareſcotti is a zealous Roman Catholic: I could not hope either

for

for his intereſt or affection: He could not but wiſh to fruſtrate my hopes. As a man in earneſt in his own principles, and who knew how ſtedfaſt I was in mine, it was his duty to oppoſe this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honeſter man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender paſſions. As to that of love, he ſeemed to have drawn his concluſions from general obſervations: He knew not how to allow for particular conſtitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of ſuch a heart as Clementina's. Love he thought was always a poor blind boy, led in a ſtring, either by folly or fancy; and that once the *impetus* got over, and the lady ſettled into the common offices of life, ſhe would domeſticate herſelf, and be as happy with the Count of Belvedere, eſpecially as he is a very worthy man, as if ſhe had married the man once moſt favoured. On this preſumption, it was a condeſcenſion in ſuch a man to come to me, and to declare himſelf my friend; and adviſe me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I profeſſed to venerate; and you will hear that his condeſcenſion was owing to a real greatneſs of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more ſo than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices againſt him. The kinder then in him, I ſaid, that he condeſcended to make me ſo friendly a viſit. I aſſured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed ſometimes thought him ſevere; but that convinced me that he was very much in earneſt in his religion. I was ſenſible, I ſaid, that we ought always to look to the intention; to put ourſelves in the ſituation of the perſons of whoſe actions we preſumed to judge; and even to think well of auſterities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected ourſelves.

He

He applauded me; and ſaid, I wanted ſo little to be a Catholic, that it was a thouſand pities I was not one: And he was perſuaded that I ſhould one day be a proſelyte.

This father's buſineſs was, to convince me of the unfitneſs of an alliance between families ſo very oppoſite in their religious ſentiments. He went into hiſtory upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy conſequence which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the princeſs Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them: But I obſerved to him, that the monarch was the ſufferer by the zeal of the queen for her religion, and not the queen, any otherwiſe than as ſhe was involved in the conſequences of thoſe ſufferings which ſhe had brought upon him. In ſhort, father, ſaid I, we Proteſtants, ſome of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a perſecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the perſon is more honeſt and worthy.

I lamented, that I was ſent for from Vienna, upon hopes, though my principles were well known, that otherwiſe I had never preſumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong ſtep: And valued himſelf that he had not been conſulted upon it; and that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed againſt it.

And I am *afraid*, father, ſaid I—

He interrupted me—Why, I believe ſo!—You have made ſuch generous diſtinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I muſt *own*, I have not been an idle obſerver on this occaſion.

He adviſed me to quit Bologna. He was profuſe in his offers of ſervice in any other affair; and, I dare ſay, was in earneſt.

I told

I told him, that I choſe not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done ſomething blameworthy. I had ſome hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I ſhould ſet out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of ſuch a long-wiſhed-for call: And then, ſaid I, adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy for ever! I ſhould have been happy, had I never ſeen it, but in the way for which I have been accuſtomed to cenſure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was ſuch, as will make me for ever revere him; and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuſe, he kneeled down at the door of my antichamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my converſion. He could not have given me, any other way, ſo high an opinion of him: No, not, had he offered me his intereſt with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him; as he did me: Tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this viſit; and, recommending myſelf to his frequent prayers, told him, that he might be aſſured of all the reſpectful ſervices he ſhould put it in my power to render him. I longed, Dr Bartlett, to make him a preſent worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, ſaid he, ſaw a Proteſtant that I loved before. Your mind is ſtill more amiable than your perſon. Lady Clementina, I ſee, might have been happy with you: But it was not fit, on *our* ſide. He ſnatched my hand before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips; and haſtened from me, leaving me at a loſs, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of ſight; my mind labouring as under a high ſenſe of obligation to his goodneſs.

Religion

Religion and love, Dr Bartlett, which heighten our reliſh for the things of both worlds, what pity is it that they ſhould ever run the human heart either into enthuſiaſm or ſuperſtition; and thereby debaſe the minds they are both ſo well fitted to exalt!

I am equally ſurpriſed and affected by the contents of the following letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody ſaw by whom. The daughter of the lady at whoſe houſe I lodge found it, and gave it to one of my ſervants for me.

DON'T be ſurpriſed, chevalier; don't think amiſs of me for my forwardneſs. I heard ſome words drop (ſo did Camilla, but ſhe can't go out to tell you of them), as if ſomebody's life was in danger. This diſtracts me. I am not treated as I was accuſtomed to be treated. They don't love me now—They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, chevalier! You, who were always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I ſuppoſe. Nothing now is ſaid, but *you ſhall, Clementina*—from thoſe who uſed to call me ſiſter, and dear ſiſter at every word.

They ſaid, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand.—I know from whom they have that. From myſelf. I ſaid ſo to Mrs Beaumont; but ſhe need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again for that. They ſay I *ſhall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, chevalier: I wiſh I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; elſe I had not ſaid it to Mrs Beaumont: But let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart: That heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs Beaumont got out of me —Something—I won't tell you what—And then they

they ſent for ſomebody—And ſomebody came—And what then?—They need not threaten me ſo—Somebody is not ſo much to blame as they will have it he is: And that ſomebody did make propoſals—Did you not, chevalier?—I had liked to have betrayed myſelf—I ſtopt juſt in time.

But, chevalier, I'll tell you a ſecret—Don't ſpeak of it to any body—May I depend upon you?—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that the Count of Belvedere is to come again.—Are you not ſorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another ſecret—And that is, what I intend to ſay to him—"Look you here, my Lord, 'you are a very good ſort of man; and you have 'great eſtates: You are very rich: You are, in 'ſhort, a very good ſort of man; but there is, 'however, a man in the world with whom I had 'rather live in the pooreſt hermitage in a wilder-'neſs, than with you in the richeſt palace in the 'world." After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you ſaid he was not, he will be anſwered—Every thing you ſaid to me in former happy times I remember. You always ſaid things to me that were fit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell you who my hermit is that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no ſuch man. But this, you know, will be a ſufficient anſwer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think ſo?

Here I have been tormented again!—Would you think it? I have been pleading for ſomebody, boldly, confidently. I ſaid I could depend upon his honour! Ah, chevalier! Don't you think I might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what!—They won't let me ſee ſomebody—They won't let me ſee my poor Jeronymo!—You, and I, and Jeronymo, are all put together!—I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care: They will quite harden me.

But juſt now my mamma—O ſhe is the beſt of mothers!—My mamma tells me, ſhe will not perſuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: But don't let them inveigh againſt the chevalier then. What harm has he done?—Was he not——Ah! Sir, now I bluſh!—Was he not ſent for?—And did he not weep over me?—Yet is he none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were ſure of your approbation!—Well, but what do you think my mamma ſaid—Ah, Clementina! ſaid ſhe, would to God the Chevalier for *his own ſake* (yes, ſhe ſaid for *his own ſake;* and that made a great impreſſion upon me; it was ſo good, you know, of my mamma), that the Chevalier was in England, or a thouſand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice—Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard ſome words, and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them—Get away to England as ſoon as you can—Be ſure do!—And ſome months hence bring your two ſiſters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be ended, you know: And you ſhall take a houſe, and then I can go and viſit your ſiſters, you know, and your ſiſters will viſit us. You will come ſometimes with them: Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will paſs part of our time: They ſhall perfect me in my Engliſh: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I ſuppoſe, at leaſt, as I do of Engliſh: And we will viſit every court, and every city. So God bleſs you, Sir, and get away as ſoon as you can. I put no name, for fear this ſhould miſcarry, and I ſhould be found out—Ah, Sir! they are very ſevere with me! Pity me: But I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for you!*

Theſe laſt five words were intended to be ſcratched out; and are but juſt legible.

How the contents of this letter afflict me! Words cannot expreſs what I feel! I ſee evidently that they are taking wrong meaſures with the tendereſt heart in the world; a heart that never has once ſwerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boaſt a relation to it. Harſh treatment, and which is beſides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with ſuch a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had peruſed it, aſk for an audience of a mother ſo indulgent, and give her my diſintereſted advice upon it? Once I could have done ſo; and even, in confidence, have ſhewn her this very letter: But now ſhe is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's ſake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a lover to her! —*Threatening* her with going to Mrs Beaumont, when they ſhould *court* her to go thither!—Not ſuffer her to ſee her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in diſgrace too!—How hard, how wrong is all this conduct!—I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and adviſed gentle meaſures, were he not out of their conſultations—As to the threatened *reſentments*, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's ſufferings are every thing: My ſoul diſdains the thought of faſtening myſelf upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued will ſwell. It will be put upon *over* valuing itſelf. You know, Dr Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: But when I am trampled upon, or deſpiſed, *then* it is moſt proud. I would call myſelf a *man*, to a prince, who ſhould unjuſtly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raiſed: Yet againſt whom! Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has ſeen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, though not cauſed by me (I bleſs God for that!), has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think

think of quitting Bologna, and not ſee if it be poſſible for me to gratify myſelf, and ſerve them in her reſtoration? Setting quite out of the queſtion the general's cauſeleſs reſentments, and the engagement I have laid myſelf under not to leave it without apprizing him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I reſolved to wait the iſſue of the new meaſures they have fallen upon. The dear lady has declared herſelf in my favour. Such a frank declaration muſt ſoon be followed by important conſequences.

THE third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following billet from the marquis himſelf:

Chevalier Grandiſon,

WE are in the utmoſt diſtreſs. We cannot take upon us to forbid your ſtay at Bologna; but ſhall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or ſome far diſtant part of Italy. Wiſhing you happy, I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

To this was wrote as follows:

My Lord,

I AM exceſſively grieved for your diſtreſs. I make no heſitation to obey you. But as I am not conſcious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations, let me hope that I may be allowed a farewel viſit to your lordſhip, to your lady, and to your three ſons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, inſtead of the parting, which, from the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as of

your experienced goodneſs, may be claimed by your lordſhip's

Ever obliged, and
affectionate humble Servant,
GRANDISON.

This requeſt, I underſtand, occaſioned warm debates. It was ſaid to be a very bold one: But my dear Jeronymo inſiſted, that it was worthy of his friend, his deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The reſult was, that I ſhould be invited in form to viſit and take leave of the family: And two days were taken, that ſome others of the Urbino family might be preſent, to ſee a man for the laſt time (and ſome of them for the firſt) who was thought, by his requeſt, to have ſhewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, though a Proteſtant, was honoured with ſo great an intereſt in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal viſit (for ſuch it was to be) I received the following letter from my friend Jeronymo:

My deareſt Grandiſon,

TAKE the particulars of the ſituation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comfort yourſelf to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold, but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have ſeen, as a curioſity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be preſent, the count my father's brother, and his ſons Sebaſtiano and Juliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a young

young woman of my ſiſter's age, between whom and my ſiſter uſed to be, as you have heard, the ſtricteſt friendſhip and correſpondence; and who inſiſted on being preſent on this occaſion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Mareſcotti will be preſent. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you muſt not be ſurpriſed.

My mother ſays, that as it is the laſt time that ſhe may ever ſee you, and as ſhe really greatly reſpects you, ſhe ſhall not be able to leave you while you ſtay.

The general, I hope, will behave with politeneſs.

The biſhop loves you; but will not, however, perhaps, be in high good-humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the ſame room. If he be more ſilent than uſual on the ſolemn occaſion, you will not do him injuſtice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the ſituation of the dear creature who muſt not appear, but who is more intereſted in the occaſion of the congreſs than any perſon who will be preſent at it.

What paſſed between you and her at the laſt interview has greatly impreſſed her in your favour. The biſhop, the general, and my father, ſoon after their return from Urbino, made her a viſit in her dreſſing-room. They talked to her of the excellency of her own religion, and of the errors of the pretended reformed, which they called, and I *ſuppoſe* are, *damnable*. They found her ſteady in her abhorrence of the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational anſwers,

and compoſed behaviour: They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleaſure, to enter into farther talk with her: But when they mentioned you to her, ſhe, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, ſaid, it had given her great pleaſure, and eaſe of mind, to find that ſhe was not *deſpiſed* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The general had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: My father was in tears: The biſhop ſoothed her, in order to induce her to ſpeak her whole mind.

He praiſed you. She ſeemed pleaſed. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if ſhe would declare herſelf; and aſked her queſtions, the anſwers to which muſt either be an avowal or a denial of her love; and then ſhe owned, that ſhe preferred the Chevalier Grandiſon to all the men in the world; ſhe would not, againſt the opinion of her friends, wiſh to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, ſaid the general, though he continue a heretic?

He might be converted, ſhe ſaid. And he was a ſweet-tempered and compaſſionate man: And a man of ſenſe, as *he* was, muſt ſee his errors.

Would ſhe run the riſque of her own ſalvation?

She was ſure ſhe ſhould never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverſeneſs.

Her reliance on his goodneſs to enable her to be ſtedfaſt, was humble, and not preſumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proſelyte; and God would not forſake a perſon ſo well intending. Was ſhe not to be allowed her confeſſor? Her confeſ-

ſor

ſor ſhould be appointed by themſelves. She did not doubt but the Chevalier would conſent to that.

The biſhop, you know, can be cool when he pleaſes. He bore to talk further with her.

My father was ſtill in tears.

The general had no longer patience. He withdrew and came to me, and vented on me his diſpleaſure. It is true, Grandiſon, when it was propoſed to ſend for you from Vienna, I, ſanguine in my hopes, had expreſſed myſelf as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic.—Your love, your compaſſion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by ſuch a ſtep taken on our ſide—I had no notion that on ſuch a ſurprize, with ſuch motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myſelf, and with a heart ſo ſenſible, could have been ſo firm: But theſe thoughts are all over—This, however, expoſes me to the more reproaches.

We were high, and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not renounce my friend; the friend of my *ſoul*, as in our firſt acquaintance; and the preſerver of my life——Miſerable as that has been, the preſerver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an *unlawful* purſuit, in which had I periſhed, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my ſiſter's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to reſtore her; who, I ſaid, loved you becauſe you were a virtuous man; and that her love was not only founded in virtue, but was virtue itſelf.

My brother told me, that I was as much beſide myſelf with my notions of gratitude, as my ſiſter was with a paſſion leſs excuſable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus

Thus high ran words between us.

The biſhop, mean time, went on with a true church ſubtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boaſted afterwards of his art. But what was there in it to boaſt of? A mind ſo pure and ſo ſimple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her ſex, and motives of religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He aſked her if ſhe were willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a ſtrange land, to live among a hated people?

No, ſhe ſaid; you would not wiſh her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, that ſhe muſt, when married, do as her huſband would have her.

She could truſt to your honour.

Would ſhe conſent that her children ſhould be trained up heretics?

She was ſilent to this queſtion. He repeated it.

Well, my lord, if I muſt not be allowed to chuſe for myſelf, only let me not hear the Chevalier ſpoken of diſreſpectfully: He does not deſerve it. He has acted by me with as much honour as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—And don't let me have *other* propoſals made me, and I will be contented. I had never ſo much diſtinguiſhed him, if every body had not as well as I.

He was pleaſed to find her anſwers ſo rational: He pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion, that you ſhould be deſired to quit Bologna. And your abſence, and a little time, he was ſure, would ſecure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her couſin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her,

on putting queſtions about you, abſolutely determined in your favour.

She anſwered the objections they made againſt you with equal warmth and clearneſs. She ſeemed ſenſible of the unhappy way ſhe had been in, and would have it, that the laſt interview ſhe had with you, you had helped to calm and reſtore her: And ſhe hoped that ſhe ſhould be better every day. She praiſed your behaviour to her: She expatiated upon, and pitied your diſtreſs of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the biſhop had reported; and, upon repeating the converſation, would have it, upon experience, that ſoothing ſuch a paſſion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be uſed, and that ſhe was to be ſhamed out of a love ſo improper, ſo irreligious, ſo *ſcandalous*, to be encouraged in a daughter of their houſe with a heretic, and who had ſhewn himſelf to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new meaſures. They forbad her to think of you: They told her, that ſhe ſhould not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your underſtanding; and brought to prove what they ſaid againſt the latter, your obſtinate adherence to your *muſhroom* religion, ſo they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedneſs of your VIIIth Henry; in the ſuperſtition of a child his ſucceſſor, and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a ſiſter queen, a better woman than herſelf. They inſiſted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addreſſes, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modeſty, her paſſion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earneſt requeſt to ſee her father,

father, he was prevailed upon to refuſe her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never ſee her, but they inveigh againſt you as an artful, an intereſted man.

Her uncle treats her with authority; Signor Sebaſtiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother ſhuns her; and indeed avoids me: But as ſhe has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they ſuppoſe the wrongeſt ſtep that could have been taken, ſhe declares herſelf neutral, and reſigns to whatever ſhall be done by her lord, by his brother, her two ſons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza: But I am ſure, in her heart, that ſhe approves not of the new meaſures; and which are alſo, as I have reminded the biſhop, ſo contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs Beaumont, to whom they begin to think of once more ſending my ſiſter, or of prevailing on her to come hither: But Clementina ſeems not to be deſirous of going again to her; we know not why, ſince ſhe uſed to ſpeak of her with the higheſt reſpect.

The dear ſoul ruſhed in to me yeſterday. Ah, my Jeronymo! ſaid ſhe, they will drive me into deſpair. They hate me, Jeronymo—But I have written to ſomebody!——Huſh! for your life, huſh!

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza, and her couſin Laurana, and the general; who, though he heard not what ſhe ſaid, inſiſted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! ſaid ſhe, muſt I not ſpeak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo!—I had a great deal to ſay to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to viſit me: They, however, have had the civility to deſire my excuſe. They are ſure, they ſay, they are in the right way: And if I will have

have patience with them for a week, they will change their meaſures, if they find theſe new ones ineffectual. But my ſiſter will be loſt, irrecoverably loſt; I foreſee that.

Ah, Grandiſon! And can you ſtill—But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo!——Unhappy *Grandiſon!* I will ſay. If you are not ſo, you cannot deſerve the affection of a Clementina.

But are *you* the Somebody to whom ſhe has written? *Has* ſhe written to you? Perhaps you will find ſome opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether ſhe has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to ſtir out of the houſe, or to write.

The general told me juſt now, that my gratitude to you ſhewed neither more nor leſs than the high value I put upon my own life.

I anſwered, that his obſervation *convinced* me, that he put a much leſs upon mine, than I, in the ſame caſe, ſhould have put upon his.

He reconciled himſelf to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't ſay *convinced* Jeronymo. I love not myſelf better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with ſuch a man? He *does* love me.

My mother, as I ſaid, is reſolved to be neutral: But, it ſeems, ſhe is always in tears.

My mother ſtept in juſt now—To my queſtion after my ſiſter's health; Ah, Jeronymo! ſaid ſhe, all is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever ſince yeſterday. They are all wrong!—But patience and ſilence, child! You and I have nothing to anſwer for.—Yet my Clementina, ſaid ſhe—Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will ſee, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandiſon! What will you do among us?—I wiſh you would

not

not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, ſhall I ever have of ſeeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved ſo unexceptionably in a caſe ſo critical?

You muſt not think of the dear creature: Her head is ruined: For your *own* ſake you muſt not. We are all unworthy of you: Yet not *all:* All, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendſhip will juſtify my claim to another exception)

Your afflicted

JERONYMO.

LETTER VIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

O MY Lucy! What think you!—But it is eaſy to gueſs what you muſt think. I will, without ſaying one word more, incloſe

Dr BARTLETT'S *tenth Letter.*

THE next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my viſit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myſelf with; and therefore had no other concern upon me but what aroſe from the unhappineſs of the noble Clementina: That indeed was enough. I thought I ſhould have ſome difficulty to manage my own ſpirit, if I were to find myſelf inſulted, eſpecially by the general. Soldiers are ſo apt to value themſelves on their knowledge of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too ſlightly of by them. Inſolence in a great man, a rich man, or a ſoldier, is a *call* upon a man of ſpirit to exert himſelf. But I hope, thought

thought I, I ſhall not have this call from any one of a family I ſo greatly reſpect.

I was received by the biſhop, who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the marquis and his lady, preſented me to thoſe of the Urbino family to whom I was a ſtranger. Every one of thoſe named by Signor Jeronymo in his laſt letter, was preſent.

The marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: The marchioneſs put her handkerchief to her eyes; but withdrawing it again, looked upon me with tenderneſs; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my reſpects to the general with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderneſs due to our friendſhip, and congratulated him on ſeeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes gliſtened with pleaſure; yet it was eaſy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew ſtronger, as the firſt emotions at ſeeing me enter gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta ſeemed to meaſure me with his eye.

I addreſſed myſelf to father Mareſcotti, and made my particular acknowledgments to him for the favour of his viſit, and what had paſſed in it. He looked upon me with pleaſure; probably with the more, as this was a farewel viſit.

The two ladies whiſpered, and looked upon me, and ſeemed to beſpeak each other's attention to what paſſed.

Signor Sebaſtiano placed himſelf next to Jeronymo, and often whiſpered him, and as often caſt his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, becauſe my generous friend ſeemed pleaſed with what he ſaid.

His brother, Signor Juliano, ſat on the other

hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young men.

A profound ſilence ſucceeded the general compliments.

I addreſſed myſelf to the marquis: Your lordſhip, and you, madam, (turning to the marchioneſs), I hope will excuſe me for having requeſted the favour of being once more admitted to your preſence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I ſhall ever retain the moſt reſpectful affection. I could not think of leaving a city where one of the firſt families in it has done me the higheſt honour, without taking ſuch a leave as might ſhew my gratitude.—Accept my lords, bowing to each; accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the marchioneſs, my reſpectful thanks for all your goodneſs to me. I ſhall, to the end of my life, number moſt of the days that I have paſſed at Bologna amongſt its happieſt, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The marquis ſaid, We wiſh you, Chevalier, very happy; happier than—He ſighed, and was ſilent.

His lady only bowed. Her face ſpoke diſtreſs. Her voice was loſt in ſighs, tho' ſhe ſtruggled to ſuppreſs them.

Chevalier, ſaid the biſhop, with an air of ſolemnity, you have given us many happy hours: For them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himſelf, will ſay more: He is the moſt grateful of men. We thank you alſo for what you have done for him.

I cannot, ſaid Jeronymo, expreſs ſuitably my gratitude: My prayers, my vows, ſhould follow you whitherſoever you go, beſt of friends, and beſt of men!

The general, with an air and a ſmile that might have been diſpenſed with, oddly ſaid, High pleaſure and high pain are very near neighbours: They are

are often guilty of exceſſes, and then are apt to miſtake each other's houſe. I am one of thoſe who think our whole houſe obliged to the Chevalier for the ſeaſonable aſſiſtance he gave to our Jeronymo. But—

Dear general, ſaid Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption: The intent of this meeting is amicable. The Chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily, yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwiſe, ſaid the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of, elſe I *know* where it lies: In ſhort, among ourſelves. The Chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: We were all obliged to him: But to let ſuch a man as *this* have free admiſſion to our daughter—She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my lord, pray, brother, ſaid the marquis, are we not enough ſufferers?

The Chevalier, ſaid the general, cannot but be gratified by ſo high a compliment; and ſmiled indignantly.

My lord, replied I to the general, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the moſt afflicted man preſent.

Impoſſible! ſaid the marquis, with a ſigh.

The marchioneſs aroſe from her ſeat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two ladies, and the count, I have reſigned my will to the will of you all, my deareſt friends, and ſhall be permitted to withdraw. This teſtimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Where-ever the fault lay, it lay not with the Chevalier. He has, from the firſt to the laſt, acted with the niceſt honour. He is intitled to our reſpect. The unhappineſs lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is abſolutely out of the

queſtion, ſaid the general: It is indeed, Chevalier.

I hope, my lord, from a deſcendant of a family ſo illuſtrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generoſity as from your *juſtice*.

My looks give you offence, Chevalier!—Do they?

I attended to the marchioneſs. She came towards me. I aroſe, and reſpectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, I could not withdraw without bearing the teſtimony I have borne to your merits. I wiſh you happy—God protect you whitherſoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound reſpect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I ſuppreſſed the riſing tear. I took my ſeat.

I made no anſwer to the general's laſt queſtion, though it was ſpoken in ſuch a way (I ſaw by their eyes) as took every other perſon's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her ſiſter was retired, hinted, that the laſt interview between the young lady and me was an unadviſed permiſſion, though intended for the beſt.

I then took upon me to defend that ſtep. Lady Clementina, ſaid I, had declared, that if ſhe were allowed to ſpeak her whole mind to me, ſhe ſhould be eaſy. I had for ſome time given myſelf up to abſolute deſpair. The marchioneſs intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: It was the moſt affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me ſay, that, far from having bad effects on the young lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a ſubject ſo very intereſting to *every one* preſent, but not more ſo to *any one* than to myſelf. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And

ſince

ſince it is before us, let me recommend, as the moſt effectual way to reſtore every one to peace and happineſs, *gentle treatment*. The moſt generous, the meekeſt, the moſt dutiful of human minds, requires not harſh treatment.

How do *you* know, Sir, ſaid the general, and looked at Jeronymo, the methods now taken?—

And *are* they then harſh, my lord? ſaid I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of meaſures was reſolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condeſcending, indulgent. I received but yeſterday letters from my father, ſignifying his intention of ſpeedily recalling me to my native country. I ſhall ſet out very ſoon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-deſired end. What may be my deſtiny I know not; but I ſhall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and diſtreſſed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me beſpeak you all, for your own ſakes (mine is out of the queſtion: I preſume not upon any hope on my own account), that you will treat this angelic-minded lady with tenderneſs. I pretend to ſay, that I know that harſh or ſevere methods will not do.

The general aroſe from his ſeat, and, with a countenance of fervor next to fierceneſs, Let me tell you, Grandiſon, ſaid he—

I aroſe from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who ſat next him, he ſtopt, ſuppoſing me going to him, and ſeemed ſurpriſed, and attentive to my motions: But, diſregarding him, I addreſſed myſelf to that lady. You, madam, are the aunt of lady Clementina: The tender, the indulgent mother is abſent, and has declared, that ſhe reſigns her will to the will of her friends preſent—Allow me to ſupplicate, that former meaſures may not be changed with her. Great dawnings of returning

reaſon did I diſcover in our laſt interview. Her delicacy (never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be ſatisfied. It *was* ſatisfied, and ſhe began to be eaſy. Were her mind but once compoſed, the ſenſe ſhe has of her duty, and what ſhe owes to her religion, would reſtore her to your wiſhes: But if ſhe ſhould be treated harſhly (tho' I am ſure, if ſhe *ſhould* it would be with the beſt intention), Clementina will be loſt.

The general ſat down. They all looked upon one another. The two ladies dried their eyes. The ſtarting tear *would* accompany my fervour. And then ſtepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected, My dear Jeronymo, ſaid I, my friend, my beloved friend, cheriſh in your noble heart the memory of your Grandiſon: Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of ſovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Conſider of it.

My Grandiſon, my dear Grandiſon, my friend, my preſerver! You are not going!—

I *am*, my Jeronymo; and embraced him. Love me in abſence, as I ſhall you.

Chevalier, ſaid the biſhop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a ſmall collation.—We muſt not part with you yet.

I cannot, my lord, accept the favour. Although I had given myſelf up to deſpair of obtaining the happineſs to which I once aſpired, yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conſcious of miſbehaviour. I thank you for the permiſſion I had to attend you all in full aſſembly. May God proſper *you*, my lord; and may you be inveſted with the firſt honours of that church which muſt be adorned by ſo worthy a heart! It will be *my* glory, when I am in my native place, or *wherever* I am, to remember that I was once thought not

not unworthy of a rank in a family ſo reſpectable. Let me, my lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My lord, ſaid he, to his father; my lord, to the general; Grandiſon muſt not go!—and ſat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana ſeemed moved: The two young lords, Sebaſtiano and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addreſſed myſelf to the marquis, who ſat undetermined as to ſpeech: My venerable lord, forgive me, that my addreſs was not firſt paid here: My heart overflows with gratitude for your goodneſs in permitting me to throw myſelf at your feet, before I took a laſt farewel of a city favoured with your reſidence. Beſt of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child neareſt, and *deſerving* to be neareſt to your heart. She is all *you* and her *mother*. Reſtore her to yourſelf, and to her, by your indulgence: That alone, and a bleſſing on your prayers, *can* reſtore her. Adieu, my good lord: Repeated thanks for all your hoſpitable goodneſs to a man that will ever retain a grateful ſenſe of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he ſaid—He ſeemed in agitation. He could not ſay more.

I then, turning to the count his brother, who ſat next him, ſaid, I have not the honour to be fully known to your lordſhip: Some prejudices, from differences in opinion may have been conceived: But if you ever hear any thing of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once deſigned him, then, my lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condeſcenſion of your noble brother and ſiſter in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! ſaid that lord, in ſome hurry.—

ry.—I think very well of you. I never ſaw a man in my life that I liked ſo well!

Your lordſhip does me honour. I ſay this the rather, as I may, on this ſolemn occaſion, taking leave of ſuch honoured friends, charge my future life with reſolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I paſſed from him to the general—Forgive, my lord, ſaid I, the ſeeming formality of my behaviour in this parting ſcene: It is a very ſolemn one to me. You have expreſſed yourſelf *of* me, and *to* me, my lord, with more paſſion (forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourſelf when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a ſon of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to obſerve, that paſſion will make a man exalt himſelf, and degrade another; and the juſt medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of than I ought to be, either in juſtice, or for the honour of a perſon who is dear to every one preſent. My country was once mentioned with diſdain: Think not my vanity ſo much concerned in what I am going to ſay, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Engliſhman: Yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the ſun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his ſon; yet I preſume to add, that that ſon deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, though they are intitled by their rank to reſpect, are princes only to him as they act.

A few words more, my lord.

I have been of the *hearing*, not of the *ſpeaking* ſide of the queſtion, in the two laſt conferences I had the honour to hold with your lordſhip. Once you

you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can ſubdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I ſhould not have remembered this, had I not now, my lord, on this ſolemn occaſion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I reſpect your lordſhip *too much*, not to take notice of this angry reception. My ſilence upon it, perhaps, would look like ſubſcribing before this illuſtrious company to the juſtice of your contempt: Yet I mean no *other* notice than this; and *this* to demonſtrate that I was not, in my *own* opinion at leaſt, abſolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the brothers, you ſo juſtly honour, and which I wiſhed to ſtand in with *you*.

And now, my lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and, as I have given you no cauſe for diſpleaſure, ſay, that you will remember me with kindneſs, as I ſhall honour you and your whole family to the laſt day of my life.

The general heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any anſwer: The biſhop aroſe, and taking him aſide, endeavoured to calm him.

I addreſſed myſelf to the two young lords, and ſaid, that if ever their curioſity led them to viſit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I ſhould be extremely glad of cultivating their eſteem and favour, by the beſt offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeneſs.

I addreſſed myſelf next to Lady Laurana—— May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the choſen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breaſt of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable couſin, and, becauſe of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend

recommend to you that tender and ſoothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would ſhew to *you*, in any calamity that ſhould befal you. I am not a bad man, madam, though of a different communion from yours. Think but half ſo charitably of me as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his profeſſions, and I ſhall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me ſpoken of.

It is eaſy to imagine, Dr Bartlett, that I addreſſed myſelf in this manner to this lady, whom I had never before ſeen, that ſhe might not think the harder of her couſin's prepoſſeſſions in favour of a Proteſtant.

I recommended myſelf to the favour of father Mareſcotti. He aſſured me of his eſteem, in very warm terms.

And juſt as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the general came to me: You cannot think, Sir, ſaid he, nor did you *deſign* it, I ſuppoſe, that I ſhould be pleaſed with your addreſs to me. I have only this queſtion to aſk, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me aſk your lordſhip, ſaid I, When do you return to Naples?

Why that queſtion, Sir? haughtily.

I will anſwer you frankly. Your lordſhip, at the firſt of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promiſed to pay my reſpects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my lord, I hope, no cauſe to the contrary having ariſen from me, to be received by you with the ſame kindneſs and favour that you ſhewed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother! ſaid the biſhop, are you not *now* overcome?

And

And are you in earneſt? ſaid the general.

I am, my lord. I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to ſee it again. I would look upon your lordſhip as one of thoſe friends: But you ſeem ſtill diſpleaſed with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: Once more I tender it. A man of ſpirit cannot be offended at a man of ſpirit, without leſſening himſelf. I call upon your dignity, my lord.

He held out his hand, juſt as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr Bartlett; and I was conſcious of a ſuperiority in *this inſtance:* I took his hand, however, at this offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does and ſays.

The biſhop embraced me.—Your moderation, thus exerted, ſaid he, muſt ever make you triumph. O Grandiſon! you are a prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The general ſaid, I ſhall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family to behave as perhaps I ought on this occaſion. Indeed, Grandiſon, it is difficult for ſufferers to act with ſpirit and temper at the ſame time.

It *is*, my lord: I have found it ſo. My hopes raiſed, as once they were, now ſunk, and abſolute deſpair having taken place of them—Would to God I had never returned to Italy!—But I reproach not any body.

Yet, ſaid Jeronymo, you have ſome reaſon—To be ſent for as you were—

He was going on—Pray, brother, ſaid the general—And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?

You

You may, my lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean time. It is, that you will not treat harſhly *your* dear Clementina. Would to heaven I might have had the honour to ſay *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other requeſt on my own account: And that is, that you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family, by their kind permiſſion; and that, at my departure, I wiſhed her, from my ſoul, all the happineſs that the beſt and tendereſt of her friends can wiſh her! I make this requeſt to you, my lord, rather than to ſignor Jeronymo, becauſe the tenderneſs which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too ſenſibly for her peace.

Be pleaſed, my dear ſignor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the marchioneſs. Would to heaven—But adieu, and once more adieu, my Jeronymo. I ſhall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God reſtore your ſiſter, and heal you!

I bowed to the marquis, to the ladies, to the general, to the biſhop particularly; to the reſt in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out at the door. The ſervants had planted themſelves in a row; not for ſelfiſh motives, as in England: They bowed to the ground, and bleſſed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purſe of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their ſight. God be with you, my honeſt friends! ſaid I; and departed—O Dr Bartlett, with a heart how much diſtreſſed!

And now, my good Miſs Byron, have I not reaſon, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regrete the taſk you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, now wonder

that

that your brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all ſay I muſt proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatneſs of this man's behaviour! What a preſumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aſpire to call ſuch a one hers!

LETTER IX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

THIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *ſhe* pretend to?—But I will not puzzle myſelf about her, yet *ſhe* pretend to give diſturbance to ſuch a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr Bartlett's next letter; or ſhe would not have been named by *me*.

Dr BARTLETT'S *eleventh Letter.*

MR Grandiſon, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in diſguiſe, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new diſturbance. But I will not mix the ſtories.

The next morning he received a letter from ſignor Jeronymo. The following is a tranſlation of it.

My deareſt Grandiſon,

HOW do you?—Ever-amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of laſt night obtain for you! not a ſoul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared, that, were you a Catholic, it would be a *merit* to love you. Yet

ſhe reluctantly praiſed you, and once ſaid, what, but *ſplendid ſins*, are the *virtues* of a *heretic?*

Our two couſins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wiſh. My father wept like a child, when you were gone, and ſeemed to enjoy the praiſes given you by every one. The count ſaid, he never ſaw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and addreſs, and your calmneſs and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled-chair; and ſeveral times forgot that I ailed any thing.

I begin to love father Mareſcotti. He was with the foremoſt in praiſing you.

The general owned, that he once was reſolved to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, ſaid he, make me a viſit at Naples?

You may depend upon it he will, anſwered I.—

I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your addreſs to my ſiſter, by the general, rather than by me: And Lady Sforza ſaid, it was a thouſand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeneſs of heart which make you think ſo well, and ſpeak ſo tenderly, of thoſe of communions different from your own. So much ſteadineſs in your own religion, yet ſo much prudence, in a man ſo young, they ſaid was aſtoniſhing! No wonder that your character ran ſo high, in every court you had viſited.

My mother came in ſoon after you had left us. She was equally ſurpriſed and grieved to find you gone. She thought ſhe was ſure of your ſtaying ſupper; and, not ſatisfied with the ſlight leave ſhe had

had taken, ſhe had been ſtrengthening her mind to paſs an hour in your company, in order to take a more ſolemn one.

My father aſked her after her daughter.

Poor ſoul! ſaid ſhe, ſhe has heard that the Chevalier was to be here to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? ſaid my father.

I cannot tell: But the poor creature is half raving to be admitted among us. She has dreſſed herſelf in one of her beſt ſuits; and I found her ſitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in does not do.

So the Chevalier ſaid, replied that lady. Well, let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleaſure to treat the dear girl harſhly—O ſiſter! this is a moſt extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is juſt at the door. I could not prevail upon her—

We all looked upon one another.

Three ſoft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know ſhe was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, ſaid the count: The Chevalier is not here.

Laurana aroſe, and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, how wild ſhe looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not ſeen her for two days before. O how earneſtly did ſhe look round her! withdrawing her hand from her couſin, who would have led her to a chair, and ſtanding quite ſtill.

Come and ſit by me, my ſweet love, ſaid her weeping mother—She ſtept towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: You beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina!

I don't know—Still looking round her, as wanting ſomebody.

Again her mother courted her to ſit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you ſay.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not ſpeak. —Ah, my father! ſaid ſhe, ſtepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, Sir, faintly ſtruggling, with averted face—You love me not—You refuſed to ſee your child when ſhe wanted to claim your protection!—I was uſed cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: And ſo I thought I would be contented. My mamma too! —But it is no matter. I ſaw it was to be ſo; and I did not care.

By my ſoul, ſaid I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The Chevalier is in the right. You ſee how ſenſible ſhe is of harſh treatment.

Well, well, ſaid the general, let us change our meaſures.

Still the dear girl looked out earneſtly, as for ſomebody.

She looſed herſelf from the arms of her ſorrowing father.

Let us in ſilence, ſaid the count, obſerve her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his ſhoulder, as he ſat with his back towards her, paſſed him; then to the general, then to ſignor Sebaſtiano; and to every one round, till ſhe came to me; looking at each over his ſhoulder in the ſame manner: Then folding her fingers,

Her

her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their full extent, ſhe held up her face meditating, with ſuch a ſignificant woe, that I thought my heart would have burſt.—Not a ſoul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza aroſe, took her two hands, the fingers ſtill claſped; and would have ſpoken to her, but could not; and haſtily retired to her ſeat.

Tears, at laſt, began to trickle down her cheeks, as ſhe ſtood fixedly looking up. She ſtarted, looked about her, and, haſtening to her mother, threw her arms about her neck; and, hiding her face in her boſom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with ſobs that penetrated every heart.

The firſt words ſhe ſaid were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raiſing her head, and again laying it in her mother's boſom—If ever you loved me, love me now, my mamma!—I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two ſons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himſelf. He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to thoſe of his mind?

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, ſaid the biſhop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had ſeemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's boſom ſeemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still ſhe looked round her.

Suppoſe, ſaid I, ſomebody were to name the man ſhe ſeems to look for? It may divert this wildneſs.

Did ſhe come down, ſaid Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of ſeeing him?

She did.

Let *me*, ſaid the biſhop, ſpeak to her. He aroſe, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my dear Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fancied. What made you dreſs yourſelf ſo prettily?

She looked earneſtly at him, in ſilence. He repeated his queſtion—I ſpeak, ſaid ſhe, all my heart; and then I ſuffer for it. Every body is againſt me.

You ſhall not ſuffer for it: Every body is for you.

I confeſſed to Mrs Beaumont; I confeſſed to you, brother: But what did I get by it?—Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am ſorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own ſoul!

Yet you never chide your own ſoul!

He turned his face from her to us. She muſt not be treated harſhly, ſaid he. He ſoothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his ſoothings, did you expect any body here that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither—Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, ſaid ſhe, what you heard ſaid of ſomebody's threatening ſomebody?—Don't let any body hear us, drawing her to one end of the room.—I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myſelf.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, ſaid the count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleaſed to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why,

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream laſt night: and I cannot be eaſy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the Orange-grove, I thought I ſtumbled over the body of a dead man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatened? And was not ſomebody here to-night? And was not ſomebody to ſup here? And *is* he here?

The general then went to her. My deareſt Clementina! my beloved ſiſter! ſet your heart at reſt. Somebody is ſafe: Shall be ſafe.

She took firſt one of his hands, then the other; and, looking in the palms of them, they are not bloody, ſaid ſhe.—What have you done with him then? Where is he?

Where is who?—

You know whom I aſk after; but you want ſomething againſt me.

Then ſtepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo! —Did I ſee *you* before? and ſtroked my cheek.—Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, Sir, to the general, do you ſit down. She leaned her arm upon my ſhoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: Do I?

No, my deareſt Clementina.

That's my beſt brother.—Cruel aſſaſſins!—But the brave man came juſt in time to ſave you.—But do you know what is become of him?

He is ſafe, my dear. He could not ſtay.

Did any body affront him?

No, my love.

Are you ſure nobody did?—*Very* ſure? Father Mareſcotti, ſaid ſhe, turning to him (who wept from the time ſhe entered), you don't love him: But you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Becauſe,

Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, he never did any thing but good to any one.

Father Mareſcotti, ſaid I, admires him as much as any body.

Admire him! Father Mareſcotti admire him!—But he does not *love* him. And I never heard *him* ſay one word againſt father Mareſcotti in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away then? Was he not to ſtay to ſupper?

He was deſired to ſtay, but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whiſper you—Did he tell you that I wrote him a letter?

I gueſſed you did, whiſpered I.

You are a ſtrange gueſſer: But you can't gueſs how I ſent it to him—But huſh, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, did he ſay nothing of me when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the general.

With the general! The general won't tell me!

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my ſiſter what the Chevalier ſaid to you at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had deſired him to ſay to her.

Why would they not let me ſee him? ſaid ſhe. Am I never to ſee him more?

I hope you will, replied the biſhop.

If, reſumed ſhe, we could have done any thing that might have looked like a return to his goodneſs to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular), I believe I ſhould have been eaſy.—And ſo you ſay he is gone?—And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wriſt, as it lay over my ſhoulder: Poor Chevalier!—But huſh, huſh, pray huſh, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt and couſin Laurana. Love me again, madam, ſaid ſhe to the former. You loved me once.

I never

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did *you*, Laurana, ſee the Chevalier Grandiſon?

I did.

And did he go away ſafe and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preſerved the life of our dear Jeronymo, ſaid ſhe, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to ſay a few words to him. I was aſtoniſhed to find him not here: And then my dream came into my head. It was a ſad dream indeed!—But, couſin, be good to me: Pray do. You did not uſe to be cruel. You uſed to ſay you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miſerable: At times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is but me: But then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: Indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promiſes? But then every body loved me, and I was happy! —Yet you tell me, it is all for my good. Naughty Laurana, to wound my heart by your croſſneſs, and then ſay, it is for my good!—Do you think I ſhould have ſerved you ſo?

Laurana bluſhed, and wept. Her aunt promiſed her, that every body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if ſhe would make her heart eaſy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandiſon. I know you love I ſhould be ſo. From this minuteneſs you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are reſolved to take your advice (it was very ſeaſonable), and treat her with indulgence. The count is earneſt to have it ſo.

CAMILLA has juſt left me. She ſays, that her young

young lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great meaſure, to her being indulged in aſking the ſervants, who ſaw you depart, how you looked, and being ſatisfied that you went away unhurt and unaffronted.

Adieu, my deareſt, my beſt friend. Let me hear from you as often as you can.

I JUST now underſtand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earneſt requeſt to my father, mother, and aunt, and been refuſed. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: But I muſt, for my own ſake, write ſhorter letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the ſubject, when I am writing to you I am converſing with you. My dear Grandiſon, once more

Adieu!

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy ſtory has coſt me? I cannot dwell upon the ſcenes!—Begone, all thoſe wiſhes that would interfere with the intereſt of that ſweet diſtreſſed ſaint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to ſee him! She would, moſt probably, have been quieted in her mind, if ſhe had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generoſity is there in her love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L.'s ſtudy, ſaid to me, that his compaſſion was engaged, but his honour was free: And ſo it ſeems to be: But a generoſity, in return for her generoſity, muſt bind ſuch a mind as his.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

IN the doctor's next letter, incloſed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's literary journal: I fancy, my dear, it muſt be a charming thing. I wiſh we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the preſumptuous Harriet had hopes that ſhe might have been intitled—But no more of theſe hopes—It can't be helped, Lucy.

Dr BARTLETT's *twelfth Letter.*

MR Grandiſon proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myſelf in viſiting and taking leave of ſeveral worthy members of the univerſity, with whom I had paſſed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my reſidence in this noble city. In my literary journal you have an account of thoſe worthy perſons, and of ſome of our converſations. I paid my duty to the Cardinal Legate and the Gonfaloniere, and to three of his counſellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewiſe greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their converſation: Such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found the general had been there to enquire after me.

I ſent one of my ſervants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the general, to the biſhop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the ladies, and the marquis,

quis, but had only a general anſwer, that they were much as I left them.

The two young lords, Sebaſtiano and Juliano, made me a viſit of ceremony. They talked of viſiting England in a year or two. I aſſured them of my beſt ſervices, and urged them to go thither. I aſked them after the healths of the marquis, the marchioneſs, and their beloved couſin Clementina. Signor Sebaſtiano ſhook his head: Very, *very* indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr Jervois, and from my wardſhip. I told you, in their courſe, the ſteps I took in thoſe affairs, and how happy I had been in ſome parts of management. There I hope ſoon to ſee you, my dear Dr Bartlett, from the Levant, to whoſe care I can ſo ſafely conſign my precious truſt, while I go to Paris, and attend the wiſhed-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for ſo many years an exile.

There alſo I hope to have ſome opportunities of converſing with my good Mrs Beaumont; reſolving to make another effort to get ſo valuable a perſon to reſtore herſelf to my beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr Bartlett, do I endeavour to conſole myſelf, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the diſtreſſes of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I ſhall be ſooner ſo than I could have been in the ſame circumſtances, had I, from the firſt of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hoſpitality) indulged a paſſion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after conſolation. When ſhe made her unſeaſonable viſit to me at Bologna, ſhe refuſed to

return to Florence without me, till I aſſured her, that as my affairs would ſoon call me thither, I would viſit her at her own palace, as often as thoſe affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had ſettled every thing for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, though ſhe had wrought ſo with Emily, as to induce her to be an earneſt petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whoſe equipages, and the glare in which ſhe lives, had dazzled the eyes of the young lady.

I WAS impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and juſt as I was ſetting out for Florence, in deſpair of that favour, it being the ſecond day after my farewel viſit, I had the following letter from him:

I HAVE not been well, my dear Grandiſon. I am afraid the wound in my ſhoulder muſt be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a ſtrange rate. They promiſed to keep meaſures with the dear creature; but ſhe has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to ſee you.

Poor ſoul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to ſee you, but for *five* minutes: That was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my laſt.

Camilla was afraid ſhe would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you—She did; but it laſted not long: For ſhe made an effort, ſoon after, to go out of the houſe by way of the garden. The gardener refuſed his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom ſhe had, by an innocent piece of art, but juſt before ſent to bring her ſomething from her toilette.

The general went with Camilla to her. They found her juſt ſetting a ladder againſt the wall. She heard them, and ſcreamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till ſhe came in ſight of the great caſcade, into which, had ſhe not by a croſs alley been intercepted by the general, it is feared ſhe would have thrown herſelf.

This has terrified us all: She begs but for one interview, one parting interview; and ſhe promiſes to make herſelf eaſy: But it is not thought adviſeable: Yet father Mareſcotti himſelf thought it beſt to indulge her. Had my mother been earneſt, I believe it had been granted: But ſhe is ſo much concerned at the blame ſhe met with on permitting the laſt interview, that ſhe will not contend, tho' ſhe has let them know that ſhe did not oppoſe the requeſt.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning—Jeronymo; He will be *gone!* ſaid ſhe, I *know* he will. All I want is, but to ſee him! To wiſh him happy! And to know, if he will remember me when he is gone, as I ſhall him!—Have *you* no intereſt, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* ſee him? Not *once?*

The biſhop, before I could anſwer, came in queſt of her, followed by Laurana, from whom ſhe had forcibly diſengaged herſelf to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my lord, ſaid ſhe, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: Gone for ever. Is there ſo much in being allowed to ſay, Farewel, and be happy, Grandiſon! and excuſe all the trouble I have given you?——What has my brother's preſerver done, what have I done, that I muſt not ſee him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my lord, ſaid I, ſhe ſhould be complied with. Indeed ſhe ſhould.

My *father* thinks otherwiſe, ſaid the biſhop: The *count* thinks otherwiſe: *I* think otherwiſe. Were

the

the Chevalier a common man, ſhe might. But ſhe dwells upon what paſſed in the laſt interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peeviſhly, you will always think differently from every-body elſe! Mrs Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs Beaumont? ſaid ſhe. —I don't love her: She tells every thing I ſay.

Come, my dear love, ſaid Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every body, and every body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me ſo impatient: And I have ſomething to ſay to him. My father won't ſee me: My mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and ſhe hides herſelf from me!—And I am a priſoner, and watched, and uſed ill!

Here comes my mother! ſaid Laurana. You now *muſt* go up to your chamber, couſin Clementina.

So ſhe does, ſaid ſhe: Now I muſt go, indeed! Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no ſaying nay!— But it is hard! *Very* hard!—And ſhe burſt into tears. I won't ſpeak though, ſaid ſhe to my aunt. Remember I will be ſilent, madam!—Then whiſpering me, My aunt, brother, is not the aunt ſhe uſed to be to me!—But huſh, I don't complain you know!

By this I ſaw that Lady Sforza was ſevere with her.

She addreſſed herſelf to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any bo-

dy. But huſh, Jeronymo!—Don't you betray me! —Now my aunt is come, I muſt go!—I wiſh I could run away from you all!

She was yeſterday detected writing a letter to you. My mother was ſhewn what ſhe had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my ſiſter's boſom, where ſhe had thruſt it on her coming in. This ſhe reſented highly.

When ſhe was led into her own chamber, ſhe refuſed to ſpeak; but in great hurry went to her cloſet, and, taking down her bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and ſat over againſt the cloſet door to obſerve her motions. She came to a place—*Pretty!* ſaid ſhe.

The biſhop had formerly given her a ſmattering of Latin——She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll ſee, Chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what ſhe omitted, and what ſhe choſe from the Canticles. *Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum*, &c.

[In the Engliſh tranſlation thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me, we will run after thee: The upright love thee.*

Look not upon me becauſe I am black, becauſe the ſun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my ſoul loveth! where thou feedeſt, where thou makeſt thy flock to reſt at noon: For why ſhould I be as one that turneth aſide by the flocks of thy companions?]

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow reſting on the eſcritoire ſhe wrote upon, her hand ſupporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? ſaid her aunt, ſtepping to her; and taking up the paper, read it,

it, and took it out of the cloſet with her unoppoſed; her gentle boſom only heaving ſighs.

I will write no more ſo minutely on this affecting ſubject, my Grandiſon.

They are all of opinion that ſhe will be eaſy when ſhe knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they ſtrengthen their opinion by theſe words of hers above recited: "Why he will be gone, I 'tell you; and this makes me ſo impatient."—At leaſt, they are reſolved to try the experiment. And ſo, my dear Grandiſon, you muſt be permitted to leave us!

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays

Your ever-affectionate

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Mr Grandiſon, having no hopes of being allowed to ſee the unhappy lady, ſet out with an afflicted heart for Florence. He gave orders there and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr Jervois ſhould prepare every thing for his inſpection againſt his return from Naples; and then he ſet out for that city to attend the general.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himſelf at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had alſo ſome at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave before he ſet out for Paris: And therefore went to attend the general with the greater pleaſure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The general received me, ſaid Mr Grandiſon, with greater tokens of politeneſs than affection. You are the happieſt man in the world, Chevalier, ſaid he, after the firſt compliments, in eſcaping dangers by braving them. I do aſſure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myſelf the favour of paying you a viſit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed reſolved to do it, till you propoſed this viſit to me here.

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I ſhould have been very ſorry, replied I, to have ſeen a brother of Lady Clementina in *any* way that ſhould not have made me conſider him as her brother. But, before I ſay another word, let me aſk after her health. How does the moſt excellent of women?

You have not heard then?

I have not, my lord: But it is not for want of ſolicitude. I have ſent three ſeveral meſſengers, but can hear nothing to my ſatisfaction.

Nor can you hear any thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my ſoul that I cannot. How, my lord, do the marquis and marchioneſs?

Don't aſk. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone—

A dreadful operation, interrupted the general. —He has. Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preſerve my brother! But, Chevalier, you did not ſave half a life, though we thank you for that, when you reſtored him to our arms.

I had no reaſon to boaſt, my lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and coſt me nothing. The ſervice was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, Chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am ſure, my lord, I have reaſon to join in the wiſh.

He ſhewed me his pictures, ſtatues, and cabinet of curioſities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the oſtentation of his magnificence and taſte, than to do me pleaſure. I even obſerved an increaſing coldneſs in his behaviour; and his eye was too often caſt upon me with a fierceneſs that ſhewed reſentment, and not with the hoſpitable frankneſs that became him to a viſiter and gueſt, who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred

dred miles, principally to attend him, and to ſhew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his diſcredit than mine, I pitied him for. But what moſt of all diſturbed me was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one perſon, whoſe diſtreſſes lay heavy upon my heart.

There were ſeveral perſons of diſtinction at dinner; the diſcourſe could therefore be only general. He paid me great reſpect at his table; but it was a ſolemn one. I was the more uneaſy at it, as I apprehended that the ſituation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You ſtay with me at leaſt the week out, Chevalier!

No, my lord: I have affairs of a deceaſed friend at Florence and at Leghorn to ſettle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I ſhall ſet out for Rome, in my way to Tuſcany.

I am ſurpriſed, Chevalier. You take ſomething amiſs in my behaviour.

I cannot ſay that your lordſhip's countenance (I am a very free ſpeaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleaſure to ſee in it.

By G—, Chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I ſee you not here with ſo much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*, my lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: But I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowledgment in general.

By *admiration* I mean all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatneſs of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to inſult me?

I meant

I meant to obſerve to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deſerved to be treated: But when I thought your warmth was riſing to the uneaſineſs of your aſſembled friends, inſtead of anſwering your queſtion about my ſtay at Bologna, as you ſeemed to mean it, I invited myſelf to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in ſuch a manner as ſurely could not be conſtrued an inſult.

I own, Grandiſon, you diſconcerted me. I had intended to ſave you that journey.

Was that your lordſhip's meaning, when, in my abſence, you called at my lodgings the day after the farewel viſit.

Not abſolutely: I was uneaſy with myſelf. I intended to talk with you. What that talk might have produced I know not: But had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have anſwered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you anſwer me now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be anſwered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be anſwered?

My lord, I will explain myſelf. You had conceived cauſeleſs prejudices againſt me: You ſeemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was diſappointed, not by my own fault: Whom ſhall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my deſtruction. For was I not in the midſt of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to ſeek me?—I would chuſe to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as

malefactor.

a malefactor. In my country, the law ſuppoſes flight a confeſſion of guilt: Had you made demands upon me that I had not choſen to anſwer, I would have expoſtulated with you. I could perhaps have done ſo as calmly as I now ſpeak. If you would not have been expoſtulated with, I would have ſtood upon my defence: But for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a ſon of the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your paſſion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your ſword (a piſtol, had the choice been left to me, I had refuſed, for both our ſakes), I would have preſented both ſwords to you, and bared my breaſt: It was before penetrated by the diſtreſſes of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—Perhaps I ſhould only have ſaid, "If your lordſhip thinks I have injured you, take "your revenge."

And now that I am at Naples, let me ſay, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elſewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpoſe; ſuch, and no other, ſhall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to ſhew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generoſity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty ſecure themſelves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily ſaid he, and ſtood ſtill, meaſuring me with his eye: And could you hope for ſuch an advantage?

While I, my lord, was calm, and determined only upon ſelf-defence; while you were paſſionate, and perhaps raſh, as aggreſſors generally are; I did not doubt it: But could I have avoided drawing, and preſerved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your lordſhip cannot but know my principles.

Grandiſon,

Grandiſon, I *do* know them; and alſo the general report in your favour for ſkill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once propoſed alliance, had not your character—And then he was pleaſed to ſay many things in my favour, from the report of perſons who had weight with him; ſome of whom he named.

But ſtill, Grandiſon, ſaid he, this poor girl!—She could not have been ſo deeply affected, had not ſome lover-like arts—

Let me, my lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* ſuch arts been uſed, the lady could *not* have been ſo much affected. Cannot you think of your noble ſiſter, as a daughter of the two houſes from which you ſprang? Cannot you ſee her, as by Mrs Beaumont's means we now ſo lately have been able to ſee her, ſtruggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender ſubject?] becauſe of her duty and her religion; and reſolved to die rather than encourage a wiſh that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my lord, urge this ſubject: But there never was a paſſion ſo nobly contended with. There never was a man more diſintereſted, and ſo circumſtanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, againſt perſuaſion; and the great behaviour of your ſiſter on that occaſion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs Beaumont brought her to acknowledge what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heavieſt concern.

Indeed, Grandiſon, ſhe ever was a noble girl. We are too apt perhaps to govern ourſelves by events, without looking into cauſes: But the acceſs you had to her; ſuch a man! and who became known to us from circumſtances ſo much

in

in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery—

This, my lord, interrupted I, is ſtill judging from events. You have ſeen Mrs Beaumont's letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leave of him; and with theſe words: "Grandiſon will certainly viſit you at Naples. I 'am afraid of your warmth. His ſpirit is well 'known. All my dependence is upon his princi-'ples. He will not draw but in his own defence. 'Cheriſh the noble viſiter. Surely, brother, I 'may depend upon your hoſpitable temper. Read 'over again this letter before you ſee him."—I have not yet read it, proceeded the general; but I will, and that, if you will allow me now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half-aſhamed of myſelf, my dear Grandiſon: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the diſtreſſes of our family, on this unhappy girl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be diſſatisfied with you: Forgive me, and command my beſt ſervices. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you ſubdued me before I had recourſe to the letter; but that I have ſince read that part of it which accounts for my ſiſter's paſſion, and wiſh I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you:* I am proud of my *ſiſter*. Yet I obſerve from this very letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—Let us not ſay one word more of the unhappy girl: It is painful to me to talk of her.

Not aſk a queſtion, my lord?—

Don't,

Don't, Grandiſon, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my ſoul's woe—But they are not worſe than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will preſent you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I muſt depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of ſeveral of my friends here: I have ſome to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reſerved for my return.

You ſtay with me to-night?—I intend it, my lord.

Well, we will return to company. I muſt make my excuſes to my friends. Your departure to-morrow muſt be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if poſſible, to ſtay longer.—We returned to the company.

LETTER XI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

RECEIVE now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth letter, and the laſt he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the hiſtories of Mrs Beaumont and Lady Olivia.

Dr BARTLETT'S *thirteenth Letter.*

MR Grandiſon ſet out next morning. The general's behaviour to him at his departure was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr Grandiſon, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr Jervois, with the ſpirit, and yet with the temper, for which

he is noted, when he engages in any buſineſs. He put every thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have coſt ſome other perſons months; for he was preſent himſelf on every occaſion, and in every buſineſs, where his preſence would accelerate it: Yet he had embarraſſments from Olivia.

He found, before he ſet out for Naples, that Mrs Beaumont, at the earneſt requeſt of the Marchioneſs, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing any thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs Beaumont, requeſting her to inform him of the ſtate of things in that family, as far as ſhe thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whoſe ſilence to three letters he had written he had the moſt melancholy apprehenſions. He let that lady know, that he ſhould ſet out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of ſervice to the family ſhe favoured with her company.

To this letter Mrs Beaumont returned the following anſwer:

SIR,

I HAVE the favour of yours. We are very miſerable here. The ſervants are forbidden to anſwer any enquiries, but generally, and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a ſevere operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his abſolute recovery, but that he will be no worſe than he was before the neceſſity for the operation aroſe. Poor man! He forgot not, however, his ſiſter and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were adminiſtered to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: Sometimes raving, ſometimes gloomy; and in bonds—Twice had ſhe given them

apprehenſions of fatal attempts: They therefore confined her hands.

They have been exceſſively wrong in their management of her: Now ſoothing, now ſevere; obſerving no method.

She was extremely earneſt to ſee you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly ſhe beſought this favour, and promiſed to be eaſy if they would comply; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the ſymptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying at the time when ſhe was ſo deſirous of ſeeing you. I told them, that ſoothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her ſo. Camilla ſhocked me with the deſcription of her rage and deſpair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of ſilence, and the deepeſt melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of ſervice to her: But for two days together ſhe regarded me not, nor any thing I could ſay to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneaſy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her reſtored to the uſe of her hands, and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehenſions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occaſion for aſſiſtance, I inſenſibly led that way. She ſat down on a ſeat over againſt the great caſcade; but ſhe made no motion that gave me apprehenſions. From this time ſhe has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for her, ſhe often claſped her arms about me, and laid her face in my boſom; and I could plainly ſee, it was in gratitude for reſtoring to her the uſe of her arms: But ſhe cared not to ſpeak.

Indeed

Indeed ſhe generally affects deep ſilence: Yet, at times, I ſee her very ſoul is fretted. She moves to one place; is tired of that; ſhifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very fervent in her devotions, and as conſtant in them as ſhe uſed to be: Every good habit ſhe preſerves; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing letters to you; but when what ſhe writes is privately taken from her, ſhe makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new ſheet and begins again.

Sometimes ſhe draws; but her ſubjects are generally Angels and Saints. She often meditates in a map of the Britiſh dominions, and now and then wiſhes ſhe were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earneſt to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where ſhe has alſo a noble palace; but I hope it will not be granted. That lady profeſſes to love her; but ſhe cannot be perſuaded out of her notion of harſh methods; which will never do with Clementina.

I ſhall not be able to ſtay long with her. The diſcompoſure of ſo excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do either good or pleaſure, I ſhould be willing to deny myſelf the ſociety of my dear friends at Florence: But I am perſuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to ſettle her mind than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to ſee you before I leave Italy. It muſt be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propoſe the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have conſulted are all for ſevere methods, and low diet. The firſt, I think, is in compliment to ſome of the family: She is ſo loth to take nouriſhment, and, when ſhe does, is ſo very

abſtemious, that the regimen is hardly neceſſary. She never, or but very ſeldom, uſed to drink any thing but water.

She took it into her poor head ſeveral times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to ſit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if ſhe were liſtening to ſomebody. She ſometimes ſmiled, and ſeemed pleaſed; looked up, as if to ſomebody, and ſpoke Engliſh. I have no doubt, though I was not preſent when ſhe aſſumed theſe airs, and talked Engliſh, but her diſordered imagination brought before her her tutor inſtructing her in that tongue.

You deſired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been ſo; but at the expence of my eyes: And I ſhall not wonder if your humane heart ſhould be affected by my ſad tale.

God preſerve you, and proſper you in whatſoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs Beaumont ſtaid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young lady.

At taking leave, ſhe aſked her, what commands ſhe had for her?—Love me, ſaid ſhe, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whiſpering her), you will ſee the Chevalier, perhaps, though I muſt not.—Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is ſometimes very unhappy!—Tell him, that ſhe ſhall rejoice to ſit next him in Heaven!—Tell him, that I ſay he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he ſhuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, that I ſhall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me aſſurance, that the lady will love him as well as ſomebody elſe would have done.—O Mrs Beaumont! ſhould the Chevalier Grandiſon marry a woman unworthy of him, what a diſgrace would that be to me!

Mr Grandiſon by this time had prepared every thing

thing for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love was arrived from the Levant and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's requeſt, he had accompanied Mr Beauſehamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by letter what had been the ſubject of their daily converſations, and tranſmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr Grandiſon's ſentiments and behaviour on every occaſion; Mr Beauchamp propoſing him as a pattern to himſelf, that he might be worthy of the credential letters he had furniſhed him with to every one whom he had thought deſerving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr Beauchamp intended to viſit.

To the care of the perſon ſo much honoured by his confidence, Mr Grandiſon left his agreeable ward, Miſs Jervois; requeſting the aſſiſtance of Mrs Beaumont, who kindly promiſed her inſpection; and, with the goodneſs for which ſhe is ſo eminently noted, performed her promiſe in his abſence.

He then made an offer to the biſhop to viſit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he ſet out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he ſent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miſs Byron, you will ſay that I have not yet fully anſwered your laſt enquiry, relating to the preſent ſituation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr Grandiſon had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wiſh that they had permitted the interview ſo much deſired by the poor lady: And when they afterwards underſtood that he was ſent for to England, to take poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate, that farther diſtance (the notion likewiſe of

the ſeas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: For ſtill an interview with Mr Grandiſon having never been granted, it was her firſt wiſh.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr Grandiſon, I know not; but it is certain ſhe herſelf expected to ſee him at the end of every journey; and, while ſhe was moving, was eaſier, and more compoſed, perhaps in that hope.

The marchioneſs was ſometimes of the party. The air and exerciſe were thought proper for *her* health, as well as for that of her daughter. Her couſin Laurana was always with her in theſe excurſions, and ſometimes Lady Sforza; and their eſcorte was, generally, Signors Sebaſtiano and Juliano.

But, within theſe four months paſt, theſe journeyings have been diſcontinued. The young lady accuſes them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to eſcape from them.

She is, for this reaſon, cloſely confined and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneaſy in it: But this being done unknown to the general, when he was appriſed of it, he, for reaſons I cannot comprehend, was diſpleaſed, and had her taken out directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon ſeeing her tutor, her friend, her Chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with ſuch hopes, becauſe they have thereby kept up her ardour for an interview. Could ſhe but

but once more ſee him, ſhe ſays, and let him know the cruelty ſhe has been treated with, ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied. *He* would pity her, ſhe is ſure, tho' nobody elſe will.

The biſhop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more viſit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himſelf the communicating to you, ladies, his reſolution on this ſubject. I had but a moment's ſight of the letters which ſo greatly affected him.

It is but *within* theſe few days paſt that this new requeſt has been made to him, in a *direct* manner. The queſtion was before put, If ſuch a requeſt *ſhould* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's preſence wiſhed for.

Mean time the poor lady is haſtening, they are afraid, into a conſumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, ſtill adores her. The diſorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and ſome of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himſelf, pities her, and declares, that he would run all riſks of her recovery, would the family give her to him: And yet he knows, that ſhe would chuſe to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandiſon, rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generouſly applauds her for preferring her faith to her love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another ſevere operation on the next day after the letters came from Bologna, the ſucceſs of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to ſupport himſelf under ſuch heavy afflictions! For thoſe of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in ſecret for them. A feeling heart is a bleſſing that

no one who has it would be without; and it is a moral ſecurity of innocence, ſince the heart that is able to partake of the diſtreſs of another cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miſs Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at preſent able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina and her family. I will defer, if you pleaſe, thoſe which relate to Olivia and Mrs Beaumont (ladies of very different characters from each other), having ſeveral letters to write.

Permit me, my good ladies, and my lord, after contributing ſo much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the diſtreſſes of life, whether they affect ourſelves or others, to thoſe motives that can alone give ſupport to a rational mind. This mortal ſcene, however perplexing, is a very ſhort one; and the hour is haſtening when all the intricacies of human affairs ſhall be cleared up, and all the ſorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the higheſt joy: When all worthy minds ſhall be united in the ſame intereſts, the ſame happineſs.

Allow me to be, my good Miſs Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon,

Your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Excellent Dr Bartlett!—How worthy of himſelf is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning conſolation and inſtruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to ſucceed in my humble endeavours.

It

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not ſolicitous to make known a ſituation ſo embarraſſing to himſelf, and ſo much involved in clouds and uncertainty: But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Friday, March 31.

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting ſtory, as far as Dr Bartlett can give it. My couſins expreſs a good deal of concern for your Harriet: So does Miſs Grandiſon: So doth my Lord and Lady L: And the more, as I ſeem to carry off the matter with aſſumed bravery. This their kind concern for me looks, however, as if they thought me a hypocrite; and I ſuppoſe, therefore, that I act my part very aukwardly.

But, my dear, as this caſe is one of thoſe few in which a woman *can* ſhew a bravery of ſpirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miſs Jervois.

The doctor has whiſpered to me, that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that diſturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S. it ſeems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two ſiſters, who

once

once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themſelves to acquaint a lady of her rank and merit that there can be no hopes; and they are ſtill more loth to ſay, that their brother thinks himſelf under ſome obligations to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: But who, now, will ſay *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wiſh, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaſter. How eaſy then might one throw off one's ſhackles!

Lord G. is very diligent in his court to Miſs Grandiſon. His father and aunt are to viſit her this afternoon. She behaves whimſically to my lord: Yet I cannot think that ſhe *greatly* diſlikes him.

The Earl of D. and the Counteſs Dowager are both in town. The Counteſs made a viſit to my couſin Reeves laſt Tueſday: She ſpoke of me very kindly: She ſays my Lord has heard ſo much of me, that he is very deſirous of ſeeing me: But ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, that ſince my heart was not diſengaged, ſhe ſhould be afraid of the conſequences of his viſit to himſelf.

My grandmamma, though ſhe was ſo kindly fond of me, would not ſuffer me to live with her; becauſe ſhe thought that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when ſhe is always ſaying that chearfulneſs is moſt becoming: She would therefore turn over her girl to the beſt of aunts. But now, I fancy, ſhe will allow me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby would be glad to ſpare me. I ſhall not be able to bear a jeſt: And then what ſhall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he ſays: And ſo I have: But if my heart is not quite ſo eaſy as it was, it is, I hope, a better, at leaſt

leaſt not a *worſe* heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excurſion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all its painful conſequences—But let me ſay with my grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon! The very man by whoſe virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as ſhe is, I rank her with the firſt of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandiſon's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I ſhall ever have again. Very true—O heart! the moſt wayward of hearts, ſigh if thou wilt!

You have ſeen how ſeldom he was with us, when we were abſolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But ſuch a man cannot, ought not to be engroſſed by one family. Bleſs me, Lucy, when he comes into public life (for has not this country a ſuperior claim to him beyond every private one?), what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate ſome of his preſent engagements that we know of.

The Danby family muſt have ſome further portion of his time.

The executorſhip in the diſpoſal of the 3000*l.* in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W. may be ſaid to be under his tutelage, as to the future happineſs of his life.

Miſs Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her perſon, engage much of his attention.

He is his own ſteward.

He is making alterations at Grandiſon-hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reſide among them; and he himſelf is fond of that ſeat.

His eſtate in Ireland is in a proſperous way, from the works he ſet on foot there, when he was

on

on the ſpot; and he talks, as Dr Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another viſit to it.

His ſiſter's match with Lord G. is one of his cares.

He has ſervices to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended viſit of Olivia gives him diſturbance.

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more eſpecially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous ſtate of health, and Signora Clementina's diſordered mind—O Lucy!—What leiſure has this man to be in love!—Yet how can I ſay ſo, when he is in love already?—And with Clementina—And don't you think, that when he goes to France on the executorſhip account, he will make a viſit to Bologna?——Ah, my dear, to be ſure he will.

After he has left England therefore, which I ſuppoſe he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonſhire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to ſee him, except ſhe can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her requeſt to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a-year, or ſo, on his viſiting his ward, ſee, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-eſtranged Harriet! Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandiſon* will be with him! God reſtore her! Surely I ſhall be capable, if ſhe be Lady Grandiſon, of rejoicing in her recovery!—

Fie upon it!—Why this involuntary tear? You would ſee it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man! Dr Bartlett has juſt been telling me of a morning viſit he received, before he went out of town, from the two ſons of Mrs Oldham.

One of them is about ſeven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor ſays, with as much tenderneſs as if they were the children of his own mother. He enquired into their inclinations, behaviour, and diverſions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them, that, if they were good, he would love them; and ſaid, he had a dear friend, whom he reverenced as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at firſt ſight, who would now-and-then, as he happened to be in town, make enquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cauſe. Accordingly he had deſired Dr Bartlet to give them occaſionally his countenance; as alſo to let their mother know, that he ſhould be glad of a viſit from her, and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to ſee her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impreſſed by the venerable deſcription Sir Charles had given of him, of their own accord, the younger, by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his bleſſing.

Mr Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowledgments of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful mother could not contain herſelf. Bleſſings without number ſhe invoked on her benefactor for his goodneſs in taking ſuch kind notice of her two ſons, as he had done; and ſaid, he had been, ever ſince his gracious behaviour to her in Eſſex, the firſt and laſt in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herſelf, ſhe declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: She ſhould not be able to ſtand in his preſence. Alas! Sir,

ſaid ſhe, can the ſevereſt, trueſt penitence recal the guilty paſt?

The doctor ſaid, that Sir Charles Grandiſon ever made it a rule with him to raiſe the dejected and humble ſpirit. Your birth and education, madam, intitle you a place in the firſt company: And where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any perſon may be ſet, though there has been unhappineſs, he always remembers the moſt favourable, and forgets the other. I would adviſe you, madam (as he has invited you), by all means to come. He ſpeaks with pleaſure of your humility and good ſenſe.

The doctor told me, that Sir Charles had made enquiries after the marriage of Major O'Hara with Mrs Jervois, and had ſatisfied himſelf that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad, for Miſs Jervois's ſake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together ſince their laſt enterprize: For the man, who had long been a ſufferer from poverty, was in fear of loſing one half at leaſt of his wife's annuity, by what paſſed on that occaſion; and accuſed her of putting him upon the miſbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he ſaid, the reſentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney, who viſited Sir Charles from theſe people, at their requeſt, waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they ſhould not ſuffer in their annuity, and expreſſing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs O'Hara alſo requeſted it as a favour to ſee her daughter.

Sir Charles commiſſioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them, that if Mrs O'Hara would come to St James's-ſquare next Wedneſday about five o'clock, Miſs Jervois ſhould be introduced to her; and ſhe ſhould be welcome to bring with

with her her huſband, and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu, till by-and-by. Miſs Grandiſon is come, in one of her uſual hurries, to oblige me to be preſent at the viſit to be made her this afternoon, by the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, his ſiſter, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

Friday Night.

THE earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertrude is a *very* agreeable woman. They ſaw Miſs Grandiſon with the young lord's eyes; and were better pleaſed with her, as I told her afterwards, than *I* ſhould have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, ſhe anſwered me, but I ſhould find fault with her; and yet ſhe was as good as for her life ſhe could be.

Such an archneſs in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G.'s aſſiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such a half-timid, half-free parade when he had done any thing that he intended to be obliging, and now-and-then an aiming at raillery, as if he were not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to ſpeak his mind even to *her!* On her part, on thoſe occaſions, ſuch an air, as if ſhe had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been preſent to mediate for him; that though I could not but love her for her very archneſs, yet in my mind, I could, for their ſakes, but more for her own, have ſeverely chidded her.

She is a charming woman; and every thing ſhe ſays and does becomes her. But I am ſo much afraid of what may be the caſe, when the lover is changed into the huſband, that I wiſh to myſelf

now-and-then, when I ſee her ſo lively, that ſhe would remember that there was once ſuch a man as Captain Anderſon. But ſhe makes it a rule, ſhe ſays, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (ſaid ſhe once) given me for my benefit, and ſhall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by your wiſe ones, and ſee what good you will get by it.

Why *this*, Charlotte, replied I, the wiſe ones may have a *chance* to get by it—They will very probably, by remembering paſt miſtakes, avoid many inconveniencies into which forgetfulneſs will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned ſhe, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be ſet up for warnings, ſome for examples: And the firſt are generally of greater uſe to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, ſaid I, do you deſtroy the force of your own argument. Can the perſon who is ſingled out for the warning be near ſo happy as ſhe that is ſet up for the example?

You are right, as far as I know, Harriet: But I obey the preſent impulſe, and try to find an excuſe afterwards for what that puts me upon: And all the difference is this, as to the reward, I have a *joy*, you a *comfort*: But comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy in the tender huſband would have ſaid, Charlotte. But poor as the world is with you and her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, if they *muſt* be ſeparated. But I ſee not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have *both*.

She tapped my cheek—Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not *joy*, you have *comfort*, in your ſeverity.

My heart as well as my cheek glowed at the praiſes the earl and the lady both joined in (with

a

a fervor that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandiſon, while they told us what this man, and that woman, of quality or conſideration, ſaid of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wiſh to be remembered with honour after death? And what a ſhare of it has this excellent man in this life!—May nothing, for the honour-ſake of human nature, to which he is ſo great an ornament, ever happen to tarniſh it!

They were extremely obliging to *me*. I could not but be pleaſed at ſtanding well in their opinion: But, believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praiſes of *me*, as I did thoſe they gave *him*. Indeed, I had the preſumption, from the approbation given to what they ſaid of him by my own heart, to imagine myſelf a ſharer in them, though not in his merits. Oh, Lucy, *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, ſince what I have ſaid, from what I found in myſelf on hearing him praiſed, is a demonſtration of a regard for him ſuperior to the love of ſelf?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

Adieu, my Dear!

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Saturday, April 1.

DR BARTLETT is one of the kindeſt as well as beſt of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child: But good men muſt be affectionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and haſtened to communicate ſome of its contents to me, tho' I could

pretend to no other motive but curioſity for wiſhing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains in his letter of a riotous day: Yet I think, adds he, it has led me into ſome uſeful reflections. It is not indeed agreeable to be the ſpectator of riot; but how eaſy to ſhun being a partaker in it! How eaſy to avoid the too freely circling glaſs, if a man is known to have eſtabliſhed a rule to himſelf, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refuſed ſullenly, but mirth and good humour the more ſtudiouſly kept up by the perſon; who would elſe indeed be looked upon as a ſpy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man, who, I dare ſay, has a good heart, but from falſe ſhame durſt not aſſert the *freedom* to which every Engliſhman would claim a right, in almoſt every other inſtance! He had once put by the glaſs, and excuſed himſelf on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a *ſober dog*, as they phraſed it, and aſked, if his *ſpouſe* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: Nor could I interfere at ſuch a noiſy moment with effect: They had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there at nine o'clock trying with Bagenhall which ſhould drink the deepeſt.

I wiſh, my good Dr Bartlett, you would throw together ſome ſerious conſiderations on this ſubject. You could touch it delicately, and ſuch a diſcourſe would not be unuſeful to ſome few of our neighbours even at Grandiſon-hall. What is it not, that, in this ſingle article, men ſacrifice to falſe ſhame and falſe glory! Reaſon, health, fortune, perſonal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after-years. How peeviſh, how wretched

is

is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, reſolutions might be formed, that ſhould ſtand the attack of a boiſterous jeſt.

I obtained leave from Dr Bartlett, to tranſcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleaſed with it.

It was near ten at night before Sir Charles got to Lord W's, though but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My lord rejoiced to ſee him; and, after firſt compliments, aſked him, if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him, that he was the more deſirous of ſeeing him in his way to the hall, becauſe he wanted to know if his lordſhip held his mind as to marriage. He aſſured him he did, and would ſign and ſeal to whatever he would ſtipulate for him.

I wiſhed for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the ſake of my aunt, whoſe delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been ſo good as to ſay, he would tranſcribe it for me. I will incloſe it, Lucy: and you will read it here:

"I cannot, my lord, ſaid Sir Charles, engage, that the lady will comply with the propoſal I ſhall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four-and-thirty: She is handſome: She has a fine underſtanding: She is brought up an œconomiſt: She is a woman of good family: She has not, however, though born to happier proſpects, a fortune worthy of your lordſhip's acceptance. Whatever that is, you will perhaps chuſe to give it to her family.

With all my heart and ſoul, nephew: But do you ſay, ſhe is handſome? Do you ſay, ſhe is of family? And has ſhe ſo many good qualities?—Ah, nephew,

phew, ſhe won't have me, I doubt.—And is ſhe not too young, Sir Charles, to think of ſuch a poor decrepid ſoul as I am?

All I can ſay to this, my lord, is, that the propoſals on your part muſt be the more generous—

I will leave all thoſe matters to you, kinſman—

This, my lord, I will take upon me to anſwer for, That ſhe is a woman of principle: She will not give your lordſhip her hand, if ſhe thinks ſhe cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmoſt kindneſs: And now, my lord, I will tell you who ſhe is, that you may make what other enquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him, and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumſtances and affairs of it, that I ſhall by-and-by give you; tho' you are not quite a ſtranger to the unhappy caſe.

My lord was in raptures: He knew ſomething, he ſaid, of the lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearſay, to confirm all I had ſaid of them; and beſought me to do my utmoſt to bring the affair to a ſpeedy concluſion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man; and much reſpected in his neighbourhood. He was once poſſeſſed of a large eſtate; but his father left him involved in a law-ſuit to ſupport his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending ſeveral years, it was at laſt, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the oppoſite ſide, and the remiſſneſs of his own, carried againſt him; and his expences having been very great in ſupporting for years his poſſeſſion, he found himſelf reduced from an eſtate of near three thouſand pounds a-year, to little more than five hundred. He had ſix children: Four ſons, and two daughters. His eldeſt ſon died of grief in two months after the loſs of the cauſe. The ſecond, now the eldeſt, is a melancholy

lancholy man. The third is a cornet of horſe. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deſerve better fortune.

The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good œconomy, and prudence. They are the moſt dutiful of children, and moſt affectionate of ſiſters. They were for three years the ſupport of their father's ſpirits, and have always been the conſolation of their mother. They loſt their father about four years ago: And it is even edifying to obſerve, how elegantly they ſupport the family-reputation in their fine old manſion-houſe, by the prudent management of their little income; for the mother leaves every houſhold care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with diſcharging every demand that can be made upon them, and to commence the new year abſolutely clear of the world, and with ſome caſh in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handſome fortunes; for, beſides that they could have no thought of loſing their cauſe, they had very great and reaſonable proſpects from Mr Calvert, an uncle by their mother's ſide; who was rich in money, and had beſides an eſtate in land of 1500*l.* a-year. He always declared, that for the ſake of his ſiſter's children he would continue a ſingle man; and kept his word till he was upwards of ſeventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his underſtanding, Bolton his ſteward, who had always ſtood in the way of his inclination to have his eldeſt niece for his companion and manager, at laſt contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the ſervants in the houſe, who brought him a child at ſeven months, and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in eighteen months after his marriage: And then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born within a year after his

his demiſe. This ſteward and woman now live together as man and wife.

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redreſs, either in the one caſe or the other, gave me the above particulars; and upon enquiry, finding every thing to be as repreſented, I made myſelf acquainted with the widow lady and her ſons: And it was impoſſible to ſee them at their own houſe, and not reſpect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

I deſired them, when I was laſt down, to put into my hand their titles, deeds, and papers, which they have done; and they have been laid before counſel, who give a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authoriſed by my lord, I took leave of him over-night, and ſet out early in the morning directly for Mansfield-houſe. I arrived there ſoon after their breakfaſt was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her ſons (who happened to be all at home), and her two daughters, with politeneſs.

After ſome general converſation, I took Lady Mansfield aſide; and making an apology for my freedom, aſked her, If Miſs Mansfield were, to her knowledge, engaged in her affections?

She anſwered, ſhe was *ſure* ſhe was not: Ah, Sir, ſaid ſhe, a man of your obſervation muſt know, that the daughters of a decayed family of ſome note in the world, do not eaſily get huſbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: Men of ſmall muſt look out for wives to enlarge them, and men of genteel buſineſs are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Every body knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they muſt be contented to live ſingle all their lives; and ſo they will chuſe to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with ſome proſpect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably ſurpriſed: But who, Sir, ſaid ſhe, would expect

expect ſuch a propoſal from the next heir to Lord W.?

I made known to her how much in earneſt I was in this propoſal, as well for my lord's ſake, as for the young lady's. I will take care, madam, ſaid I, that Miſs Mansfield, if ſhe will conſent to make Lord W. happy, ſhall have very handſome ſettlements, and ſuch an allowance of pin-money as ſhall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reaſonable wiſh of her heart.

Was it poſſible, ſhe aſked, for ſuch an affair to be brought about? Would my lord—There ſhe ſtopt.

I ſaid, I would be anſwerable for him: And deſired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield, and joined the brothers, who were with their two ſiſters; and ſoon after Miſs Mansfield was ſent for by her mother.

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield ſent to ſpeak with me. They were both ſilent when I came in. The mother was at a loſs what to ſay: The daughter was ſtill in greater confuſion.

I addreſſed myſelf to the mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miſs Mansfield with the propoſal I made to you. I am fully authorized to make it. Propitious be your ſilence!—There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage ſet on foot, which had not its conveniencies and inconveniencies. My lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: There is too great a diſparity in years. Theſe are the inconveniencies which are to be conſidered of for the lady

On the other hand, if Miſs Mansfield can give into the propoſal, ſhe will be received by my lord as a bleſſing; as one whoſe acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this propoſal

poſal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourſelves will more properly fall under the conſideration of yourſelves and family. One thing only I will ſuggeſt, that an alliance with ſo rich a man as Lord W. will make perhaps ſome people tremble, who now think themſelves ſecure.

But, madam (to the ſtill ſilent daughter), let not a regard for me biaſs you! Your family may be ſure of my beſt ſervices, whether my propoſal be received or rejected.

My lord (I muſt deal ſincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks ſo himſelf. I am earneſt to have him ſee the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I ſtopt: But both being ſtill ſilent, the mother looking on the daughter, the daughter glancing now and then her conſcious eye on the mother, If, madam, ſaid I, you *can* give your hand to Lord W. I will take care, that ſettlements ſhall exceed your expectation. What I have obſerved as well as heard of Miſs Mansfield's temper and goodneſs, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to ſay, that were your affections engaged to the loweſt honeſt man on earth, I would not wiſh for your favour to Lord W. And further, if, madam, you think you ſhould have but the ſhadow of a hope to induce your compliance, that my lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's ſake, wiſh you to engage. In a word, I addreſs myſelf to you, Miſs Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conſcience: If your conſcience bids you *doubt*, reject the propoſal; and this not only for my lord's ſake, but for your own.

Conſider if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condeſcen-

ſion and indulgence to a man who has haſtened advanced age upon himſelf, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have ſaid a great deal, becauſe you, ladies, were ſilent, and becauſe explicitneſs in every caſe becomes the propoſer. Give me leave to retire for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the brothers and ſiſter. I did not think I ought to mention to *them* the propoſal I had made: It might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of ſuch evident advantage to the whole family; and that might have impoſed a difficulty on the lady, that neither for her own ſake, nor my lord's, it would have been juſt to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me, and ſaid, I preſume, Sir, as we are a family which misfortune, as well as love, has cloſely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned—

To the whole family, madam!—By all means. I wanted only firſt to know, whether Miſs Mansfield's affections were diſengaged: And now you ſhall give me leave to attend Miſs Mansfield. I am party for my Lord W.: Miſs Mansfield is a party: Your debates will be the more free in our abſence. If I find her averſe, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to perſuade her. On the contrary, if ſhe declare againſt accepting the propoſal, I will be her advocate, though every one elſe ſhould vote in its favour.

The brothers and ſiſters looked upon one another: I left the mother to propoſe it to them; and ſtept into the inner parlour to Miſs Mansfield.

She was ſitting with her back to the door, in a meditating poſture. She ſtarted at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent ſubjects, in order to divert her from the important one, that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppreſſion to her to have entered with her upon a ſubject of ſo much conſequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having given a negative was to be taken as a modeſt affirmative.

Lady Mansfield ſoon joined us.—My dear daughter, ſaid ſhe, we are all unanimous. We are agreed to leave every thing to Sir Charles Grandiſon: And we hope *you* will.

She was ſilent. I will only aſk you, madam, ſaid I to her, if you have any wiſh to take time to conſider of the matter? Do you think you ſhall be eaſier in your mind if you take time!—She was ſilent.

I will not at this time, my good Miſs Mansfield, urge you further. I will make my report to Lord W. and you ſhall be ſure of his joyful approbation of the ſteps I have taken, before your final conſent ſhall be aſked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cauſe, let me be commiſſioned to tell my lord, that you are diſengaged, and that you wholly reſign yourſelf to your mother's advice.

She bowed her head.

And that *you*, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averſe to enter into treaty upon this important ſubject.

Averſe, Sir! ſaid the mother, bowing, and gratefully ſmiling.

I will write the particulars of our converſation to Lord W. and my opinion of ſettlements, and adviſe him (if I am not forbid) to make a viſit at Mansfield-houſe [I ſtopt: They were both ſilent.] If poſſible, I will attend my lord in his firſt viſit. I hope, madam, to Miſs Mansfield, you will not diſlike him: I am ſure he will be charmed with you: He is far from being diſagreeable in his perſon: His temper is not bad. *Your* goodneſs will make *him* good. I dare ſay that he will engage your

your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to ſeparate love from gratitude.

We returned to the company. I had all their bleſſings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: Who knows but the conſequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could ſee by the pleaſure they all had in beholding him capable of joy on the occaſion, that they *hoped* it would. The unhappy ſituation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldeſt brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the converſation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters roſe upon me. Lord W. will be charmed with Miſs Mansfield. I am delighted to think, that my mother's brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of ſo much prudence and goodneſs, as I am ſure this lady will make him. On one inſtance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whiſpered her ſiſter, Pray, Miſs Fanny, tell Miſs Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that ſhe knows not the inconveniencies ſhe is bringing upon herſelf: I may, perhaps, hereafter, have the boldneſs to look for the ſame favour from my aunt, that I meet with from Miſs Mansfield.

If my ſiſter, returned ſhe, ſhould ever miſbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

You will ſoon have another letter from me, with an account of the ſucceſs of my viſit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. *We* muſt have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend: I ſhould rather ſay, *you* muſt among *you*; for I ſhall not be long in England. He will ſupply to you, my dear Dr

Bartlett, the abſence (it will not, I hope, be a long one) of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIR Charles, I remember, as the doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he ſays, will ſupply his abſence to *him* —But, ah! Lucy! Who, let me have the boldneſs to aſk, ſhall ſupply it to your *Harriet?*—Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear ſomething very much amiſs of this man.

I have a great ſuſpicion that the firſt part of the letter incloſed related to me. The doctor looked *ſo* earneſtly at me, when he ſkipt two ſides of it; and, as I thought, with ſo much compaſſion! —To be ſure it was about me.

What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet—I ſhould ſcorn myſelf. I am, I *will* be above his pity, Lucy. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday Night, April 2.

DR BARTLETT has received from Sir Charles an account of what paſſed laſt Friday between him and Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp: By the doctor's allowance, I incloſe it to you.

In this letter, Lucy, you will ſee him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no reſiſting, when he reſolves to carry a point. But it abſolutely convinces me, of what indeed I before ſuſpected, that he has not a high opinion of our ſex in general:

ral: And this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverſe, humourſome babies, loving power, yet not knowing how to uſe it. See him ſo delicate in his behaviour and addreſs to Miſs Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the ſame man. Could he be any thing to me, I ſhould be more than half-afraid of him: Yet *this* may be ſaid in his behalf,—He but accommodates himſelf to the perſons he has to deal with:—He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleaſes to *deſcend*, as indeed his ſiſter Charlotte has often found, as ſhe has given occaſion for the exerciſe of that talent in him;—yet, that virtue, for its *own ſake*, is his choice, ſince, had he been a free liver, he would have been a dangerous man.

But I will not anticipate too much: Read it here, if you pleaſe.

LETTER XV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

[*Incloſed in the preceeding.*]

Grandiſon-hall, Friday Night, March 31.

I Arrived at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his lady expected me, from the letter which I wrote and ſhewed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his ſon's earneſt deſire to throw himſelf at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myſelf, either this day or to-morrow, for an anſwer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, ſaid he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandiſon's character deſerves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together, ever ſince we had your letter. I long to ſee my ſon: Your friendſhip for him eſtabliſhes him in my heart. But—And then he curſed the apron-ſtring tenure, by which, he ſaid, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, ſaid I, to addreſs myſelf in my own way to my lady. You give me pleaſure in letting me know that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, Sir, one of the moſt prudent young men in the world for your ſon. His heart is in your hand: You may form it as you pleaſe.

She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midſt of a feud when you arrived. If ſhe is not civil to you—

In ſwam the lady; her complexion raiſed; diſpleaſure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry, as if they had not had their contention out, and ſhe was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could aſſume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great ſtiffneſs; ſwelling at Sir Harry; who ſidled to the door, in a moody and ſullen manner, and then ſlipt out.

You are Sir Charles Grandiſon, I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid ſhe: I never ſaw you before: I have heard much talk of you.—But, pray, Sir, are good men *always* officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendſhip without diſcompoſing families?

You ſee me *now*, madam, in an evil moment, if you are diſpleaſed with me: But I am not uſed to the

the diſpleaſure of ladies: I do my utmoſt not to deſerve it; and let me tell you, madam, that I will not ſuffer *you* to be diſpleaſed with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand, and led her to a chair, and ſeated myſelf in another near her.

I ſee, Sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-ſcreen that hung by the ſide of the chimney, and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as if reſolved to be diſpleaſed.

You come upon a hateful errand, Sir: I have been unhappy ever ſince your officious letter came.

I am ſorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a paſt miſunderſtanding, I will not offer to reaſon with you: But let me, madam, ſee leſs diſcompoſure in your looks. I want to take my impreſſions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam: I love to draw ladies pictures. Will you have this paſs for a firſt ſitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger: She was loth to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles—excuſe me—You are impertinent.

I do excuſe you, Lady Beauchamp: And the rather, as I am ſure you do not think me ſo. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, Sir—

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you muſt not be angry with me. *Can* I be miſtaken? Don't I ſee in your aſpect the woman of ſenſe and reaſon?—I never blame a lady for her humourſomeneſs ſo much, as in my mind, I blame her mother.

Sir! ſaid ſhe. I ſmiled. She bit her lip, to avoid a returning ſmile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that

that of an ill-tempered woman, tho' haughty, and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandiſon: But I am quite miſtaken in you: I expected to ſee a grave formal young man, his prim mouth ſet in plaits: But you are a joker; and a free man; a *very* free man, I do aſſure you.

I would be *thought* decently free, madam; but not *impertinent*. I ſee with pleaſure a returning ſmile. O that ladies knew how much ſmiles become their features!—Very few cauſes can juſtify a woman's anger—Your ſex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us.

Torment you, Sir!—Pray, has Sir Harry—

Sir Harry cannot look pleaſed, when his lady is *diſ*-pleaſed: I ſaw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome viſiter to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to ſtay no longer), that he received me with ſo diſturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himſelf, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a diſpute: But he always ſpeaks of Sir Charles Grandiſon with pleaſure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the letter—

No, Sir, and I ſuppoſe you hardly think he is—But *I* am—

Dear madam, let me beg your intereſt in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire—roſe up—

I beſought her patience—Why ſhould you wiſh to keep abroad a young man, who is a credit to his family, and who *ought* to be, if he is *not*, the joy of his father! Let him owe to your generoſity, madam, that recal, which he ſolicits: It will become your character: He cannot always be kept abroad: Be it your own generous work—

What, Sir—Pray, Sir—With an angry brow—

You

You muſt not be angry with me, madam—(I took her hand)—You can't be angry in earneſt—

Sir Charles Grandiſon—You are—She withdrew her hand; *You are*, repeated ſhe—and ſeemed ready to call names—

I *am* the Grandiſon you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You muſt permit me to honour *you*, madam.

I *wonder*, Sir—

I will not be denied. The world reports miſunderſtandings between you and Mr Beauchamp. That buſy world that will be meddling, knows your power, and his dependence. You muſt not let it charge you with an ill uſe of that power: If you do, *you* will have its blame, when you might have its praiſe: *He* will have its pity.

What, Sir, do you think your fine letters, and ſmooth words, will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with diſreſpect?

You are miſinformed, madam.—I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your juſtice, upon your good-nature, than upon any thing I can urge either by letter or ſpeech. Don't let it be ſaid, that you are not to be prevailed on—A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of juſtice, of kindneſs; for the honour of the ſex, let it not be ſaid.

Honour of the ſex, Sir!—Fine talking!—Don't I know, that were I to conſent to his coming over, the firſt thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party againſt me. Am I not already a ſufferer through him in his father's love?—You don't know, Sir, what has paſſed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour—But don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: The young man hates me: I hate him: And ever will.

She made a motion to go.

With

With a reſpectful air, I told her ſhe muſt not leave me. My motive deſerved not, I ſaid, that both ſhe and Sir Harry ſhould leave me in diſpleaſure.

You know but too well, reſumed ſhe, how acceptable your officiouſneſs (I muſt call it ſo) is to Sir Harry.

And *does* Sir Harry, madam, favour his ſon's ſuit? You rejoice me: Let not Mr Beauchamp know that he does; and do *you*, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourſelf. How will he revere you for your goodneſs to him! And what an obligation, if, as you ſay, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous firſt motion, lay upon Sir Harry!

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandiſon, I have laid too many obligations already upon him for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a miſunderſtanding this morning: Sir Harry is withdrawn, I ſuppoſe, with his heart full: Let me, I beſeech you, make up the miſunderſtanding. I have been happy in this way—Thus we will order it—We will deſire him to walk in. I will beg *your* intereſt with him in favour of the contents of the letter I ſent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingneſs to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be anſwerable for Mr Beauchamp's gratitude.--Dear madam, heſitate not. The young gentleman muſt come over one day: Let the favour of its being an early one be owing entirely to you.

You are a ſtrange man, Sir: I don't like you at all: You will perſuade me out of my reaſon.

Let us, madam, as Mr Beauchamp and I are already the deareſt of friends, begin a *family* underſtanding. Let St James's-ſquare and Berkeley-ſquare, when you come to town, be a next-door-neighbourhood. Give me the conſideration of being

ing the bondſman for the duty of Mr Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father.

She was ſilent: But looked vexed and irreſolute.

My ſiſters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleaſed with them. Lord L. is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We ſhall want nothing, if you would think ſo, but Mr Beauchamp's preſence among us.

What! I ſuppoſe you deſign your maiden ſiſter for the *young fellow*—But if you do, Sir, you muſt aſk me for—There ſhe ſtopt.

Indeed I do not. He is not at preſent diſpoſed to marry. He never will without his father's approbation, and let me ſay—*yours*. My ſiſter is addreſſed to by Lord G. and I hope will ſoon be married to him.

And do you ſay ſo, Sir Charles Grandiſon?—Why then you are a more diſintereſted man, than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the *young fellow* was to be brought over to marry Miſs Grandiſon; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expence.

She enjoyed, as it ſeemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words *young fellow*, that deſigned contempt, which was a tacit confeſſion of the conſequence he once was of to her.

I do aſſure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at preſent any thoughts of marriage.

She ſeemed pleaſed at this aſſurance.

I repeated my wiſhes, that ſhe would take to herſelf the merit of allowing Mr Beauchamp to return to his native country: And that ſhe would let me ſee her hand in Sir Harry's before I left them.

And pray, Sir, as to his place of reſidence,

were he to come: Do you think he ſhall live under the ſame roof with me?

You ſhall govern that point, madam, as you approve or diſapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, Sir!—One houſe cannot, ſhall not hold him and me.

I think, madam, that *you* ſhould direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, ſo to order my affairs, as conſtantly to reſide in England. I ſhould think myſelf very happy, if I could prevail upon Mr Beauchamp to live with *me*.

But I muſt ſee him, I ſuppoſe?

Not, madam, unleſs you ſhall think it right, for the ſake of the world's opinion, that you ſhould.

I can't conſent—

You *can*, madam! You *do!*—I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of thoſe women, who, having inſiſted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be ſo kind to *yourſelf*, as to let Sir Harry know, that you think it right for Mr Beauchamp to return; but that it muſt be upon your own conditions: Then, madam, make thoſe conditions generous ones; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr Beauchamp revere you! How ſhall I eſteem you!

What a ſtrange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a lady. If undeſervedly, ſhe lays herſelf by them under obligation to me, which ſhe cannot be generous, if ſhe reſolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandiſon, denied by any woman to whom you ſued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: But it was becauſe I never ſued for a favour that it was not for a lady's honour to grant. This is the caſe now; and this makes me determine, that I will

not be denied the grant of my preſent requeſt. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyſhip's good ſenſe (taking her hand, and leading her to the door), ſeem to want to be perſuaded to do a thing ſhe knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man!—Unhand me—*He* has uſed me unkindly—

Overcome him then by your generoſity. But dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands, and ſmiling confidently in her face [I could, my dear Dr Bartlett, do ſo to Lady Beauchamp], will you make me believe, that a woman of your ſpirit (you have a charming ſpirit, Lady Beauchamp,) did not give Sir Harry as much reaſon to complain as he gave you?—I am ſure by his diſturbed countenance—

Now, Sir Charles Grandiſon, you are downright affronting. Unhand me!

This miſunderſtanding is owing to my officious letter. I ſhould have waited on you in perſon. I ſhould from the firſt have put it in your power to do a graceful and obliging thing. I aſk your pardon. I am not *uſed* to make differences between man and wife.

I touched firſt one hand, then the other, of the perverſe baby, with my lips—Now am I forgiven: Now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: Now are Sir Harry and his lady reconciled—Come, come, madam, it muſt be ſo—What fooliſh things are the quarrels of married people!—They muſt come to an agreement again; and the ſooner the better; before hard blows are ſtruck, that will leave marks—Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry—

And then with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtſhip or out of it, diſlike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I

intended, *to* Sir Harry, wherever he could be found——

Hold, hold, Sir, reſiſting; but with features far more placid than ſhe had ſuffered to be before viſible—If I *muſt* be compelled—You are a ſtrange man, Sir Charles Grandiſon—If I muſt compelled to ſee Sir Harry—But you are a ſtrange man—And ſhe rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr Bartlett, is one of thoſe who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound reſpect; otherwiſe I had not treated her with ſo little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to thoſe who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a ſerious thing.

But when the ſervant appeared, ſhe not knowing how to condeſcend, I ſaid, go to your maſter, Sir, and tell him, that your lady requeſts the favour——

Requeſts the favour! repeated ſhe; but in a low voice: Which was no bad ſign.

The ſervant went with a meſſage worded with more civility than perhaps he was uſed to carry to his maſter from his lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own ſake; for Sir Harry's ſake; make happy, and be happy: Are there not, dear madam, unhappineſſes enow in life, that we muſt wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in ſight. He ſtalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have ſeen him before he entered, my work would have been eaſier. But his hoſtile air diſpoſed my lady to renew hoſtilities.

She turned her face aſide, then her perſon; and the cloudy indignation with which ſhe entered at firſt again overſpread her features. Ought wrath, Dr Bartlett, to be ſo ready to attend a female will?

will?—Surely, thought I, my lady's preſent airs, after what has paſſed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too eaſily perſuaded.

Sir Harry, ſaid I, addreſſing myſelf to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious letter—

Pardon, Sir Charles Grandiſon! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended—

He was going on: Anger from his eyes flaſhed upon his cheek-bones, and made them ſhine. My lady's eyes ſtruck fire at Sir Harry, and ſhewed that ſhe was not *afraid* of him.

Better *intended* than done, interrupted I, ſince my lady tells me, that it was the occaſion of a miſunderſtanding—But, Sir, all will be right: My lady aſſures me, that you are not diſinclined to comply with the contents; and ſhe has the goodneſs—

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the lady—

To give me hopes that ſhe—

Pray, Sir Charles——

Will uſe her intereſt to confirm you in your favourable ſentiments—

Sir Harry cleared up at once—May I hope, madam—And offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr Bartlett, I muſt have been thought an unpolite huſband, had ſhe been my wife!

I took her hand: Excuſe this freedom, Sir Harry—For heaven's ſake, madam, whiſpering, do what I know you *will* do with grace—Shall there be a miſunderſtanding, and the huſband court a refuſed hand?—I then forced her half-unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended ſhould have both freedom and reſpect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modeſt man that you hav praiſed to me—I thought a good man muſt of ne-

ceſſity be baſhful, if not ſheepiſh: And here your viſiter is the boldeſt man in England.

The righteous, Lady Beauchamp, ſaid Sir Harry, with an aſpect but half-conceding, *is bold as a lion.*

And *muſt* I be compelled thus, and by ſuch a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel.

I did not think, Sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet—

O Lady Beauchamp! You ſaid cutting things! *Very* cutting things!

And did not you, Sir Harry, ſay it ſhould be ſo?—So *very* peremptorily!—

Not, madam, till you *as* peremptorily—

A little recrimination, thought I, there muſt be, to keep each in countenance on their paſt folly.

Ah! Sir Charles—You may rejoice that you are not married, ſaid Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, ſaid I, we muſt bear with ladies. They are *meek* good creatures—They—

Meek! Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with a half-angry ſmile, and ſhrugging, as if his ſhoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekneſs—I ſay *meek!*

Now, Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid my lady, with an air of threatening—

I was deſirous either of turning the lady's diſpleaſure into a jeſt, or of diverting it from the firſt object, in order to make her play with it, till ſhe had loſt it.

Women are of gentle natures, purſued I; and being accuſtomed to be humoured, oppoſition ſits not eaſy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our ſuperiority, by expecting us to bear with their pretty perverſeneſſes?

O Sir

O Sir Charles Grandiſon! ſaid my lady; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with ſuch their kind acknowledgments, and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourſelves, bear with their foibles.—See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you—

What can a poor woman do, continued I, when oppoſed? She can only be a little violent in *words*, and when ſhe has ſaid as much as ſhe chuſes to ſay, be perhaps a little ſullen. For my part, were I ſo happy as to call a woman mine, and ſhe *happened* to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right, and truſt to her good ſenſe to recover her temper: Arguments only beget arguments.—Thoſe reconciliations are the moſt durable in which the lady makes the firſt advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles! You are not the man I took you for.—I believe, in my conſcience, that you are not near ſo good a man as the world reports you.

What, madam, becauſe I pretend to know a little of the ſex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may ſee to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it: A good woman will not. You are not, madam, ſuch myſteries, as ſome of us think you. Whenever you know your *own* minds, we need not be long doubtful: That is all the difficulty: And I will vindicate you as to that——

As how, pray, Sir?

Women, madam, were deſigned to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle* creatures; and of conſequence, when left to their own wills, they know not what to reſolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, juſt now, that you would ſtay to dinner: But if you talk at

this rate, I believe I ſhall be ready to wiſh you out of the houſe.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half-willing to be diverted at what paſſed between his lady and me. It was better for *me* to ſay what he could not but ſubſcribe to by his feeling, than for him to ſay it. Though reproof ſeldom amends a determinate ſpirit, ſuch a one as this lady's, yet a man who ſuffers by it cannot but have ſome joy, when he hears his ſentiments ſpoken by a by-ſtander. This freedom of mine ſeemed to ſave the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I muſt be gone; riſing, and looking at my watch.

You muſt not leave us, Sir Charles, ſaid Sir Harry.

I beg excuſe, Sir Harry—Yours, alſo, madam, ſmiling—Lady Beauchamp muſt not twice wiſh me out of the houſe.

I will *not* excuſe you, Sir, replied ſhe—If you have a deſire to ſee the matter completed—She ſtopt—You muſt ſtay to dinner, be *that* as it will.

"Be that as it *will*," madam!—You ſhall not recede.

Recede! I have not yet complied—

O theſe women! they are ſo uſed to courtſhip, that they know not how to do right thinks without it—And, pardon me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man—Have I conſented—

Have you not, madam, given a *Lady's* conſent? *That* we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious—It is from ſuch *non*-negative conſents, that we men make ſilence anſwer all we wiſh.

I leave Sir Charles Grandiſon to manage this point, ſaid Sir Harry. In my conſcience, I think the common obſervation juſt: A ſtander-by ſees more of the game than he that plays.

It ever will be ſo, Sir Harry—But I will tell you,

My

My lady and I have as good as agreed the matter—

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry—

Huſh, madam—I am doing you credit.—Lady Beauchamp ſpeaks *aſide* ſometimes, Sir Harry: you are not to hear any-thing ſhe ſays that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I muſt ſtop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was *aſide*, Lady Beauchamp—You are not to hear that.

To ſit like a fool, and hear myſelf abuſed—A pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandiſon, let me tell you, that you are the firſt man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuſe, madam, a little innocent raillery—I met you both with a diſcompoſure on your countenances. I was the occaſion of it, by the letter I ſent to Sir Harry: I will not leave you diſcompoſed. I think you a woman of ſenſe; and my requeſt is of ſuch a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me that you are ſo—But you *have* granted it—

I have *not*.

That's charmingly ſaid—My lady will not under-value the compliment ſhe is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment *you* aſk for her compliance, ſhe will not refuſe to your affection what ſhe makes a difficulty to grant to the entreaty of an almoſt ſtranger.

Let it, let it be ſo! Lady Beauchamp, ſaid Sir Harry: And he claſped his arms about her as ſhe ſat—

There was never ſuch a man as this Sir Charles Grandiſon in the world!—It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry—

Dear Lady Beauchamp, reſumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there *did*, it had

it not), to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my deareſt Lady Beauchamp, ſaid Sir Harry—Let me requeſt—

At *your* requeſt, Sir Harry—But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, ſaid I. I thank you, madam, for the abſent youth. Both huſband and ſon will think themſelves favoured by you; and the more, as I am ſure, that you will, by the chearful welcome which you will give the young man, ſhew, that it is a ſincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a ſtrange way of flattering one into acts of—of—what ſhall I call them?—But, Sir Harry, Mr Beauchamp muſt not, I believe, live with us—

Sir Harry heſitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a requeſt to make to you both, ſaid I. It is this; That Mr Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his father, as a viſiter, at your own command. My ſiſter, I believe, will be very ſoon married to Lord G.

That is to be certainly ſo! interrupted the lady.

It is, madam.

But what ſhall we ſay, my dear, reſumed Sir Harry—Don't fly out again—As to the proviſion for my ſon?—Two hundred a-year—What is two hundred a-year!—

Why then let it be three, anſwered ſhe.

I have a handſome and improveable eſtate, ſaid I. I have no demands but thoſe of reaſon upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am ſure he would not have come if I had) without his father's conſent: In which, madam, he hoped for yours. You ſhall not, Sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a-year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deſerve both);

both); and think not of any-thing elſe for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, ſaid Sir Harry; leaning upon his lady's ſhoulder, as he ſat, tears in his eyes—My ſon is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend—Do you, do you, madam, anſwer for me, and for yourſelf.

She was overcome: Yet pride had its ſhare with generoſity. You *are*, ſaid ſhe, the Grandiſon I have heard of: But I will not be under obligations to you—not *pecuniary* ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Recal your ſon: I will truſt to your love: Do for him what you pleaſe; Let him be independent on this *inſolent* man [She ſaid this with a ſmile, that made it obliging]; and if we are to be viſiters, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably ſurpriſed at this emanation (ſhall I call it?) of goodneſs: She is really not a bad woman, but a perverſe one: In ſhort, one of thoſe whoſe paſſions, when rightly touched, are liable to ſudden and ſurpriſing turns.

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp! ſaid I. Now *are* you the woman, whom I have ſo often heard praiſed for ſo many good qualities: Now will the portrait be a juſt one!

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had like to have ſpoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, ſaid I, the reſult—Mr Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleaſed with whatever you do: At your feet, madam, he ſhall acknowledge your favour: My home ſhall be his, if you permit it: On *me* he ſhall *confer* obligations; from *you* he ſhall receive them. If any conſiderations of family prudence (there *are* ſuch, and very juſt ones) reſtrain you from allowing him at preſent what your generoſity would wiſh to do—

Lady

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: She interrupted me—We are not, Sir Charles, ſo ſcanty in our fortune—

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you pleaſe: Not one retroſpect of the paſt—

Yes, Sir Charles, but there ſhall: His allowance has been leſſened for ſome years; not from conſiderations of *family prudence*—But—Well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded ſhe—When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my ſake, and for the ſake of this ſtrange unaccountable creature, ſhall pay him the whole arrear.

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp, ſaid I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and miſgivings ſo triumphantly got over, ſo ſolid a foundation laid for family harmony—What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: You may be, and I believe you have been, as happy as moſt men; but now you will be ſtill happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, ſaid ſhe, you provoked me in the morning: I ſhould not elſe—

Sir Harry owned himſelf to blame; and thus the lady's pride was ſet down ſoftly.

She deſired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded, the invitation of return to Mr Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that ſhe might claim from the laſt part of the converſation; but not to mention any thing of the firſt.

She afterwards abated a little of this right ſpirit, by ſaying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention any thing of the *arrears*, as I may call them—But only the future 600*l.* a-year. One would ſurpriſe him a little, you know, and be twice thanked—

Surprizes of ſuch a nature as this, my dear Dr Bartlett; *pecuniary* ſurprizes!—I don't love them—They are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind

to

to labour under a ſenſe of obligation?—Pride, vain-glory, muſt be the motive of ſuch narrow-minded benefactors: A truly beneficent ſpirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in ſeeing the downcaſt countenance, the uplifted hands, and working muſcles of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himſelf have had the *will*, with the *power* of ſhewing a more graceful benevolence!

I was ſo much afraid of hearing *further* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodneſs; ſo willing to depart with favourable impreſſions of her for her own ſake; and at the ſame time ſo deſirous to reach the hall that night; that I got myſelf excuſed, though with difficulty, ſtaying to dine; and accepting of a diſh of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my lady, both in equal good humour with themſelves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I ſhould have ſucceeded ſo very happily as I have done in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and ſtepmother ſhould have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn ſo unexpected. Let him not therefore ever ſee this letter, that he may take his impreſſion of the favour done him, from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My couſin Grandiſon, whom I hoped to find here, left the hall on Tueſday laſt, though he knew of my intention to be down. I am ſorry for it. Poor Everard! He has been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we ſhall not hear of him for ſome months perhaps. If you ſee him in town, try to engage him, till I return. I ſhould be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

Saturday,

Saturday, April 1.

I HAVE had compliments ſent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reſide among them. They profeſſed themſelves diſappointed on my acquainting them, that I muſt go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myſelf to their Saturday aſſembly at the Bowling-green-houſe.

Our reverend friend Mr Dobſon has been ſo good as to leave with me the ſermon he is to preach to-morrow on the opening of the church: It is a very good diſcourſe: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodneſs to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the church, and all that is doing in the houſe and gardens. When both have had the direction and inſpection of my dear Dr Bartlett, need I ſay that nothing could have been better?

HALDEN is juſt arrived from my lord, with a letter, which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his lordſhip's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends ſome one early day in next week to pay to her, and Miſs Mansfield, his perſonal compliments.

He has left to me the article of ſettlements; declaring, that his regard for *my* future intereſt is all that he wiſhes may be attended to.

I have therefore written as from himſelf, that he propoſes a jointure of 1200 *l.* a-year, penny-rents, and 400 guineas a-year, for her private purſe; and that his lordſhip deſires that Miſs Mansfield will make a preſent to her ſiſter of whatever ſhe may be intitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield-houſe of a thouſand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden

Halden being very deſirous to ſee his future lady, I ſhall, at his requeſt, ſend the letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning, with a line recommending him to the notice of that lady as Lord W.'s principal ſteward.

Adieu, my dear Dr Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all theſe good people. If Providence graciouſly makes me inſtrumental to it, I look upon myſelf *but* as its *inſtrument*. I hope oſtentation has no ſhare in what draws on me more thanks and praiſes than I love to hear.

Lord W. has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him ſo. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged ſoul have rejoiced on the occaſion, and bleſſed her ſon for an inſtance of duty to her, paid by his diſintereſted regard for her brother? who, my dear Dr Bartlett, is ſo happy, yet who, in ſome caſes, ſo unhappy, as

Your CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XVI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, April 3.

THE Counteſs of D. and the Earl, her ſon, have but juſt left us. The Counteſs ſent laſt night to let my couſin Reeves know of their intended morning viſit, and they came together. As the viſit was made to my couſin, I did not think myſelf obliged to be in waiting for them below. I was therefore in my cloſet, comforting myſelf with my own *agreeable* reflections. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was ſent to.

Their talk was of me. I am uſed to recite my own praiſes, you know; and what ſignifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the uſe? I don't value myſelf ſo much as I once did on people's favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I ſhould be glad it was thought a good one, that's all. Yet though it has littleneſſes in it that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D. by the whole turn of the partial converſation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The lady declared, that ſhe would have her talk out, and hear all my two couſins were inclined to ſay of me, before I was ſent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be ſeen only as a ſubject of curioſity. My lord had declared, it ſeems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whoſe heart was acknowledged not to be her own. My lord's honour would not allow of ſuch an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, haſtened the meſſage to me. The Counteſs met me half-way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you?—My lord, ſaid ſhe, turning to the Earl, I need not ſay this is Miſs Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a polite compliment; but it had ſenſe in it, though high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themſelves on theſe occaſions, muſt be diſclaimers you know: But, my dear uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man, from whoſe mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The Counteſs engaged me in an eaſy general converſation, part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L. Miſs Grandiſon, and Miſs Jervois, and how

how I had paſſed my time at Colnebrook in this wintry ſeaſon, when there were ſo many diverſions in town. But, ſaid ſhe, you had a man with you, who is the general admiration where-ever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, ſaid my lord, with Sir Charles Grandiſon? What I hear ſaid of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I ſhould be happy, did I deſerve to be thought as a ſecond or third man to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

I dare ſay, returned I, your lordſhip's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is eaſy of acceſs. Men of rank, if men of merit, muſt be of kindred, and recognize one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will ſoon leave England.

The fool ſighed: It was, you may believe, involuntarily. I felt myſelf bluſh, and was the more ſilly for that.

The Counteſs took my hand—One word with you, my dear—and led me out into the next room, and ſitting down, made me ſit on the ſame ſettee with her.

O that I could call you daughter! began ſhe at once; and turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with the other hand taking one of mine, and earneſtly looking in my downcaſt face.

I was ſilent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D. been the mother of Sir Charles Grandiſon, with what pleaſure could I have liſtened to her!

You ſaid, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandiſon will ſoon leave England: And then you ſighed.—Will you be quite open-hearted?—May I aſk you a queſtion in hope that you will?

I was ſilent: Yet the word *Yes* was on my lips.

You have cauſed it to be told me, that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My lord, nevertheleſs, has heard ſo much

of you [he is really a good young man, my dear,] that (againſt my advice I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I ſee by his looks that he could admire you above all women. *He never was in love:* I ſhould be ſorry if he were diſappointed in his firſt love. I hope his *promiſed* prudence will be his guard, if there be no proſpect of his ſucceeding with you—She pauſed—I was ſtill ſilent—

It will be a mark of your frankneſs of heart, my dear, if, when you take my full meaning, you prevent me ſpeaking more than I need.—I would not oppreſs you, my ſweet love—Such a delicacy, and ſuch a frankneſs mingled, have I never ſeen in a young woman—But tell me, my dear, has Sir Charles Grandiſon made his addreſſes to you?

It was a grievous queſtion for me to anſwer—But *why* was it ſo, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever had proceeded from my own preſumption, confirmed (that's true, of late!) by his ſiſter's partiality in my favour; and when his unhappy Clementina has ſuch a preferable claim?

What ſays Miſs Byron?

She ſays, madam, that ſhe reveres Lady D. and will anſwer any queſtions that ſhe puts to her, however affecting—Sir Charles Grandiſon has not.

Once I thought, proceeded ſhe, that I never would make a ſecond motion, were the woman a princeſs, who had confeſſed a prior love, or even liking: But the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon, whom all women muſt eſteem, and the woman is Miſs Byron, whom all men muſt love. Let me aſk you, my dear—Have you any expectation that the firſt of men (I will call him ſo) and the loveliеſt and moſt amiable minded of women can come together?—You ſighed, you know, when you mentioned that Sir Charles was ſoon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addreſſes to you—Don't be uneaſy, my love!—We women, in

theſe

theſe tender caſes, ſee into each other's hearts from ſmall openings—Look upon me as your mother—What ſay you, love?

Your ladyſhip compliments me with delicacy and frankneſs—It is too hard a queſtion, if I have any of the firſt, to anſwer without bluſhes. A young woman to be ſuppoſed to have an eſteem for a man who has made no declaration, and whoſe behaviour to her is ſuch only as ſhews a politeneſs to which he is accuſtomed, and only the ſame kind of tenderneſs as he ſhews to his ſiſters;—and whom ſometimes he *calls* Siſter—as if—Ah, madam, how can one anſwer?

You *have* anſwered, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankneſs too, which make a principal part of your character. If my ſon (and he ſhall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he ſees you not, mind as well as perſon, with his mother's eyes,) ſhould not be able to check himſelf by the apprehenſions he has had reaſon for, of being but a ſecond man in the favour of the object of his wiſhes [*we*, my dear, have our delicacies]; could you not allow him a ſecond place in your favour, that might, in time, as he ſhould merit, and as you ſhould ſubdue your prepoſſeſſions, give him a firſt?—Huſh—my dear, for one moment—Your honour, your piety, are my juſt dependence, and will be his.—And now ſpeak: It is to *me*, my dear: Speak your whole heart: Let not any apprehended difficulty—I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge.—

Your *goodneſs*, madam, and nothing elſe, interrupted I, gives me difficulty.—My Lord D. ſeems to me to be a man of merit, and not diſagreeable in his perſon and manners. What he ſaid of Sir Charles Grandiſon, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He muſt have a good mind. I wiſh him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own ſake,

and for the ſake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power, ſo happily directed!—But as to myſelf, I ſhould forfeit the character of frankneſs of heart, which your ladyſhip's goodneſs aſcribes to me, if I did not declare, that although I cannot, and, I think, *ought not* to entertain a hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſince there is a lady who deſerved him by ſevere ſufferings before I knew him; yet is my heart ſo wholly attached, that I cannot think it juſt to give the leaſt encouragement to any other propoſal.

You are an excellent young woman: But, my dear, if Sir Charles Grandiſon is engaged—your mind will, it *muſt* change. Few women marry their firſt loves. Your heart—

O madam! it is *already* a wedded heart: It is wedded to his merits; his merits will be *always* the object of my eſteem: I can never think of any *other*, as I *ought* to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as *perſon* is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D. will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandiſon.

How good you are, my dear Lady D.! But allow me to repeat, as the ſtrongeſt expreſſion I can uſe, becauſe I mean it to carry all the force that can be given it, that my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have ſpoken with great force: God bleſs you, my dear, as I love you! The matter ſhall take its courſe. If my lord ſhould happen to be a ſingle man ſome time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellencies will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from perſuaſion of friends, ſhould then have received alteration; you may ſtill be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openneſs of heart,

heart, which muſt ſet free the heart of my ſon—Had you had the leaſt inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conqueſts, he might have been an undone man.—We will return to the company—But ſpare him, my dear: You muſt not talk much: He will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little aukward—I am afraid for him: Indeed I am. O that you had never ſeen Sir Charles Grandiſon!

I could not anſwer one word. She took my hand; and led me in to the company.

Had I been ſilent, when my lord directed his diſcourſe to me, or anſwered only No, or Yes, the Counteſs would have thought me very vain; and that I aſcribed to myſelf the conſequence ſhe ſo generouſly gave me, with reſpect to my lord. I therefore behaved and anſwered unaffectedly; but avoided ſuch a promptneſs of ſpeech, as would have looked like making pretenſions to knowledge and opinion, though ſome of my Lord's queſtions were apparently deſigned to engage me into freedom of diſcourſe. The Counteſs obſerved me narrowly. She whiſpered to me that ſhe *did*; and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My Lord was ſpoken too ſlightly of by Miſs Grandiſon, in a former converſation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman who is not engaged in her affections, may think herſelf very happy with him. His converſation was eaſy and polite, and he ſaid nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D. as Lord D. is to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

At parting, he requeſted of me to be allowed to repeat his viſits.

My Lord, ſaid the Counteſs, before I could anſwer, you muſt not expect a mere ſtiff maiden anſwer from Miſs Byron: She is above all vulgar forms.

forms. She and her couſins have too much politeneſs, and, I will venture to ſay, diſcernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance, *as* an acquaintance—But, for the reſt, you muſt look to your heart.

I ſhall be afraid, ſaid he, turning to the Counteſs, to aſk your ladyſhip for an explanation. Miſs Byron, I hope, Sir, addreſſing himſelf to Mr Reeves, will not refuſe me her company, when I pay you my compliments. Then turning to me, I hope, madam, I ſhall not be puniſhed for admiring you.

My Lord D. replied I, will be intitled to every civility. I had ſaid more, had he not ſnatched my hand a little too eagerly, and kiſſed it.

And thus much for the viſit of the Counteſs of D. and the Earl.

Did I tell you, in my former letter, that Emily is with me half her time? She is a moſt engaging young creature. Her manners are ſo pure! Her heart is ſo ſincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wiſh I may be aſked to carry her down with me. Yet ſhe adores her guardian: But her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would ſay. But to love with an ardour, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one muſt have more tenderneſs than reverence for the object: Don't you think ſo, Lucy?

Miſs Grandiſon made me one of her flying viſits, as ſhe calls them, ſoon after the Counteſs and my Lord went away.

Mr and Mrs Reeves told her all that had been ſaid before them by the Earl and Counteſs, as well before I went down to them as after. They could not tell what had paſſed between that lady and me, when ſhe took me aſide. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: But beſides that I was not in ſpirits, and cared not to ſay much,

I was

I was not willing to be thought, by my refuſal of ſo great an offer, to ſeem to faſten myſelf upon her brother.

She pitied (Who but muſt?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her brother alſo: And ſeeing me dejected, ſhe claſped her arms about me, and wetted my cheek with a ſiſterly tear.

Is it not ſtrange, Lucy, that Sir Charles's father ſhould keep him ſo long abroad? Theſe free-living men! Of what abſurdities are they not guilty? What misfortunes to others do they occaſion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, aſk, What had Mr Grandiſon to do in Italy? Or why, if he muſt go abroad, did he ſtay ſo long?

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear, but think it a very nonſenſical thing! What can they ſee, but the ruins of the gay, once buſy world, of which they have read?

To ſee a parcel of giddy boys under the direction of tutors or governors hunting after—What?—Nothing; or at beſt but ruins of ruins; for the imagination, aided by reflection, muſt be left, after all, to make out the greater glories, which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for diſcovery.

And when this *grand tour* is completed, the travelled youth returns: And, what is his boaſt? Why, to be able to tell, perhaps his *better*-taught friend, who has never been out of his native country, that he has ſeen in ruins what the other has a juſter idea of from reading; and of which, it is more than probable, he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are theſe, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand), all the benefits that you will ſuppoſe Sir Charles Grandiſon has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in my turn, I aſk, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandiſon?—And does not

even

even *he* confeſs to Dr Bartlett, that he wiſhed he had never ſeen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* ſake, wiſh he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know but I may aſk Sir Charles, Whether, in his conſcience, he thinks that, taking in every conſideration relating to time, expence, riſques of life, health, morals, this part of the faſhionable education of youth of condition is ſuch an indiſpenſable one, as ſome ſeem to ſuppoſe it? If Sir Charles Grandiſon give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded, that ſix parts out of eight of the little maſters who are ſent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, eſpecially, they would be *orderly*, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.

O my uncle! I am afraid of you: But ſpare the poor girl: She acknowledges her petulance, her preſumption. The occaſion you know, and will pity her for it! Neither petulance nor preſumption, however, ſhall make her declare as her ſentiments what really are not ſo in her unprejudiced hours; and ſhe hopes to have her heart always open to conviction.

For the preſent, adieu, my Lucy.

P. S. Dr Bartlett tells me, that Mr Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleaſure of his father; and that Sir Harry has ſent expreſs for him, as at his lady's motion.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday, April 4.

SIR Charles Grandiſon came to town laſt night. He was ſo polite, as to ſend to enquire after my health; and to let Mr Reeves know, that he would do himſelf the honour, as he called it, of breakfaſting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious, either for his own ſake or for mine—Perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of ſeeing within this half hour, the noble Clementina's future—Ah, Lucy!

The compliment, you ſee, is to Mr Reeves—Shall I ſtay above, and ſee if he will aſk for *me?* He owes me ſomething for the emotion he gave me in Lord L's library. Very little of him ſince have I ſeen.

"Honour forbids me, ſaid he then: Yet ho-"nour bids me—But I cannot be ungenerous, "ſelfiſh"—Theſe words are ſtill in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—*Honour forbids me*—What! to explain himſelf? he had been telling me a tender tale: He had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—*Yet honour bids me!* Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But *I cannot be unjuſt*—To Clementina he means. Who *wiſhed* him to be ſo?—*Unjuſt!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandiſon, to have the word *unjuſt*, in this way of ſpeaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjuſt*; and had but then recollected himſelf.

"*I cannot be ungenerous*"—To the noble lady, I ſuppoſe? He *muſt* take compaſſion on her. And did he think himſelf under an obligation to my forwardneſs to make this declaration to me, as to one who

wiſhed

wiſhed him to be *ungenerous* to ſuch a lady for my ſake!—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had ſaid, "Fond Harriet, I ſee what "you expect from me—But I muſt have com- "paſſion *for*, I cannot be ungenerous *to*, Clemen- "tina!"—But what a poor word is *compaſſion!* Noble Clementina, I grieve for you, though the man be indeed a generous man!—O defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compaſſion e- ven of a Sir Charles Grandiſon.

But what means he by the word *ſelfiſh!*—He *cannot be ſelfiſh!*—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune —Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjuſt*, *ungenerous* to Clementina—Nor yet *ſelfiſh* —This word confounds me, from a man that ſays nothing at random!

Well, but breakfaſt-time is come, while I am buſy in ſelf-debatings. I will go down, that I may not ſeem to affect parade. I will endeavour to ſee with indifference him that we have all been ad- miring and ſtudying for this laſt fortnight, in ſuch a variety of lights—The Chriſtian: The hero: The friend:—Ah, Lucy! The lover of Clemen- tina! The generous kinſman of Lord W.: The modeſt and delicate benefactor of the Mansfields: The free, gay railer of Lady Beauchamp; and in her of all our ſex's foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come—Why, Lucy, would you de- tain me?—Now muſt the fool go down in a kind of hurry: Yet ſtay till ſhe is ſent for.—And that is *now*.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs Byron. *In Continuation.*

O LUCY, I have ſuch a converſation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himſelf—Such an unaffected modeſty and politeneſs; yet ſuch an eaſe and freedom!

I thought by his addreſs that he would have taken my hand; and both hands were *ſo emulatively* paſſive—How does he manage it to be ſo free in a firſt addreſs, yet ſo reſpectful that a princeſs could not blame him?

After breakfaſt, my couſins being ſent for out to attend Sir John Alleſtree and his niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: And then, with an air equally ſolemn and free, he addreſſed himſelf to me.

The laſt time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miſs Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was ſure it would raiſe in ſuch a heart as her's generous compaſſion for the nobleſt lady on the continent; and I preſumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to raſhneſs or indiſcretion, that ſhe would alſo pity the relater.

The ſtory did indeed affect you; yet, for my own ſake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr Bartlett, for the particulars of ſome parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L's ſtudy. I am ſure you muſt have ſuffered ſtill more from the ſame compaſſionate goodneſs on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars on the ſame ſubject, which he then could

not give you? Now you have been let into ſo conſiderable a part of my ſtory, I am deſirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myſelf of this arduous affair.

He ceaſed ſpeaking. I was in tremors. Sir, Sir—The ſtory, I muſt own, is a moſt affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be petied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with further particulars of it.

Dr Bartlett has told you, madam, that the biſhop of Nocera, ſecond brother to Lady Clementina, has very lately written to me, requeſting that I will make one more viſit to Bologna—I have the letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—Or will you—He held it to me.

I took it. Theſe, Lucy, are the contents.

"The biſhop acquaints him with the very melancholy way they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. Signor Jeronymo worſe than when Sir Charles left them. His ſiſter alſo declining in her health: Yet earneſt ſtill to ſee him.

"He ſays, that ſhe is at preſent at Urbino; but is ſoon to go to Naples to the general's. He urges him to make them one viſit more; yet owns that his family are not unanimous in the requeſt: But that he and father Mareſcotti, and the marchioneſs, are extremely earneſt that this indulgence ſhould be granted to the wiſhes of his ſiſter.

"He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and conduct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his preſence will rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous conſent to the interview ſo much deſired: And ſays, that if this meaſure, which he is ſorry he has ſo long withſtood, anſwers not his hopes, he will adviſe the ſhutting up of their Clementina in a nunnery,

'or to consign her to private hands, where she 'shall be treated kindly, but as persons in her un-'happy circumstances are accustomed to be trea-'ted."

Sir Charles then shewed me a letter from Signor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him, "That his life is a burden to him. He wishes it 'was brought to its period. He does not think 'himself in skilful hands. He complains most of 'the wound which is in his hip-joint; and which 'has hitherto baffled the art both of the Italian 'and French surgeons who have been consulted. 'He wishes that himself and Sir Charles had 'been of one country, he says, since the greatest 'felicity he now has to wish for is, to yield up 'his life to the giver of it in the arms of his 'Grandison."

He mentions not one word in this melancholy letter of his unhappy sister: Which Sir Charles accounted for, by supposing, that she not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, every thing relating to her that was likely to disturb him.

He then read part of a letter written in English by the admired Mrs Beaumont; some of the contents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely affecting:

"Mrs Beaumont gives him in it an account of 'the situation of the unhappy young lady; and 'excuses herself for not having done it before, in 'answer to his request, because of an indisposi-'tion under which she had for some time labou-'red which had hindered her from making the 'necessary enquiries.

"She mentions, that the lady had received no 'benefit from her journeyings from place to place; 'and from her voyage from Leghorn to Naples, 'and back again; and blames her attendants,

'who, to quiet her, unknown to their principals,
'for ſome time, kept her in expectation of ſeeing
'her Chevalier, at the end of each; for her more
'prudent Camilla, ſhe ſays, had been hindered by
'illneſs from attending her in ſeveral of the ex-
'curſions.

"They had a ſecond time, at her own requeſt,
'put her into a nunnery. She at firſt was ſo ſe-
'date in it as gave them hopes: But the novelty
'going off, and one of the ſiſters, to try her, ha-
'ving officiouſly aſked her to go with her into
'the parlour, where, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would be al-
'lowed to converſe through the grate with a *cer-*
'*tain* Engliſh gentleman, her impatience, on her
'diſappointment, made her more ungovernable
'than they had ever known her; for ſhe had
'been, for two hours before, meditating what ſhe
'ſhould ſay to him.

"For a week together, ſhe was vehemently intent
'upon being allowed to viſit England; and had
'engaged her couſins Sebaſtiano and Juliano to
'promiſe to eſcort her thither, if ſhe could obtain
'leave.

"Her mother brought her off this when nobody
'elſe could, only by entreating her, for *her* ſake,
'never to think of it more.

"The marchioneſs then, encouraged by this
'inſtance of her obedience, took her under her
'own care: But the young lady going on from
'flight to flight, and the way ſhe was in viſibly
'affecting the health of her indulgent mother, a
'doctor was found who was abſolutely of opinion,
'that nothing but harſh methods would avail:
'And in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daugh-
'ter Laurana, and the general concurring, ſhe was
'told, that ſhe muſt prepare to go to Milan. She
'was ſo earneſt to be excuſed from going thither,
'and to be permitted to go to Florence to Mrs
'Beaumont, that they gave way to her entreaties;

'and

'and the marquis himſelf accompanying her to 'Florence, prevailed on Mrs Beaumont to take 'her under her care.

"With her ſhe ſtaid three weeks: She was to-'lerably ſedate in that ſpace of time; but moſt 'ſo when ſhe was talking of England, and of the 'Chevalier Grandiſon, and his ſiſters, with whom 'ſhe wiſhed to be acquainted. She delighted to 'ſpeak Engliſh, and to talk of the tenderneſs and 'goodneſs of her tutor; and of what he ſaid to 'her upon ſuch and ſuch a ſubject.

"At the three weeks end, the general made 'her a viſit, in company of Lady Sforza; and her 'talk being all on this ſubject, they were both 'highly diſpleaſed; and hinted, that ſhe was too 'much indulged in it; and, unhappily, ſhe re-'peating ſome tender paſſages that paſſed in the 'interview her mother had permitted her to hold 'with the Chevalier, the general would have it, 'that Mr Grandiſon had deſignedly, from the firſt, 'ſought to give himſelf conſequence with her; 'and expreſſed himſelf, on the occaſion, with 'great violence againſt him.

"He carried his diſpleaſure to extremity, and 'obliged her to go away with his aunt and him 'that very day, to her great regret; and as much 'to the regret of Mrs Beaumont, and of the la-'dies her friends; who tenderly loved the *innocent* '*viſionary*, as ſometimes they called her. And 'Mrs Beaumont is ſure, that the gentle treatment 'ſhe met with from them, would in time, though 'perhaps ſlowly, have greatly helped her."

Mrs Beaumont then gives an account of the harſh treatment the poor young lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandiſon would have ſtopt reading here. He ſaid he could not read it to me, without ſuch a change of voice, as would add to my pain, as well as to his own.

Tears often ſtole down my cheeks, when I read the letters of the biſhop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs Beaumont's letter: And I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet, I ſaid, be pleaſed, Sir, to let *me* read on. I am not a ſtranger to diſtreſs. I can pity others, or I ſhould not deſerve pity myſelf.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the window.

Mrs Beaumont ſays, "That the poor mother 'was prevailed upon to reſign her child wholly to 'the management of Lady Sforza, and her 'daughter Laurana, who took her with them to 'their palace in Milan.

"The tender parent, however, beſought them 'to ſpare all unneceſſary ſeverity; which they 'promiſed: But Laurana objected to Camilla's 'attendance. She was thought too indulgent; 'and her ſervant Laura, as a more manageable 'perſon, was taken in her place." And O how cruelly, as you ſhall hear, did they treat her!

Father Mareſcotti, being obliged to viſit a dying relation at Milan, was deſired by the marchioneſs to inform himſelf of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her letters boaſted of both. The good father acquainted Mrs Beaumont with the following particulars:

"He was ſurpriſed to find a difficulty made of 'his ſeeing the lady: But inſiſting on it, he found 'her to be wholly ſpiritleſs, and in terror; afraid 'to ſpeak, afraid to look, before her couſin Lau-'rana; yet ſeeming to want to complain to him. 'He took notice of this to Laurana—O father, 'ſaid ſhe, we are in the right way, I aſſure you: 'When we had her firſt, her Chevalier, and an in-'terview with him, were ever in her mouth; but 'now ſhe is in ſuch order, that ſhe never ſpeaks

'a word

'a word of him. But what, aſked the compaſ-
'ſionate father, muſt ſhe have ſuffered, to be
'brought to this?—Don't you, father, trouble
'yourſelf about that, replied the cruel Laurana:
'The doctors have given their opinion that ſome
'ſeverity was neceſſary. It is all for her good.

"The poor lady expreſſed herſelf to him, with
'earneſtneſs, after the veil; a ſubject on which, it
'ſeems, they indulged her; urging, that the only
'way to ſecure her health of mind, if it could be
'reſtored, was to yield to her wiſhes. Lady
'Sforza ſaid, that it was not a point that ſhe her-
'ſelf would preſs; but it was her opinion, that
'her family ſinned in oppoſing a divine dedica-
'tion; and, perhaps, their daughter's malady
'might be a judgment upon them for it."

The father, in his letter to Mrs Beaumont,
"aſcribes to Lady Sforza ſelf-intereſted motives
'for her conduct; to Laurana, envy on account
'of Lady Clementina's ſuperior qualities: But
'nobody, he ſays, till now, doubted Laurana's
'love of her."

Father Mareſcotti then gives a ſhocking inſtance of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble ſufferer—*All for her good*—Wretch! how my heart riſes againſt her! Her ſervant Laura, under pretence of *confeſſing* to her Bologna father, in tears acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

"When any ſeverity was to be exerciſed upon
'the unhappy lady, Laura was always ſhut out of
'her apartment. Her lady had ſaid ſomething
'that ſhe was to be chidded for. Lady Sforza,
'who was not altogether ſo ſevere as her daugh-
'ter, was not at home. Laura liſtened in tears:
'She heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady
'Clementina, and threaten her—and her young
'lady break out to this effect—What have I done
'to you, Laurana, to be ſo uſed?—You are not the

'couſin

'couſin Laurana you uſed to be?—You know I 'am not able to help myſelf: Why do you call 'me crazy and frantic, Laurana? [Vile up-'braider, Lucy!] If the Almighty has laid his 'hand upon me, ſhould I not be pitied?—

" It is all for your good! It is all for your 'good, Clementina! You could not always have 'ſpoken ſo ſenſibly, couſin.

" Cruel Laurana! You loved me once!—I have 'no mother, as you have. My mother was a 'good mother: But ſhe is gone! Or I am gone; 'I know not which.

" She threatened her then with the ſtrait waiſt-'coat, a puniſhment at which the unhappy 'lady was always greatly terrified. Laura heard 'her beg and pray; but Laurana coming out, ſhe 'was forced to retire.

" The poor young lady apprehending her cruel 'couſin's return with the threatened waiſtcoat, 'and with the woman that uſed to be brought in 'when they were diſpoſed to terrify her, went 'down and hid herſelf under a ſtair-caſe, where 'ſhe was ſoon diſcovered by her cloaths, which 'ſhe had not been careful to draw in after her."

O Lucy! how I wept! How inſupportable to me, ſaid Sir Charles, would have been my reflections, had my conſcience told me, that I had been the wilful cauſe of the noble Clementina's calamity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myſelf the next paragraph, which related, " that the 'cruel Laurana dragged the ſweet ſufferer by her 'gown from her hiding-place, inveighing againſt 'her, threatening her: She, all patient, reſigned, 'her hands croſſed on her boſom, praying for 'mercy, not by ſpeech, but by her eyes, which, 'however, wept not: And cauſing her to be car-'ried up to her chamber, there puniſhed her with 'the ſtrait waiſtcoat, as ſhe had threatened.

" Father

"Father Mareſcotti was greatly affected with
'Laura's relation, as well as with what he had
'himſelf obſerved: But on his return to Bologna,
'dreading to acquaint her mother, for her own
'ſake, with the treatment her Clementina met
'with, he only ſaid, he did not quite approve of
'it; and adviſed her not to oppoſe the young la-
'dy's being brought home, if the biſhop and the
'general came into it: But he laid the whole
'matter before the biſhop, who wrote to the gene-
'ral to join with him out of hand to releaſe their
'ſiſter from her preſent bondage: And the gene-
'ral meeting the biſhop on a ſet day at Milan
'for that purpoſe, the lady was accordingly relea-
'ſed.

"A breach enſued upon it with Lady Sforza
'and her daughter; who would have it Clemen-
'tina was much better for their management.
'They had by terror broken her ſpirit, and her
'paſſiveneſs was reckoned upon as an indication
'of amendment.

"The marchioneſs being much indiſpoſed, the
'young lady, attended by her Camilla, was car-
'ried to Naples; where it is ſuppoſed ſhe now is.
'Poor young lady, how has ſhe been hurried a-
'bout!—But who can think of her couſin Lau-
'rana without extreme indignation?

"Mrs Beaumont writes, that the biſhop would
'fain have prevailed upon his brother the general
'to join with him in an invitation to Sir Charles
'Grandiſon to come over, as a laſt expedient, be-
'fore they locked her up either in a nunnery or
'in ſome private houſe: But the general would
'by no means come into it.

"He aſked, what was propoſed to be the end
'of Sir Charles's viſit, were all that was wiſhed
'from it to follow, in his ſiſter's reſtored mind?
'—He never, he ſaid, would give his conſent that

'ſhe

'ſhe ſhould be the wife of an Engliſh Proteſ-
'tant.

"The biſhop declared, that he was far from
'wiſhing her to be ſo: But he was for leaving
'that to after-conſideration. Could they but re-
'ſtore his ſiſter to her reaſon, that reaſon, co-
'operating with her principles, might anſwer all
'their hopes.

"He might *try* his expedient, the general ſaid,
'with all his heart: But he looked upon the Che-
'valier Grandiſon to be a man of art; and he
'was ſure he muſt have entangled his ſiſter by
'methods imperceptible to her, and to them; but
'yet more efficacious to his ends than an open
'declaration. Had he not, he aſked, found
'means to faſcinate Olivia, and as many women
'as he came into company with?—For his part,
'he loved not the Chevalier. He had *forced* him
'by his intrepidity to be civil to him: But
'forced civility was but a temporary one. It
'was his way to judge of cauſes by the effects:
'And this he knew, that he had loſt a ſiſter who
'would have been a jewel in the crown of a
'prince: And would not be anſwerable for conſe-
'quences, if he and Sir Charles Grandiſon were
'once more to meet, be it where it would.

"Father Mareſcotti, however, joining, as the
'biſhop writes, with him, and the marchioneſs, in
'a deſire to try this expedient; and being ſure
'that the marquis and Signor Jeronymo would
'not be averſe to it, he took a reſolution to write
'over to him, as has been related.".

This, Lucy, is the ſtate of the unhappy caſe, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will ſerve to give it. And what a *remembrer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumſtance eſcapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles, what anſwer he had returned.

Was

Was not my ſituation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles aſked my opinion *before* he had taken his reſolutions, I ſhould have given it with my whole heart, that he ſhould fly to the comfort of the poor lady. But then he would have ſhewn a ſuſpenſe unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me, which a good man, ſo circumſtanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard!*) was nevertheleſs as ſtrong as ever. Generoſity, or rather juſtice, to Clementina, and that ſo often, to you, avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. I thought I wanted to conſider with myſelf for a few moments, being deſirous to clear to my own heart the conduct that I was to ſhew on this trying occaſion, as well of precipitation as of affectation; and my couſin Reeves juſt then coming in for ſomething ſhe wanted, I took the opportunity to walk to the other end of the room; and while a ſhort complimental diſcourſe paſſed between them, "Harriet 'Byron, ſaid I to myſelf, be not mean. Haſt 'thou not the example of a Clementina before 'thee? Her religion and her love combating to-'gether, have overturned the noble creature's 'reaſon. Thou canſt not be called to ſuch a tri-'al: But canſt thou not ſhew, that if thou *wert*, 'thou couldſt have acted greatly, if not *ſo* great-'ly?—Sir Charles Grandiſon is juſt: He *ought* to 'prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. Priori-'ty of claim, compaſſion for the noble ſufferer, 'merits *ſo* ſuperior!—I love him for *his* me-'rits: Shall I not love merits, nearly as great, in 'one of my *own ſex?* The ſtruggle will coſt thee 'ſomething: But try to be above thyſelf. Baniſh 'to thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought I, be 'all the *girl*. Often have I contended for the 'dignity of my ſex; let me now be an example 'to *myſelf*, and not unworthy in my own eyes (when

'(when I come to reflect) of an union, could it 'have been effected, with a man whom a Clemen-'tina looked up to with hope."

My couſin being withdrawn, and Sir Charles approaching me, I attempted to aſſume a dignity of aſpect, without pride; and I ſpoke, while ſpirit was high in me, and to keep myſelf up to it—My heart bleeds, Sir, for the diſtreſſes of your Clementina [Yes, Lucy, ſaid I, *your* Clementina]: Beyond expreſſion, I admire the greatneſs of her behaviour; and moſt ſincerely lament her diſtreſſes. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandiſon do? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of *ſiſter*: In the tenderneſs of that relation, permit me to ſay, that I dread the effects of the general's petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it muſt give to your humane heart to be once more perſonally preſent to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: But I am ſure you did not heſitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and reſolved to haſten over to *try*, at leaſt, what can be done for the noble ſufferer.

Had he praiſed me highly for this my addreſs to him, it would have looked, ſuch was the ſituation on both ſides, as if he had thought this diſintereſted behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity and ſelf-denial; and, of conſequence, as if he had ſuppoſed I had views upon him, which he wondered I could give up. His is the moſt delicate of human minds!

He led me to my ſeat, and taking his by me, ſtill holding my paſſive hand—Ever ſince I have had the honour of Miſs Byron's acquaintance, I have conſidered her as one of the moſt excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers; and hopes to be allowed its claim, though ſuch are the delicacies of ſituation, that I ſcarcely dare truſt to myſelf to ſpeak upon the ſubject. From the firſt,

I called Miſs Byron my ſiſter; but ſhe is more to me than the deareſt ſiſter; and there is a more tender friendſhip that I aſpire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents on either ſide to bar a further wiſh: And *this* I muſt hope, that ſhe will not deny me, ſo long as it ſhall be conſiſtent with her other attachments.

He pauſed. I made an effort to ſpeak: But ſpeech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, reſumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot ſpeak all that is in it. Profeſſions I am not accuſtomed to make. As I am not conſcious of being unworthy of your friendſhip, I will *ſuppoſe* it; and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendſhip may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could ſay.

I had a letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correſpondence with her: But the treatment that her young lady met with, of which ſhe had got ſome general intimations, and ſome words that the biſhop ſaid to her, which expreſſed his wiſhes that I would make them one more viſit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for heaven's ſake, to go over. But unleſs one of the family had written to me, and by conſent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refuſed as I had requeſted, while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the preſence of the lady, who was ſo deſirous of one interview more? —Eſpecially, as Mrs Beaumont gave me no other encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what ſhe obſerved of the inclinations of the family.

Mrs Beaumont is ſtill of opinion, as in the concluſion of the letter before you, that I ſhould not go, unleſs the general and the marquis join their requeſts to thoſe of the marchioneſs, the biſhop, and father Mareſcotti. But I had no ſooner peruſed

the biſhop's letter, than I wrote, that I would moſt chearfully comply with his wiſhes: But that I ſhould be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go further than Bologna; where I might have the happineſs to attend my Jeronymo, as well as his ſiſter.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was ſorry for it: But my judgment was intirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder, that you ſee not any preparations for my departure. All *is* prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is ſettling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a ſkilful ſurgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: And having acquired an eaſy fortune, is come to ſettle in his native country. My Jeronymo expreſſes himſelf diſſatisfied with his ſurgeons. If Mr LOWTHER can be of ſervice to him, how happy ſhall I think myſelf! And if my preſence can be a means to reſtore the noble Clementina—But how dare I hope it!—And yet I am perſuaded, that in her caſe, and with ſuch a temper of mind (unuſed to hardſhip and oppoſition as ſhe had been), the only way to recover her would have been by complying with her in every thing that her heart or head was earneſtly ſet upon: For what controul was neceſſary to a young lady, who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wiſh or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name; and, allow me, madam, to ſay, to the *pride* of her ſex?

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr Danby. I ſhall ſtop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my laſt hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I ſhall perhaps be enabled to

to adjuſt two or three accounts that ſtand out, in relation to the affairs of my ward.

This day at dinner I ſhall ſee Mrs Oldham, and her ſons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs O'Hara, and her huſband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr and Mrs Reeves's at dinner; and be ſo good as to engage them for the reſt of the day. You muſt not deny me; becauſe I ſhall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G.'s happy day, that I may be able to ſee their hands united before I ſet out: As my return will be uncertain—

Ah, Lucy! *more* twitches juſt then!—

Thurſday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danby's. I have promiſed to give Miſs Danby to Mr Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can ſee my Lord W. and Charlotte happy before I go, I ſhall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wiſhes, to ſee my friend Beauchamp in England firſt; and to leave him in poſſeſſion of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I ſhall correſpond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you ſhall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himſelf honoured by the enquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandiſon then ſighed. He ſeemed to look more than he ſpoke. I will not promiſe for my heart, if he treats me with more than the tenderneſs of friendſhip: If he gives me room to think that he wiſhes—But what can he wiſh? He *ought* to be, he *muſt* be Clementina's: And I will endeavour to make myſelf happy, if I can maintain the ſecond place in his friendſhip: And when he offers me this, ſhall I, Lucy, be ſo

little as to be diſpleaſed with the man, who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be? —No!—He ſhall be the ſame glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodneſs of heart, and greatneſs of mind; and I will think him intitled to my utmoſt gratitude, for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindneſs he has already ſhewn me. Is not friendſhip the baſis of my love? And does he not tender me *that?*

Nevertheleſs, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to ſtart. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not diſperſe the too ready drop, and felt it ſtealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—The poor Emily, ſaid I—*She* will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian.

And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging *your* protection of Emily: But as I have two ſiſters, I think ſhe will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L. and the rather as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother, by making her huſband's intereſt a guarantee for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myſelf, as I may ſay, and from my own concerns. We all, Sir, ſaid I, look upon Mr Beauchamp as a future—

Huſband for Emily, madam? interrupted he—It muſt not be at *my* motion. My friend ſhall be intitled to ſhare with me my whole eſtate; but I will never ſeek to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, ſome time hence, find out the huſband ſhe can be happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love; Emily, if I can help it, ſhall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the more

more ſo, as I hope ſhe herſelf wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in perſuaſion, where the heart rejects the perſon propoſed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bleſs me, thought I, what a man is this!

Do you expect Mr Beauchamp ſoon, Sir?

Every day, madam.

And is it poſſible, Sir, that you can bring all theſe things to bear before you leave England, and go ſo ſoon?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimſies. Have you, madam, any reaſon to apprehend that ſhe is averſe to an alliance with Lord G.? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, Sir.

Then I ſhall depend much upon yours, and Lord and Lady L.'s influence over her.

He beſought my excuſe for detaining my attention ſo long. Upon this motion to go, my two couſins came in. He took a ſolemn leave of me, and a very reſpectful one of them.

I had kept up my ſpirits to the utmoſt ſtretch: I deſired my couſins to excuſe me for a few minutes: His departure from me was *too* ſolemn; and I hurried up to my cloſet; and after a few involuntary ſobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I beſought, on my knees, peace to the diſturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmneſs and reſignation to my own, and ſafety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glaſs, I went down ſtairs to my couſins; and on their enquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occaſion of my red eyes, I ſaid, All is over! All is over! my dear couſins. I cannot blame him: He is all that is noble and good—I can ſay no more juſt now. The particulars you ſhall have from my pen.

I went up ſtairs to write: And except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I ſtopt not till I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneaſy, vexed with myſelf, yet hardly knowing why, I laid down my pen.—Take what I have written, my dear couſin Reeves: If you can read it, do: And then diſpatch it to my Lucy.

But, on ſecond thoughts, I will ſhew it to the two ladies, and Lord L. before it is ſent away. They will be curious to know what paſſed in a converſation, where the critical circumſtances both of us were in required a delicacy which I am not ſure was ſo well obſerved on my ſide as on his.

I ſhall, I know, have their pity: But let nobody who pities not the noble Clementina, ſhew any for

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday night, April 4.

MISS Grandiſon came to me juſt as we had ſupped. She longed, ſhe ſaid, to ſee me, but was prevented coming before, and deſired to know what had paſſed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the letter which I had but a little while before concluded. He had owned, ſhe ſaid, that he had breakfaſted with me, and ſpoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L. with an ardour that gave them pleaſure. She put my letter into her boſom, I *may*, I hope, Harriet—If you pleaſe, madam, ſaid I.

If you pleaſe, madam, repeated ſhe; and with that *do-lo-rous* accent too, my Harriet!—My ſiſter and I have been in tears this morning: Lord L. had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will ſoon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to-day in St James's ſquare? No

No, indeed!—My brother had a certain tribe with him: and the *woman* alſo. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing ſometimes *more* than goodneſs requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have ſat at table with them for one hour or two?

My brother did not aſk me. He did not expect it. He gives every body their choice, you know. He told me laſt night who were to dine with him to-day, and ſuppoſed I would chuſe to dine with Lady L. or with *you*, he was ſo free as to ſay.

He did us an honour, which you thought too great a one. But if he *had* aſked you, Charlotte—

Then I ſhould have bridled. Indeed, I aſked him, if he did not over-do it?

What was his anſwer?

Perhaps he might—But I, ſaid he, may never ſee Mrs Oldham again. I want to inform myſelf of her future intentions, with a view (*over-do* it again, Charlotte!) to make her eaſy and happy for life. Her children *are* in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembered by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am ſuperior to forms. She is conſcious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman, and intitled to a place at any man's table to whom ſhe never was a ſervant. She never was mine.

And what, Miſs Grandiſon, could you ſay in anſwer? aſked I.

What!—Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can't help it. That may become a man to do in ſuch caſes as this, that would not a woman.

Sir Charles wants not *delicacy*, my dear, ſaid I.

He muſt ſuppoſe, that I ſhould have ſat ſwelling, and been reſerved: He was right not to aſk me—So be quiet, Harriet—And yet, perhaps, you would

would be as tame to a huſband's miſtreſs, as you ſeem favourable to a father's.

She then put on one of her arch looks—

The caſes differ, Charlotte—But do you know what paſſed between the generous man and the mortified woman and her children; mortified as they *muſt* be by his goodneſs?

Yes, yes; I had curioſity enough to aſk Dr Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte—

Dr Bartlett is favourable to every body, ſinners as well as ſaints—He began with praiſing the modeſty of her dreſs, the humility of her behaviour: He ſaid, that ſhe trembled and looked down, till ſhe was re-aſſured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to ſinners, and hardly to ſaints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-aſſured the woman, as I told you: And then proceeded to aſk many queſtions of the elder Oldham—I pitied that young fellow—to have a mother in his eye, whoſe very tenderneſs to the young ones kept alive the ſenſe of her guilt. And yet what would ſhe have been, had ſhe not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to ſhame from her fault? The young man acknowledged a military genius, and Sir Charles told him, that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, conſider whether he could not do him ſervice in the way he choſe. He gave him, it ſeems, a brief lecture on what he ſhould aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himſelf for a man of true honour; and ſpoke very handſomely of ſuch gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miſs Grandiſon, may look upon himſelf to be as good as provided for, ſince my brother never gives the moſt diſtant hope, that is not followed by abſolute certainty, the firſt opportunity,

opportunity, not that *offers*, but which he can *make*.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their hearts, and ſet them a prating, and was pleaſed with their prate. The doctor, who had never ſeen him before in the company of children, applauded him for his vivacity, and condeſcending to talk to them. The tendereſt father in the world, he ſaid, could not have behaved more tenderly, or ſhewed himſelf more delighted with his own children, than he did with thoſe brats of Mrs Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt, that you are the daughter of Lady Grandiſon, and ſiſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon?—Well, but I believe you are—Some children take after the father, ſome after the mother!—Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; becauſe I could neither help, nor can be ſorry for, what I have ſaid. But pray proceed.

Why he made preſents to the children. I don't know what they were, nor could the doctor tell me. I ſuppoſe very handſome ones; for he has the ſpirit of a prince. He enquired very particularly after the circumſtances of the mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own mothers.—*He* can account for this, I ſuppoſe—though *I* cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and ſo forth: But that enhances her crime. Natural children abound in the preſent age. Keeping is faſhionable. Good men ſhould not countenance ſuch wretches.—But my brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at leaſt as much to ſay on one ſide of the queſtion as on the other.

When

When the poor children are in the world, as your brother ſaid—When the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—Your brother's treatment of Mrs Giffard was different. He is in both inſtances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of thoſe who repent.

Well, well: He is undoubtedly a good ſort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good ſort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: But I have not given me ſuch a large quantity of charity as either of you may boaſt: And how can I help it? But, however, the woman went away bleſſing and praiſing him; and that, the doctor ſays, more with her eyes than ſhe was able to do in words. The elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: The children hung about *his* knees, on *theirs*. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—Perhaps ſo—He raiſed them by turns to his arms, and kiſſed them.—Why, Harriet! your eyes gliſten, child. They would have run over, I ſuppoſe, had you been there! Is it that your heart is weakened with your preſent ſituation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I ſee that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however ſlightly made, will have its force upon a heart ſo truly benevolent as yours. You *muſt* be Lady Grandiſon, my dear: *Indeed* you muſt.—Well, but I muſt be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my brother ſays.

He did aſk me, and deſired me to engage my couſins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: And ſo do we. He is to talk to me before you, it ſeems: I can't tell about what: But by his hurrying on every thing, it is plain he is preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

" He

"He is, madam!" And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice——Speak up like a woman! —The ſooner he ſets out, if he *muſt* go, the ſooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *ſhall* be Lady Grandiſon ſtill—*Ah!* and that *ſigh* too! Theſe love-ſick folks have a language that nobody elſe can talk to them in: And then ſhe affectedly ſighed—Is that right, Harriet?—She ſighed again—No, it is not: I never knew what a ſigh was, but when my father vexed my ſiſter; and that was more for fear he ſhould one day be as cruel to me, than for her ſake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the ſame pity ourſelves. Our beſt paſſions, my dear, have their mixtures of ſelf-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.

It *is* a likeneſs for all that.

She aroſe, ſnatched my hand, hurried to the door—Be with us, Harriet, and couſin Reeves, and couſin Reeves, as ſoon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my dear (to me), of a hundred thouſand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away ſhe fluttered—Happy Miſs Grandiſon! What charming ſpirits ſhe has!

LETTER XX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, April 5.

MISS Jervois came to me this morning by ſix; impatient, as ſhe ſaid, to communicate good news to me. I was in my cloſet writing. I could not ſleep.

I have

I have ſeen my mother, ſaid ſhe; and we are good friends. Was ſhe ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! ſaid I, and claſped her to my boſom, you are a ſweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occaſion.

Sit down, my love, ſaid I.—What! When I am talking of a reconciled mother! And to dear Miſs Byron!—No, indeed.

She often held out one open hand, while the forefinger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were ſpread, with pretty wonder and delight: And thus ſhe began:

Why, you muſt know, it was about ſix o'clock yeſterday afternoon, that my mother and her huſband, and Captain Salmonet came. I was told of their viſit but two hours before: And when the coach ſtopped, and I at the window ſaw them alight, I thought I ſhould have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been a hundred miles off.

Dr Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in anſwering a letter ſent him by Lord W. for which a gentleman waited: But they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered, and made apologies to them in his uſual gracious manner. Never, the doctor ſays, did any body look ſo reſpecful as the Major and the Captain; and they would have made apologies to my guardian, for their laſt behaviour to him; but he would not let them. And my mother, the doctor ſays, from the very firſt, behaved prettily.

The moment ſhe aſked for me, my guardian himſelf condeſcended to come up to me, and took my hand—Was not that very good of him?—My

dear, ſaid he, as he led me down ſtairs (and ſpoke *ſo* kindly), don't tremble ſo: Am I not with you? —Your mother is very calm and compoſed: You muſt aſk her bleſſing. I ſhall eaſe your tender heart of every pang. I ſhall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen, as occaſions ariſe.

He had no ſooner ſaid the words, but the drawing-room-door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I—as I now do to you: But I could not ſpeak. Thus I did [And ſhe kiſſed my hand, and bowed her face upon it]. And my mother raiſed me—*You* muſt raiſe me, madam—Yes, juſt ſo—And ſhe kiſſed me *too*, and wept on my neck, and called me pretty names; and encouraged me, and ſaid ſhe loved me, as ſhe loved her own *ſoul*—And I *was* encouraged.

My guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand, and preſented it firſt to the major, then to the captain; and they each kiſſed my hand, and ſpoke in my praiſe, I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, ſaid my guardian, when he preſented me to him, you muſt excuſe the dear child's weakneſs of ſpirits: She wiſhes you all happineſs on your nuptials: She has let me know, that ſhe is very deſirous to do you ſervice for her mother's ſake.

The major ſwore by his ſoul, I was an angel!—Captain Salmonet ſaid, that by his ſalvation, I was a charming young lady!

My mother wept—O Sir! ſaid ſhe to my guardian: And dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could ſhe ſpeak.

I ran to her, and claſped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my

heart to ſee her cry: I begged ſhe would ſpare me *this* grief.

She claſped her arms then about me, and kiſſed my cheek and my forehead. O, thought I, it is very good of you, my dear mother.

Then came my guardian to us, and he kindly took my mother's hand, and conducted her to the fire-ſide; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea table; and he made the major and the captain ſit down by him: *So* much graciouſneſs in his countenance. O madam, I ſhall be an idolater, I am afraid. And he ſaid, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My ſiſter dined abroad, madam, to my mother.—Yes, Sir, I will, ſaid I: And I was as lively as a bird.

But before the ſervants came in, let me tell you, madam, ſaid he, what Miſs Jervois has propoſed to me.—They were in ſilent expectation.

She has deſired that you, major, will accept from her, for your mutual uſe, of an additional 100*l.* a-year; which I ſhall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs O'Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And ſhe begs of you, madam, turning to my mother, that you will accept, as from the *Major*, another 100*l.* a-year, for pin-money, which he, or which *you*, madam, will draw upon me for, alſo quarterly, if you chuſe not to *trouble him* to do it: For this 100*l.* a-year muſt be appropriated to your ſole and ſeparate uſe, madam; and not be ſubject to your controul, major O'Hara.

Good God! Sir! ſaid the major—What a wretch was I, the laſt time I was here!—There is no bearing of this!

He got up, and went to the window: And the captain ſaid, Bleſſed Jeſu! and ſomething elſe, which

which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, Sir, ſaid my mother! 400l. a-year! Do you mean ſo?—I do, madam—And, Sir, to be ſo generouſly paid me my 100l. of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my huſband?—Good God! How you overpower me, Sir! What ſhame, what remorſe, do you ſtrike into my heart!

And my poor mother's tears ran down as faſt as mine.

O madam, ſaid the dear girl to me, claſping her arms about me, how your tender heart is touched!—It is well you were not there!

Dr Bartlett came in to tea. My guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himſelf, to wait. Antony had been my own papa's ſervant, when my mother was not ſo good.

Nothing but bleſſings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, paſſed all the tea-time. How their hearts rejoiced, I warrant!—Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make people's hearts glad?—To be ſure it is! How many hearts has my guardian rejoiced! You muſt bid him be croſs to me, or I ſhall not know what to do with myſelf!—But then, if he were, I ſhould only get by myſelf, and cry, and be angry with myſelf, and think *he* could not be to blame.

O my love! my Emily! ſaid I, take care of your gratitude: That drew in your true friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful? Dr Bartlett ſays, There is no ſuch thing as true happineſs in this life: And is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad?—Dear madam, why *you* have often made me unhappy, becauſe of your goodneſs to me; and becauſe I knew that I neither could deſerve nor return it.

The dear prater went on—My guardian called me aſide when tea was over: My Emily, ſaid he

[I do love he ſhould call me *his* Emily!—But all the world is *his* Emily, I think], let me ſee what you will do with theſe two notes; giving me two bank-notes of 25l. each—Preſent pin-money and caſh may be wanted. We will ſuppoſe that your mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December laſt. Let me, Emily, when they go away, ſee the graceful manner in which you will diſpoſe of the notes: And from Mr O'Hara's behaviour upon it, we ſhall obſerve whether he is a man with whom your mother, if it be not her own fault (now *you* have made it their intereſt to be kind to each other), may live well: But let the motion be all your own.

How *good* this was! I could have kiſſed the hand that gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I underſtand you, Sir, ſaid I.

And when they went away pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addreſſed myſelf to Mr O'Hara: Sir, ſaid I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity ſhould have a commencement: Let it be from Chriſtmas laſt. Accept of the firſt payment from my own hands—And I gave him one 25l. note: And, looking at my mother, with a look of duty, for fear he ſhould miſtake, and diſcredit himſelf in the eyes of the deepeſt diſcerner in the world, gave him the other.

He looked firſt upon one, then upon the other note, with ſurpriſe—And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my guardian, he ſtept to my mother, and preſented them both to her—You, madam, ſaid he, muſt *ſpeak*: I cannot, as I ought, God ſend me with a whole heart out of this houſe! He hurried out, and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and ſobbed like a child, as one of the ſervants told my Anne.

My

My mother looked upon one note, as her huſband had done, and upon the other; and, lifting up her eyes, embraced me—And would have ſaid ſomething to my guardian, but he prevented her by ſaying—Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and reſpectful to Mr O'Hara: May you be happy together!

And he led her out—Was ever ſuch a condeſcenſion! He led her out to her huſband, who, being a little recovered, was juſt about to give ſome money to the ſervant, who was retiring from the offer—Nobody, ſaid my guardian, graciouſly ſmiling, pays my ſervants but myſelf, Mr O'Hara. They are good people, and *merit* my favour.

And he went to the very door with my mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room, when *they* went out of it. I could not bear myſelf. How could I, you know, madam? Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, ſhrugged his ſhoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon Jeſu; and once or twice he croſſed himſelf: But all the time my guardian looked and acted, as if thoſe actions and praiſes were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I aroſe, and threw myſelf at his feet; but could only ſay, Thank you, Sir, for your goodneſs to my mother. He raiſed me. He ſat down by me: See, child (ſaid he, and he took my hand: My heart was ſenſible of the favour, and throbbed with joy), what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at leaſt keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want ſenſe. *You* have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man who would grudge them this additional 200 l. a-year out of your fortune, to make your parent happy, ſhall not have my Emily—Shall he?

Your Emily, your *happy* Emily, Sir, has not, cannot have a heart, that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you.—This I ſaid, madam; and it is true.

And did he not, ſaid I, claſp his Emily to his generous boſom, when you ſaid ſo?

No, madam; that would have been too great an honour: But he called me, Good child! And ſaid, You ſhall never be put to pay me an *implicit* regard: Your own reaſon (and he called me *child* again) ſhall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct the obſervances of my advice. Something like this he ſaid; but in a better manner than I can ſay it.

He calls me oftener *child*, madam, than any-thing elſe, when we are alone together; and is not quite ſo free, I think, at ſuch times, in his behaviour to me (yet is *vaſtly* gracious, I don't know how) as when we are in company—Why is that?—I am ſure, I equally reſpect *him* at one time as at another—Do you think, madam, there is any thing in the obſervation? Is there any *reaſon* for it? I *do* love to ſtudy him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks as well as words. Sir Charles Grandiſon's heart is the book of heaven—May I *not* ſtudy it?

Study it, my love, while you have an opportunity. But he will ſoon leave us: He will ſoon leave England.

So I fear: And I will love and pity the poor Clementina, whoſe heart is ſo much wounded and oppreſſed. But my guardian ſhall be nobody's but yours. I have prayed night and day, the firſt thing, and the laſt thing, ever ſince I have heard of Lady Clementina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady Grandiſon: And I will continue my prayers.—But, will you forgive me? I always conclude them with praying, that you will both conſent to let the poor Emily live with you.

Sweet

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, ſaid ſhe.—I embraced her, and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other; and each perhaps for herſelf.

She hurried away. I reſumed my pen—Run off what had paſſed almoſt as ſwift as thought. I quit it, to prepare to attend my couſins to St James's Square.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday Night, April 5.

MISS Grandiſon, as I told you, took with her my letter of yeſterday. As ſoon as my couſins Reeves and I entered Sir Charles's houſe, the two ſiſters conducted us to the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their brother had made me, tho' in preference to themſelves, and his communicativeneſs and tender behaviour to me. Lord L. joined us, and he, having read the letter, congratulated me alſo—On what, Lucy?—Why on the *poſſibility*, that if the unhappy Clementina ſhould die, or if ſhe ſhould be buried for life in a nunnery, or if ſhe ſhould be otherwiſe diſpoſed of, why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* huſband in Sir Charles Grandiſon, and *half* a heart: Is not this the ſum of theſe humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his ſtudy with Mr Lowther the ſurgeon, whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: But he juſt came out to welcome us; and then returned—He had alſo with him two phyſicians eminent for their knowledge in diſorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the caſe of the unhappy Clementina; and

and who brought to him in writing their opinions of the manner in which ſhe ought to be treated, according to the various ſymptoms of her diſorder.

When he joined us, he told us this, and ſaid very high things at the ſame time in praiſe of the Engliſh ſurgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: And added, that as nervous diſorders were more frequent in England than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope, that the Engliſh phyſicians were more ſkilful than thoſe of any other country in the management of perſons afflicted with ſuch maladies: And as he was now invited over, he was determined to furniſh himſelf with all the means he could think of, that were likely to be uſeful in reſtoring and healing friends ſo dear to him.

Miſs Grandiſon told him, that we were all in ſome apprehenſions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the general. Miſs Byron, ſaid ſhe, has told us, that Mrs Beaumont adviſes not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, ſaid he, is haſty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his ſiſter. His grief on the unhappy ſituation they are in demands allowance. It is natural in a heavy calamity to look out of ourſelves for the occaſion. I have not any apprehenſions from him, or from any body elſe. The call upon me is a proper one. The iſſue muſt be left where it ought to be left. If my viſit will give comfort to any *one* of the family, I ſhall be rewarded: If to *more* than one, happy—And, whatever be the event, ſhall be eaſier in myſelf than I could be, were I not to comply with the requeſt of the biſhop, were *he* only to have made it.

Lord L. aſked Sir Charles, whether he had fixed the day of his ſetting out?

I have, ſaid he, within this half-hour. Mr Lowther has told me, that he ſhall be ready by the beginning

beginning of next week; and on Saturday ſe'ennight I hope to be at Dover on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miſs Grandiſon told me afterwards, that my colour went and came ſeveral times, and that ſhe was afraid for me. My heart was *indeed* a little affected. I believe I muſt not think of taking leave of him when he ſets out. Ah, Lucy! Nine days hence!—Yet in leſs than nine days after that, I ſhall be embraced by the tendereſt relations that ever creature had to boaſt of.

Sir Charles taking his ſiſter aſide, I want, ſaid he, to ſay a few words to you, Charlotte. They were about half an hour together; and then returning, I am encouraged to think, ſaid he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G. She is a woman of honour, and her heart muſt therefore go with it.—I have a requeſt to make to her, before all you, our common friends—The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, Lord G. all join in one ſuit: It is, that I may be allowed to give my ſiſter to Lord G. before I leave England.

I have told you, brother, that it is impoſſible, if you go away in nine or ten days time.

Sir Charles particularly requeſted my influence. I could have no doubt, I ſaid, but Miſs Grandiſon would oblige her brother.

She vehemently oppoſed ſo early a day.

In a moſt affectionate manner, yet with an air of ſerioufneſs, he urged his requeſt. He ſaid, that it was very proper for him to make ſome diſpoſitions of his affairs before he went abroad. He ſhould leave England with much more pleaſure, if he ſaw his Charlotte the wife of a man ſo worthy as Lord G.: Lord G. ſaid he, adores you: You *intended* to be his: Reſolve to oblige your brother, who, though he cannot be happy himſelf, wiſhes to ſee you ſo.

O Sir

O Sir Charles! ſaid ſhe, you ruin me by your ſolemnity, and by your goodneſs.

The ſubject is not a light one. I am greatly in earneſt, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands. My heart is in this company; yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tueſday next. If you deny me now, I muſt acquieſce: If you have more than punctilio to plead, ſay you have, and I will not urge you further.

And ſo this is the laſt time of aſking, Sir?—A little archly—

Not the laſt time of my Lord G's—But of mine—But I will not allow you now to anſwer me lightly. If you can name a day before Tueſday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to conſider of it. And he withdrew.

Every one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L. very particularly. She told her, that he was *intitled* to her compliance; and that he had ſpoken to *her* on this ſubject in a ſtill more earneſt manner. She ſhould hardly be able to excuſe her, ſhe ſaid, if the ſerious hint he had given about ſettling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued ſhe, that he can have no motive but your good; and you have told me, that you intend to have Lord G. and that you eſteem his father, his aunt, and every one of his family whom you have ſeen; and they are highly pleaſed with you. Settlements are already drawn: That my brother told you laſt night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wiſh he was in half the hurry to be married himſelf.

So he would be, I dare ſay, Charlotte, if marriage were as much in his power as it is in yours.

What a duce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrelled every day for a fortnight paſt!—Pride and petulance muſt go down

down by degrees, ſiſter. A month, at leaſt, is neceſſary, to bring my features to ſuch a placidneſs with him, as to allow him to ſmile in my face.

Your brother has hinted, Charlotte, ſaid I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and ſhould ſtill more, if you conſulted *time* and *occaſion*.

He has withdrawn, ſiſter, ſaid Lord L. with a reſolution, if you deny him, to urge you no further.

I *hate* his peremptorineſs.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, ſaid I, and that in a manner ſo ſerious as to affect every body, that there is a kind of neceſſity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: All this is owing to her.

Juſt then a rapping at the door ſignified viſiters, and Emily ran in—Lord G. the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miſs Grandiſon changed colour. A contrivance of my brother's!—Ah! Lord! Now ſhall I be beſet!—I will be ſullen, that I may not be ſaucy.

Sullen you can't be, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L.: But *ſaucy* you can. Remember, however, my brother's earneſtneſs, and ſpare Lord G. before his father and aunt, or you will give me and everybody pain.

How can I? Our laſt quarrel is not made up: But adviſe him not to be either impertinent or ſecure.

Immediately entered Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the firſt compliments, Pray Sir Charles, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, drawing him aſide towards me, and whiſpering, tell me truly: Did not you know of this viſit!

I *invited* them, Charlotte, whiſpered he. I meant not, however, to ſurpriſe you. If you comply, you will give me great pleaſure: If you do not, I will not be *diſ*-pleaſed with my ſiſter.

What *can* I do? Either be leſs good to me, Sir, or leſs hurrying.

You

You have ſacrificed enough to female punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G. has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardor of his paſſion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tueſday next.

Good heaven! I can't bear you, after ſuch a—And ſhe gaſped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, ſhe went to Lady Gertrude, who, riſing, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They ſtaid out till they were told dinner was ſerved: And when they returned, I thought I never ſaw Miſs Grandiſon look ſo lovely. A charming fluſh had overſpread her cheeks: A ſweet conſciouſneſs in her eye gave a *female* grace to her whole aſpect, and ſoftened, as I may ſay, the natural majeſty of her fine features.

Lord G. looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy preſages. The Earl ſeemed no leſs pleaſed.

Miſs Grandiſon was unuſually thoughtful all dinner-time. She gave me great joy to ſee her ſo, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the huſband, the over-lively miſtreſs will be ſunk in the obliging wife—And yet, now-and-then, as the joy in my lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could obſerve *that* archneſs riſing to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner, the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude deſired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L. They were not long abſent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miſs Grandiſon to them. Lord G.'s complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together and joined us. We were ſtanding, and he ſingled me out—I hope, madam, ſaid he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tueſday next: But I will not urge it further.

I thought he was framing himſelf to ſay ſomething particular to me, when Lady L. came in, and deſired him and me to ſtep to her ſiſter, who had retired from the Earl and Lady Gertrude by conſent.

Ah, my Harriet! ſaid ſhe, pity me, my dear! —Debaſement is the child of pride!—Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowledge myſelf overcome, ſaid ſhe, by your earneſtneſs, as you are ſo ſoon to leave us, and by the importunities of the Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and my ſiſter—Unprepared in mind, in cloaths, I am reſolved to oblige the beſt of brothers. Do you, Sir, diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

My ſiſter conſents, Sir, ſaid Lady L. for next Tueſday.

Chearfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if ſhe took more time, ſhe ſhould have Lord G. at all, let her take it. Lord L. in my abſence, will be to her all that I wiſh to be, when ſhe ſhall determine.

I balance *not*, Sir! But I thought to have had a month's time, at leaſt, to look about me, and having treated Lord G. too flippantly, to give him by degrees ſome fairer proſpects of happineſs with me than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his ſiſter, he ſaid. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G. would rejoice in it, and conſider all that had paſſed as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would baniſh from his remembrance the petulant miſtreſs. And now allow me, my dear ſiſter, to preſent you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her in to them. Lady L. took my hand, and led me in alſo.—Charlotte, my lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next Tueſday will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The Earl ſaluted her in a very affectionate manner: So did Lady Gertrude, who afterwards ran out for her nephew; and, leading him in, preſented him to Miſs Grandiſon.

She had juſt time to whiſper me, as he approached her, Ah, Harriet! now comes the worſt part of the ſhew.—He kneeled on one knee, kiſſed her hand, but was too much overjoyed to ſpeak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as ſhe led him in, that Tueſday was to be his happy day.

It is impoſſible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandiſon muſt carry every point he ſets his heart upon. When he ſhall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withſtand him?—Is not his conſequence doubled, *more* than doubled, ſince he was with them? The man whoſe *abſence* they wiſhed for, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to reſtore their Clementina: He has a noble eſtate now in poſſeſſion. The fame of his goodneſs is gone out to diſtant countries. O my dear! All oppoſition muſt fly before him. And if it be the will of heaven to reſtore Clementina, all her friends muſt concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has propoſed; and from which, having *himſelf* propoſed them, Sir Charles Grandiſon cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and ſo it *ought* to be. And yet I could not forbear being ſenſibly touched by the following words, which I overheard him ſay to Lord L. in anſwer to ſomething my lord ſaid to him:

"I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not 'waited for Mr Lowther, the laſt letters I receiv'ed from Italy ſhould have been anſwered in per'ſon."

But as honour, compaſſion, love, *friendſhip* (ſtill nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey the call. He has ſet me high in his eſteem. Let me be worthy of his friendſhip.

Pangs

Pangs I ſhall occaſionally feel; but who that values one perſon above the reſt of the world does not?

Sir Charles, as we ſat at tea, mentioned his couſin Grandiſon to Lord L.: It is ſtrange, my lord, ſaid he, that we hear nothing of our couſin Everard, ſince he was ſeen at White's. But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, if I am abſent, receive him without reproaches: Yet I ſhould be glad that he could have rejoiced with us. Muſt I leave England, and not ſee him?

It has been, it ſeems, the way of this unhappy man, to ſhut himſelf up with ſome woman in private lodgings, for fear his couſin ſhould find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then ſeek for his couſin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a ſtate of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes, that till ſome new temptation ariſes, he is in earneſt in his penitence, and hopes that in time he will ſee his errors.

Oh, Lucy! What a poor, creeping, mean wretch is a libertine, when one looks *down* upon him, and *up* to ſuch a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandiſon!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy ſucceſs that had rewarded his beneficent ſpirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantages and praiſed the families on both ſides, which were to be ſo cloſely united on the morrow, not forgetting to mention kindly *honeſt* Mr Sylveſter the attorney.

He told us, that he ſhould ſet out on Friday early for Windſor, in order to attend Lord W. in

his firſt viſit to Mansfield-houſe. You, Lady L. will have the trouble given you, ſaid he, of cauſing to be new-ſet the jewels of the late Lady W. for a preſent to the future bride. My lord ſhewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my laſt return from the hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L. you, my ſiſters, will be charmed with your new aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happineſs in proſpect that will gild the latter days of my mother's brother; and at the ſame time be a means of freeing from oppreſſion an ancient and worthy family.

Tears were in every eye. There *now*, thought I, ſits this princely man, rejoicing every one that ſees him, and hears him ſpeak: But *where* will he be nine days hence? And *whoſe* this day twelvemonth?

He talked with particular pleaſure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleaſed himſelf, that he ſhould leave behind him a man who would delight every body, and ſupply to his friends *his* abſence.—What a character did he give, and Dr Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl and Lady Gertrude dwell upon all he ſaid! They prided themſelves on the relation they were likely ſo ſoon to ſtand in to ſo valuable a man.

In your laſt letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces againſt this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart riſes againſt him!—He—But no more of ſuch an earth-born creature.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday Morning, April 6.

MISS Grandiſon, accompanied by Miſs Jervois, has juſt left us. Lady L. has undertaken, ſhe ſays, to ſet all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tueſday next. Miſs Grandiſon (would you believe it?) owns that ſhe wants *ſpirits* to order any thing. What muſt be the ſolemnity of that circumſtance when near, that ſhall make Charlotte Grandiſon want ſpirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herſelf into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very ſilly: I don't like next Tueſday by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't ſay that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half ſo good—Tender, kind, humane, polite, and even chearful in affliction!—O Harriet! where is there ſuch another man?

No-where.—But you don't by marriage loſe, on the contrary, you further engage and ſecure the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured, worthy man for your huſband, a man who loves you; and you will have your brother beſides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G.?

I am ſure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may perhaps bear with the man, but I cannot honour him.

Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet I muſt. But I believe I *think* too much: And conſideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to heaven that the ſame hour that my hand and Lord G.'s were joined, yours and my brother's were alſo united!

Ah, Miſs Grandiſon! If you love me, try to wean me, and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greateſt, if you can conquer a paſſion which overturned her reaſon.

Do not, my Charlotte, make compariſons in which the conſcience of your Harriet tells her ſhe muſt be a ſufferer. There is no occaſion for me to deſpiſe myſelf, in order to hold myſelf inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature!—But the approaching Tueſday—I cannot *bear* to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too!—But the officiouſneſs, the aſſiduities of this trifling man are diſguſtful to me.

You don't hate him?—

Hate him—True—I don't *hate* him—But I have been ſo much accuſtomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He ſhould not have been ſo tame to ſuch a ſpirit as mine. He ſhould have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and ſhall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* reſent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me ſee that his face can become two ſorts of features. The poor man can look ſorrowful; that I know full well:

well: But I ſhall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You *know* better, Charlotte. You may give him ſo much cauſe for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to ſee him pleaſed. Men have a hundred ways that women have not, to divert themſelves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard obſerved by—

By your grandmother, Harriet. Good old lady! In *her* reign it might be ſo; but you will find, that women now have as many ways to divert themſelves abroad as the men. Have you not obſerved this yourſelf in one of your letters to Lucy? Ah, my dear! We can every hour in the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandiſon will not, cannot——

Why that's true, my dear—But I ſhall not *then* be a Grandiſon. Yet the man will have ſome ſecurity from my brother's goodneſs. He is not only good himſelf, but he makes every one related to him, either for fear or ſhame, good likewiſe. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over, and my ſpirits are got up again from the depreſſion into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon ſome inventions that would make every one laugh, except the perſon who might take it into his head that he may be a ſufferer by them: And who can *laugh*, and be *angry*, in the ſame moment?

You ſhould not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is ſtopt.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't ſay ſo, Charlotte—Say rather that you hope it will hold you ſo long only as it may be thought innocent or inoffenſive, by the man whom it will be your duty to oblige; and ſo long as it will bring no diſcredit to yourſelf.

Your

Your ſervant, Goody Gravity!—But what *muſt* be, muſt. The man is bound to ſee it. It will be all his own ſeeking. He will ſin with his eyes open. I think he has ſeen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time.—Yet perhaps not *quite* all neither. And I ſhall be his ſovereign ever after, or I am miſtaken. What a duce, ſhall a woman marry a man of talents not ſuperior to her own, and forgot to reward herſelf for her condeſcenſion?—But heigh-ho!—There's a ſigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either ſing you a ſong, or play you a tune, in order to raiſe my own heart.

She beſought me then, with great earneſtneſs, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. You ſee, ſaid ſhe, that my brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature, ſupport, comfort me—Don't you ſee my heart beat through my ſtays?—If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfaſt; and leave me not for the whole time—Are you not my ſiſter, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down, I will aſk the conſent of both your couſins.

She did: And they, with their uſual goodneſs to me, chearfully complied.

Sir Charles ſet out this morning to attend the triple marriages; dreſt charmingly, his ſiſter ſays. I have made Miſs Grandiſon promiſe to give me an account of ſuch particulars, as, by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, ſhe can pick up. All we ſingle girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to ſuch ſubjects as theſe; as what one day may be our own concern.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs GRANDISON, *To Miſs* BYRON.

Thurſday Night.

UNREASONABLE, wicked, cruel Byron! To expect a poor creature, ſo near her execution, to write an account of other people's behaviour in the ſame tremendous circumſtances! The matrimonial nooſe has hung over my head for ſome time paſt, and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck.—Almoſt choaked, my dear!—This moment done hearing read, the firſts, ſeconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them—Lord be merciful to us!—And the villainous lawyer rearing up to me his ſpectacled noſe, as if to ſee how I bore it! Lord G. inſulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude ſimpering; little Emily ready to bleſs herſelf—How will the dear Harriet bear theſe abominable recitatives?—But I am now up ſtairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to ſay about the Danbies? Saunders has made his report; Sir Charles has told us ſome things: Yet I will only give you heads: Make out the reſt.

In the firſt place, my brother went to Mrs Harrington's (Miſs Danby's aunt): *She* did every thing but worſhip him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late huſband, dainty damſels of the city, who had procured themſelves to be invited, that they might ſee the man, whom they called a wonder of generoſity and goodneſs. Richard heard one of them ſay to the other, ah, ſiſter, this is a king of a man! What pity there are not many ſuch! But, Harriet, if there were a hundred of them, we would not let one of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir

Sir Charles praiſed Miſs Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I ſuppoſe. Meek, modeſt, and humble, are qualities of which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a ſenſe of obligation, are equally great humblers even of ſpirits prouder than that of Miſs Danby; as your poor Charlotte can teſtify.

The young gentlemen, with the reſt, were to meet Sir Charles, the bride, and theſe ladies, at St Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in reſpect to Sir Charles, was to be firſt yoked. He gave her away to the ſon Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: But firſt Mr Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away; another half-fainted—Saved by timely ſalts: The third, poor ſoul, wept heartily—as I ſuppoſe I ſhall do on Tueſday.

Never, ſurely, was there ſuch a matrimony-promoter as my brother. God give me ſoon my revenge upon him in the ſame way!

The proceſſion afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four ſilly ſouls in each; and to Mr Pouſſin's at Enfield they all drove. There they found another large company.

My brother was all chearfulneſs; and both men and women ſeemed to contend for his notice; But they were much diſappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married lady, the wife of Sir——Somebody (I am very bad at remembering the names of city knights), was reſolved, ſhe ſaid, ſince they could not have Sir Charles to open the ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handſomeſt man in England. The muſic was accordingly called in; and he made no ſcruple to oblige the company on a day ſo happy.

Do

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is ſuppoſed to be one of the fineſt dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tueſday—[Lord help me! I ſhall then be ſtupid, and remember nothing] you take him out yourſelf: And then you will judge for yourſelf of his excellence in this ſcience—May we not call dancing a ſcience? If we judge by the *few* who perform gracefully in it, I am ſure we may; and a difficult one too.

O!—And remember, Harriet, that you get ſomebody to call upon him to ſing—*You* ſhall play—I believe I ſhall forget in that only agreeable moment of the day (for you have a ſweet finger, my love) that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—How *can I*, in the circumſtances I am in, write any more about the ſoft ſouls, and ſilly? Come to me by day-dawn, and leave me not till—I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I ſhall hate this man: He does nothing but hop, ſkip, and dance about me, grin, and make mouths; and every body upholds him in it.

Muſt this (I hope not!) be the laſt time that I write myſelf to you

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON?

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

St James's-ſquare, Friday Morning, April 7.

SIR Charles Grandiſon ſet out early this morning for Lord W.'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimſical Charlotte.

Lady

Lady L. Miſs Jervois, myſelf, and every female of the family, or who do buſineſs for both ſiſters out of it, are buſy in ſome way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tueſday.

Miſs Grandiſon is the only idle perſon. I tell her ſhe is affectedly ſo.

The Earl has preſented her, in his ſon's name, with ſome very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are alſo beſpoke by Lord G. who takes Lady L.'s advice in every thing, as one well read in the faſhions. New equipages are beſpoke, and gay ones they will be.

Miſs Grandiſon confounded me this morning by an inſtance of her generoſity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third ſiſter, of her ſhare of her mother's jewels. You may believe, that I abſolutely refuſed ſuch a preſent. I was angry with her; and told her, ſhe had but one way of making it up with me; and that was, that ſince ſhe would be ſo completely ſet out from her lord, ſhe would unite the two halves, by preſenting hers to Lady L. who had refuſed jewels from her lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occaſionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleaſed with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to any body but me) to her jeweller; who is to diſpoſe them in ſuch figures as ſhall anſwer thoſe ſhe herſelf is to have, which Lady L. has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner uſeleſs to herſelf, ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall oblige her ſiſter, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is alſo preparing ſome fine preſents for her niece-elect: But neither the delighted approbation of the family ſhe is entering into, nor the ſatisfaction expreſſed by her own friends, give the perverſe Charlotte any viſible joy, nor procure for Lord G. the diſtinction which ſhe

ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man ſo happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expreſſion of his joy; which ſhe has taken it into her head to call an inſult upon her.

She does not, however, give the ſcope ſhe did before the day was fixed to her playful captiouſneſs. She is not ſo arch as ſhe was. Thoughtfulneſs, and a ſeeming careleſſneſs of what we are all employed in, appear in her countenance. She ſaunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpſichord only. What a whimſical thing is Charlotte Grandiſon? But ſtill ſhe keeps Lord G. at diſtance. I told her an hour ago, that ſhe knows not how to condeſcend to him with that grace which is ſo natural to her in her whole behaviour to every-body elſe.

I have been talking to Dr Bartlett about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. No-body knows, he ſays, what a bleeding heart is covered by a countenance ſo benign and chearful. Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid he, has a prudence beyond that of moſt young men; but he has great ſenſibilities.

I take it for granted, Sir, ſaid I, that he will for the future be more an Italian than Engliſhman.

Impoſſible, madam! A *prudent* youth, by traveling, reaps this advantage——From what he ſees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long abſence from it. Italy in particular is called the Garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, and *might be*, than what *it is*. I need not tell a lady who has read and converſed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandiſon is greatly ſenſible of it. He loves his country, with the judgment

of a wiſe man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, Doctor, he has offered, you know, to reſide ——There I ſtopt.

True, madam—And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that diſturbs him.

I pity my patron, proceeded he. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiſcretion to expect, when diſcretion has ſo much to ſuffer? His only conſolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himſelf with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man ſhould. He makes no oſtentation of his piety: But, madam, Sir Charles Grandiſon is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, Sir, ſay more to me to exalt him: And, let me add, that I have no ſmall pleaſure in knowing that Clementina is a lady of ſtrict piety, though a Roman Catholic.

And let me aſſure you, madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miſs Byron (his *more* than regard for her, why ſhould I not ſay? ſince every-body ſees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and tranſient good. No man better knows how to diſtinguiſh between *admiration* and *love*, than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and againſt ſenſibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: And here I muſt acknowledge myſelf a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope ſoon to diſcharge the obligation.

Your own time, doctor: But I *muſt* ſay, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's ſtory, I ſhall be pained, if I find that a Clementina is conſidered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Lady

Lady Olivia, madam, *admires* him for his virtues, but ſhe cannot, as *he* has made it his ſtudy to do, divide *admiration* from *love*. What offers has ſhe not refuſed?—But ſhe declares, that ſhe had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandiſon, than the wife of the greateſt prince on earth.

This ſtruck me: Have not *I* ſaid ſomething like it? But ſurely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor ſuggeſts, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr Bartlett!—I hope that no woman who is not quite given up to diſhonour, will pollute the ſacred word, by affixing ideas to it that cannot be connected with it. A *friend* is one of the higheſt characters that one human creature can ſhine in to another. There may be *love*, that though it has no view but to honour, yet even in wedlock, ripens not into friendſhip. How poor are all ſuch attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that nobleſt, that moſt delicate union of ſouls! You wonder at me, Dr Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, Sir (I have it by heart), Sir Charles Grandiſon's tender of friendſhip to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me ſuch exalted ideas of this diſintereſted paſſion; but you muſt not take notice that I have. I repeated thoſe words beginning, "My heart de-'mands alliance with hers"——and ending with theſe——"So long as it ſhall be conſiſtent with 'her other attachments *."

The doctor was ſilent for a few moments: At laſt, what a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how conſiſtent with the exacteſt truth! The friendſhip he offers you, madam, is *indeed* friendſhip. What you have repeated can want no explanation: Yet it is expreſſive of his uncertain ſituation. It is——

* *See P.* 252. *and* 253. *of this Volume.*

He ſtopt of a ſudden.

Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My *good* young lady—I may ſay too much. Sir Charles in theſe nice points muſt be left to himſelf. It is impoſſible for any body to expreſs his thoughts as *he* can expreſs them. But let me ſay, that he juſtly, as well as greatly, admires Miſs Byron.

My heart roſe againſt itſelf. Bold Harriet, thought I, how dareſt thou thus urge a good man to ſay more than he has a mind to ſay of the ſecrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyſelf with the *hopes* that the worthieſt man in the world would wiſh to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obſtacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, becauſe juſtice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, haſt thou not been taught to prefer right and juſtice to every other conſideration? And wouldſt thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet ſteal a heart that is the property, and that by the deareſt purchaſe, of another?

5 AP 66

INDEX.

INDEX,

HISTORICAL, AND CHARACTERISTICAL,

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME OF THIS WORK.

ADDRESS to men of ſenſe in the gay world, 5 to 12.

Anger, 211, 216, 282.

Artful men, 250.

Attachments, guilty ones, the inconvenience of purſuing them politically as well as morally conſidered, 8.

Bartlett, Dr Ambroſe, an excellent clergyman; his ſerious reflections on the ſhort duration of human life, 188. Viſits Mrs Oldham and her children, and comforts that true penitent, 192.

Beauchamp, Sir Harry, converſation between him and Sir Charles Grandiſon, on the propoſal of his ſon's return, 209. Leaves it to Sir Charles to bring his lady to conſent to it, 210. Who happily, though with difficulty, ſucceeds, 218 to 228.

Beauchamp, Lady, in love with Mr Beauchamp; conference between Sir Charles, Sir Harry, and her, on Sir Charles's propoſal for the young gentleman's return to England, 209 to 228.

Beaumont, Mrs, a lady of an excellent heart and fine genius, her management to induce Lady Clementina to own, that a ſtruggle between love and her ſuperior duties was the cauſe of her melancholy, 45 to 61. Her letter deſcribing the unhappy way Lady Clementina is in, 181 to 185. Another, recounting the ſevere treatment that young lady met with, 243 to 251.

Beauty, 291.

Belvedere, Count of, conference held with Lady Clementina, in his favour, by Sir Charles Grandiſon, 15.

Beneficence, 262. *See Sir* Charles Grandiſon.

Benevolence, 188. *See Sir* Charles Grandiſon.

Bolton, an infamous ſteward of Mr Calvert, his wicked contrivances, by which he defrauds the right heirs of the eſtate of his ſuperannuated maſter, 201.

Byron, Miſs, accuſes the Italian family of want of diſcretion, 34. Parallel between her caſe and that of Clementina, 36. Accuſes herſelf of forwardneſs, and is apprehenſive that Sir Charles has diſcovered her paſſion, 41. and of opinion that juſtice requires ſhe ſhould give up all hopes of him, 44. Wiſhes ſhe had only heard of him by fame, and not known him perſonally, 71. Her extreme humility, 123. Wiſhes Sir Charles were proud, vain, arrogant, that ſhe might the more eaſily throw off her acknowledged ſhackles, 190. Her apoſtrophe to her heart on ſighing for his abſence, 191. Suppoſes him to have but a ſlight opinion of the ſex, and reckons that a blot in his character, 208. Viſited by the Earl and Counteſs of D. ſhe owns to that lady her heart to be a wedded heart, and that it diſdains a ſecond engagement, 229 to 236. Acts greatly on a trying occaſion, and prefers Clementina to herſelf, 251. Yet thinks herſelf beloved by him, 255. Will endeavour to make herſelf worthy

thy of his offered friendſhip, whatever pangs ſhe feels from a more tender paſſion, 278. Her contemplation of his worth, 280. Checks herſelf for urging Dr Bartlett to diſcover the ſecrets of his friend, 292. Apoſtrophe to Clementina, giving her the preference to herſelf from a principle of juſtice, ibid.

Calvert, Mr, brother of Lady Mansfield, his dotage taken advantage of by his infamous ſteward, 201. Dies, ib.—*See* Bolton. *See* Mansfield.

Camilla, a faithful and ſenſible attendant on Lady Clementina from her infancy. *See* Clementina.

Cenſure, 129.

Charles I. fatal conſequences of his marriage with a Popiſh princeſs, 129.

Children. *See* Parents and children.

Clementina della Porretta, her ſtory continued by Dr Bartlett from Sir Charles's letters at the time; containing,

I. The particulars of a conference between Mr Grandiſon and her; in which he pleads the cauſe of the Count of Belvedere, 15 to 20.

II. Conference which he was put upon holding with her on her firſt being ſeized with melancholy, 21 to 34.

III. Particulars accounting for Lady Clementina's chearful behaviour after a courſe of melancholy, on Mr Grandiſon's taking leave of her and her family, 45.

IV. An account of the management of Mrs Beaumont, by which ſhe brought her to own her love, after ſhe had ſo long kept it a ſecret from her mother, 45 to 60.

V. Particulars of Mr Grandiſon's reception by Lady Clementina and the Marchioneſs her mother, on his return, at Jeronymo's requeſt, to Bologna, 61 to 65. Conference between her and Mr Grandiſon in the garden, in which is ſhewn

ſhewn *her* magnanimity, and *his* diſtreſs, on apprehenſion that a change of religion, and the renouncing of his country, will be propoſed to him, 65 to 70.

VI. Conference between him and her brother the biſhop of Nocera, in which the biſhop (to Mr Grandiſon's great concern) inſiſted upon the apprehended change of religion and reſidence, 73 to 76. Her reſentment, yet great behaviour on ſuppoſing herſelf refuſed, 77. On a viſit of father Mareſcotti, ſhe becomes ſolemn and gloomy, ibid. Further inſtance of her greatneſs of mind: Her delirium, 78.

VII. Compromiſe propoſed by Mr Grandiſon, with regard to the articles of religion and reſidence, 83. Affecting ſcene of Lady Clementina's running into Jeronymo's chamber, to avoid being let blood, 84 to 91.

VIII. A ſpirited ſcene of a different nature, between her brother the general and Mr Grandiſon, 91 to 98.

IX. He is warned of his danger from the general, and adviſed to quit Bologna for a time, 99. His anſwer to the friendly warnings, 100. She is earneſt (in her delirium) for an interview with him, in hopes of converting him—Denied, ſhe diſguiſes herſelf with a view to viſit him in that hope: Her noble, though diſtracted behaviour on that occaſion procures for her the deſired interview, 101 to 106. Account of what paſſed on that affecting occaſion, 106. Her great behaviour: His *as* great diſtreſs, 106 to 123. Her partly wild, partly ſenſible conference with her brother Jeronymo, in Mr Grandiſon's favour, 123. Her delirious letter to him, 131. Harſh meaſures taken with her, 134.

X. Particulars of the ſolemn leave Mr Grandiſon took of the whole family, 144 to 157. Her great but wild behaviour before all her friends, into

into whoſe preſence ſhe had forced herſelf, after his departure, on ſuppoſing he had been aſſaſſinated by the general, 159 to 166. Her earneſt requeſt to be allowed a laſt parting interview with him: Refuſed, ſhe makes an attempt that gives them the utmoſt apprehenſions; but which procured her not the ſo earneſtly-requeſted favour, 169. She is intimidated by Lady Sforza, and by her daughter Laurana, and uſed harſhly by others of her family, 170, 171.

XI. Dr Bartlett concludes his extracts from Sir Charles's letters with one from Mrs Beaumont, giving an account of the unhappy lady's very unhappy ſtate of mind, and with the particulars of her deplorable ſituation at the time; but ſtill perſiſting in her wiſhes to ſee Mr Grandiſon, her principal friends now, at laſt, requeſt his preſence among them, as their laſt hope, 180 to 188. Her ſtory purſued by Sir Charles Grandiſon. He acquaints Miſs Byron that he is invited over to Italy, as well by Signor Jeronymo, on his own account, as by the biſhop of Nocera on his ſiſter's, 243. He reads part of a letter from Mrs Beaumont, giving an account of Lady Clementina's deplorable ſituation of mind and perſon—Of her being put into the hands of her aunt Sforza, and couſin Laurana—Of their cruel uſage of her; a ſhocking inſtance of it—Of her being taken out of their hands—Of the general's averſeneſs to Sir Charles's being invited over, 243 to 252.

Communicativeneſs, 48.

Compaſſion. *See* Pity.

Compulſion in love-caſes. *See* Perſuaſion.

Conſolation, 188.

Courtſhip, ſentiments relating to it, 48, 199, 222, 282.

Danby, Mr Thomas, Mr Edward and Miſs Danby, nephews and niece of the deceaſed Mr Danby,

Danby, account of the triple wedding, 288. *See Sir* Charles Grandiſon.
Daughters of decayed families, their difficult ſituation, 201.
Delicacy, ſentiments relating to it, 69.
Diſmiſſion of a lover, 166, 170.
Dobſon, reverend Mr, miniſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon's church in Hampſhire, 228.
Duties, 96.
Engliſh tongue, its excellence among the modern tongues, 47.
Everard Grandiſon, couſin to Sir Charles, his penitence for his faulty morals, and frequent relapſes, 227, 279.
Excuſes tacit confeſſions, 7.
Falſe ſhame, 198.
Families decayed, 202.
Female dignity, 8, 35, 68.
Femality, ſentiments upon it, 38, 94, 218, 221.
Friendſhip, its eſſence, 5. The baſis of true love, 256. A delicate union of like minds, which exalts human nature, 209. Love, even when its motive is marriage, does not always in that ſtate ripen into friendſhip, 210. *See* alſo ſentiments on this noble perfection of the human mind, 13, 48.
G. Earl of, father to Lord G. his firſt viſit, with Lady Gertrude his ſiſter, to Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon, on his ſon's behalf, 195 to 197. His earneſtneſs for his ſon's ſpeedy marriage, 275. Viſits her a ſecond time with Lady Gertrude, ibid. Rejoices in her conſent to marry his ſon, 276. His preſents to her, 288.
G. Lady. *See Miſs* Charlotte Grandiſon.
Galliard, Mr, a worthy young merchant, married to Miſs Danby, 286.
Generoſity, ſentiments on that noble quality, 225.
Generous lover, 17.

Gertrude, Lady, maiden aunt to Lord G. her character from Miſs Byron, 195. Prepares ſome rich preſents for Miſs Grandiſon, on her nuptials, 288.

Giacomo della Porretta, exaſperated by the Chevalier Grandiſon's refuſal of becoming a Roman Catholic, withdraws his favour from him; the Chevalier cautioned not to meet him, 82. His haughty demeanor in a conference with him, upon a preſumption that his ſiſter had been refuſed by him, 95 to 97. Makes him a ſullen viſit at his lodgings on the ſame miſconception, 96. Continuance of his reſentment intimated to the Chevalier by his brother Jeronymo, 99. The Chevalier's reſolution to avoid a meditated rencounter, 100. He and the family determine that the Chevalier is unworthy of their alliance, and of his reſentment, 101. Angry with his ſiſter for her attachment to the Chevalier, he vents his diſpleaſure on Jeronymo, 128. His indignant behaviour to the Chevalier, in full aſſembly, on the latter's taking leave of the whole family, 147 to 152. His violence ſubdued by the Chevalier's prudence, they agree to meet at Naples, 154. Adviſes the family to change the harſh meaſures uſed with Clementina, 160. Endeavours to quiet his ſiſter's apprehenſions for the Chevalier's ſafety, 163. Prevents her eſcape by the garden-wall, in the diſorder of her mind, 170. Viſited, according to promiſe, by the Chevalier at Naples, 173. His cold behaviour in it, 173 to 179. His civil behaviour at parting, 180. Viſits his ſiſter at Florence, in company with Lady Sforza; and takes her from thence. His reaſons for it, 244. Releaſes her from her confinement at Lady Sforza's, where ſhe was cruelly uſed, 148. Refuſes to join in inviting the Chevalier to return to Italy, 250.

Good

Good, goodneſs, 7, 11.
Good man, 152, 223, 261.
a *Good* man's life is a continual warfare with his paſſions, 35. A good man is a prince of the Almighty's creation, 155. *See Sir* Charles Grandiſon.
Good nature is the diſtinction of the true ſatiriſt; and the characteriſtic of youth, 157.
GRANDISON, Sir Charles, Dr Bartlett, by his leave, gives extracts to Miſs Byron from his former letters to the doctor, of Lady Clementina's ſtory, and his embarraſſments on her account, 3. His expoſtulatory letter to Signor Jeronymo againſt libertiniſm, 5 to 12. Another to the ſame, on his engaging in a dangerous amour, 13. [*See* Jeronymo.] He avoids formal debates on religion in a country of different faith from his own, 31. The doctor takes notice of the correctneſs of his taſte, as to following nature, rather than forcing it, in works of art, 40. Prevails upon himſelf to propoſe to allow Lady Clementina the free exerciſe of her religion, her confeſſor, and to educate the future daughters of the marriage, 75, 84, 92. But declares that he would not have begun an addreſs upon thoſe terms with a princeſs, 296. High words between the general and him upon this ſubject, ibid. Owns his conſtitutional pride, on being ſlighted by the proud family of Porretta, 134. Further angry conferences with the general; in which are diſplayed his patriotiſm, and univerſal charity, 153 to 156. His intrepid conference with the general at Naples, 174 to 180. At Florence ſettles the affairs of his late friend Mr Jervois, 180. Returns to England upon the death of his father, 185. Engagements, as enumerated by Miſs Byron, which engroſs his time, 192. He takes tender notice of Mrs Oldham and her ſons, 193. Dines with Sir Hargrave

grave Pollexfen, and his gay friends, 198. His reflections on the riots and exceſſes frequently committed at jovial meetings of gay and thoughtleſs youth, 198. Wiſhes Dr Bartlett would write upon this ſubject, 199. Negotiates a treaty of marriage for Lord W. and reſolves to attempt the reſtoring of the oppreſſed Mansfield family to their rights, 199 to 208. Appeaſes imperious Lady Beauchamp, 209 to 228. His further proceedings in relation to the ſettlements on Lord W's match with one of the daughters of the Mansfield family, 228. Diſclaims oſtentation in acts of beneficence, ibid. Owns for Miſs Byron a more tender friendſhip than that for a ſiſter, 253. Lays before her his ſeveral engagements previous to his departure for Italy, 235 to 237. His intentions with regard to his ward Miſs Jervois, 256. And with regard to the marriage of his ſiſter Charlotte, before he leaves England, 257. His condeſcenſion to Mrs Oldham, who dines with him; and generoſity to young Oldham, and to her two children by his father; with his prudent inſtructions to the elder ſon, regarding the nature of true honour, 259 to 261. Overcomes, by his prudence and generoſity, Miſs Jervois's wicked mother, and her huſband, and makes them happy; yet in ſuch a manner as does honour to his ward, 258 to 271. Engages Mr Lowther, a ſkilful ſurgeon, to accompany him to Bologna, to aſſiſt in the cure of Signor Jeronymo, taking alſo the written opinions of two learned Engliſh phyſicians relative to the caſe of Lady Clementina, 272. Prevails on his ſiſter Charlotte to fix her wedding-day, 273 to 278. His reflections on his couſin Grandiſon's temporary concealments of himſelf, 279. Begs his ſiſter, whenever he emerges, to receive him without reproaches, ibid. His joy in the proſpect of the happineſs

which is likely to gild the latter days of his mother's brother, and in reſtoring from oppreſſion the antient and worthy family of the Mansfields, 280. His agreeable behaviour at the three weddings of the Danbies, 284 to 287.

Grandiſon, Miſs Charlotte, her ludicrous behaviour to Lord G. 195. She is reſolved to remember nothing that will vex her 196. She gives Miſs Byron an account of Sir Charles's generoſity to the Oldhams, with her cenſures upon him for it, 258 to 263. Her wedding-day, after many debatings, at laſt fixed, 275 to 279. Her account of the triple wedding in the Danby family, 285 to 287. Inſtance of her generoſity deſigned to, but not accepted by Miſs Byron, 288.

Gratitude, 207.

Greville, Mr, a lover of Miſs Byron, menaces Sir Charles Grandiſon, 280.

Guardian, what a worthy one will and will not do, 270.

Harrington, Mrs, aunt to Miſs Danby, viſited by Sir Charles on her niece's wedding, 285.

Henry VIII. of England, 141.

Hervey, Mr, a worthy merchant, maſter of the elder Danby, gives him his niece in marriage, 286.

Honour ſhould be paid to men for better reaſon than for either their riches or anceſtry, 75.

Huſband and wife, 282.

Jeronymo, mournful letter from him to Sir Charles, then in England, concerning the dangerous way he is in from the unſkilfulneſs of his ſurgeons, 243.

Jervois, Mrs Helen, wife of Mr Jervois, allowed to viſit her daughter in Sir Charles's preſence, ſhe behaves decently; as alſo do her huſband and Salmonet; and are overcome by his generoſity, 263 to 270.

Inferiority and ſuperiority of the two ſexes, 10, 72.
Ingenuouſneſs, 216.
Intemperance, or intoxication, Sir Charles Grandiſon's obſervations on young men led into it by falſe ſhame, 198.
Italians much altered of late, with regard to freedom of manners, 35.
Juliano, Signor, a relation of the Porretta family, his character, 146. Propoſes to viſit England, 168.
Juſtice, 213.
Keepers, kept women, 9.
Kindred minds will ſoon recognize one another, 231.
L. Earl of, brother-in-law to Sir Charles Grandiſon, congratulates Miſs Byron on Sir Charles's compliments and communications made to her, 271. Urges Miſs Grandiſon to fix her wedding day in compliance with Sir Charles's deſire, 275.
Laura, a female ſervant of Lady Clementina, appointed at Lady Sforza's deſire to attend her in the room of Camilla, 246. Affected with the cruelty uſed to her lady by Laurana, 248.
Laurana, Lady, daughter of Lady Sforza, and couſin of Lady Clementina, inveighs againſt the Chevalier Grandiſon, 140. Is moved, nevertheleſs, in his favour, by his noble addreſs to the whole aſſembled family of Porretta, 150. Her barbarous treatment of her couſin committed to the care of her mother and her, in her delirium, 245 to 250.
Libertines, 261.
Lover, 41,
Lowther, Mr, a ſkilful ſurgeon, his character from Sir Charles Grandiſon, 254.
Man, a rational and immortal agent, 10.
Man of honour, 152. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Mansfield, Sir Thomas, and his lady and family, he is left by his father involved in a law-ſuit, which being unjuſtly determined againſt him, haſtens his death, 200. Leaves four ſons and two daughters, and a very prudent lady, ib. His eldeſt ſon dies of grief, ib. His ſecond falls into deep melancholy, ib. The third a cornet of horſe, ib. The fourth unprovided for, ib. Amiable characters of the two daughters, 201. Their mother's expectations and theirs with regard to fortune, fruſtrated by the weakneſs of their uncle Mr Calvert, and the villainy of his ſteward, ib. [*See* Calvert. *See* Bolton.] Their cauſe undertaken by Sir Charles Grandiſon, 202. A match propoſed by him between the elder daughter and his uncle Lord W. 203. His converſation with the mother and daughter on that ſubject, ib. The family's joyful acceptance of the propoſal, 207.

Mareſcotti, Father, confeſſor to the Porretta family, deſcribed by Lady Clementina to be a good but a ſevere man, 30. Apprehenſive of the conſequences to her religion, from her converſing with the Chevalier Grandiſon, 31 to 55. Preſſes her to accept of the Count of Belvedere, 77. His conduct in that point cenſured by Signor Jeronymo, 81. He viſits the Chevalier from the generous motive of convincing him of the infelicities attending marriages between Proteſtants and Roman Catholics, 127 to 129. Piouſly, at parting, offers up a prayer for his converſion, 130. Acknowledges Lady Clementina might have been happy with him, ib. Aſſures him of his eſteem in warm terms, 154. Tenderly affected with Lady Clementina's wild apprehenſions for the ſafety of the Chevalier, 166. Gives his opinion in favour of her interview with the Chevalier, which is denied by her family, 170. Is the inſtrument of freeing Lady Clementina

Clementina from her confinement at Lady Sforza's, 249.

Marriage in advanced years, or with perſons of unequal age, better undertaken by men than by women, 205.

Marriage propoſals, 204.

Marriages argued between Proteſtants and Papiſts, 132.

Marulli, Count, clandeſtinely ſeeks to addreſs Lady Clementina, 21. Rejected by her with a ſpirit worthy of herſelf, 22.

Maſters and *ſervants*, 127.

Matrimonial bickerings, 217, 219 to 222.

Meanneſſes, 17.

Modeſty and *Meekneſs*, characteriſtic qualities in women, 286.

Nocera, biſhop of, his propoſal of a change of religion, to Mr Grandiſon, in order to be allowed to marry his ſiſter, 73. Angry and ſurpriſed at his refuſal, 74. His polite addreſs to Mr Grandiſon, on his appearance among the aſſembled family, on his intended departure from Italy, 144, 146. He pronounces him a prince of the Almighty's creation, 155. His tender behaviour to his ſiſter after Mr Grandiſon was gone, 161. Writes to England to Sir Charles Grandiſon to make them one viſit more at Bologna, 187, 242.

Obſtinacy, 222.

Oeconomy, a ſhining inſtance of it given by the daughters of Lady Mansfield, 201.

O'Hara, Major, a man of the town, his application by his attorney for forgiveneſs, 194. Sir Charles allows him, his wife and Salmonet, to viſit Miſs Jervois at his houſe, ib. He is overcome by Sir Charles's goodneſs to him and his wife, ib.

O'Hara, Mrs: *See* Mrs Jervois.

Oldham, Mrs, a kept-miſtreſs of Sir Thomas Grandiſon

diſon, her penitential gratitude, 197. She and her ſon by Mr Oldham, and the two ſhe had by his father, dine with Sir Charles, at his invitation, before he goes abroad, 259, & ſeq.

Olivia, Lady, in love with Sir Charles, 97. Goes to his lodgings at Bologna in diſguiſe, 157. Engages his promiſe to viſit her at Florence, 169.

Parents and children, ſentiments relating to them, 47, 64, 107.

Paſſions, 263.

Pecuniary ſurpriſes, oſtentatiouſly made, are double on the gratitude of a worthy heart, 226.

Penitence, 194.

Perſuaſion, in certain caſes, more cruel than compulſion, 257.

Phyſicians, Engliſh, their ſkill in nervous maladies ſuppoſed to be ſuperior to thoſe of the phyſicians of all other nations, and why, 272.

Pity, difference in the pity of a man or woman, in love caſes, 43. A pitileſs heart deſerves not pity, 246.

Pleaſure and pain often miſtake each other's houſe, 147.

Pollexfen, Sir Hargrave, entertains Sir Charles at his own houſe in the foreſt; a riotous day there, 198.

Power, an ill uſe of it will take reputation from the aggreſſor, and give it to the oppreſſed, 213.

Praiſe, 158, 229.

Proteſtants, thoſe among them cenſured who favour perſecutions, 30. Have their prejudices, 50. Calumniated, 141.

Proteſtations, large, to be ſuſpected, 58.

the Public, 192.

Punctilio, 39.

Quarrels, matrimonial, 217, 219, 223.

Relation, perſonal, in what caſes relations have a claim upon relations for aſſiſtance, 239.

Religion,

Religion, 30, 60, 130.
Riot: *See* Intemperance.
Remorſe, 248.
Sebaſtiano, Signor, nephew of the Marquis of that name, preſent at the ſolemn leave Mr Grandiſon took of the family, 145. Invited, with his brother Juliano, by Mr Grandiſon, to England, 153. They both lament that Mr Grandiſon cannot be their relation, 158. Viſit Mr Grandiſon before he quits Bologna, 168.
Secrets, 48, 292.
Seduction, 9.
Self-diffidence, 6.
Senſual men are always in the power of women, 13. *See* addreſs to men of ſenſe in the gay world.
Servants, mercenary diſpoſition of them in England, 156.
Sforza, Lady, dowager-aunt of Lady Clementina, to be preſent at Mr Grandiſon's ſolemn leave of the Porretta family, 136. She and her daughter Laurana inveigh againſt him, and are for uſing harſh meaſures with Lady Clementina, 142. She, in his preſence, deſires the general to be pacific, 147. Yet blames the mother for having permitted Mr Grandiſon to ſee Clementina, 148. Addreſſed by Mr Grandiſon to intereſt her in behalf of tender meaſures, 149. She highly commends him in his abſence, 159. Compaſſionates her unhappy niece, 160. Severe to her 171. Takes a letter out of her boſom, which ſhe had hid there, 173. And a paper tranſcribed from the Canticles, ibid. Is earneſt to have her niece entruſted to her care, 184. Prevailed once to have her put into a nunnery for a trial, 186. Obtains her wiſh, and connives at her daughter Laurana's cruel treatment of her, 244. & ſeq. [*See* Laurana]. Clementina taken out of her hands, a breach enſues between her and the reſt of the family, 249.

Signs of love, 39, 197.
Sincerity, 254.
Single women, ſentiments for their benefit, 69. Their defenceleſs condition, 202.
Spirit, 134, 146, 155.
Suſpence, 46.
Taſte, 40.
Travelling, its uſes and abuſes, 36, 237, 289. *See* Youth.
Virtue, the cauſe of virtue, and that of the ſex, can hardly be ſeparated, 9.
Virtuous love looks beyond this temporary ſcene, 10.
Vincibility of love, 236, 240.
Unchaſtity, 261.
Wit, 38.
Women, Engliſh; modern women can divert themſelves abroad, which only men were uſed to do formerly, when any-thing croſſed them at home, 283.
Youth, 158. *See* Single women. *See* Travelling.
Zeal will be zeal in perſons of whatever denomination, 50.

5 AP 66

SIMILIES

SIMILIES

AND

ALLUSIONS

IN THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

BEAUCHAMP, Sir Harry, in the quarrel of his lady, *To* a parading officer, 218.
Clementina, Lady, bleeding, *To* Iphigenia, 90.
Death, *To* a river, 120.
Grandiſon, Sir Charles, by Clementina, *To* the ſpouſe in the Canticles, 172.
Love, *To* water, 39.
Lovers, *To* ſpaniels, ib.

END OF VOL. IV.

SIMILES

AND

ALLUSIONS

BRITISH MUSEUM

FOURTH VOLUME.

END OF VOL. IV.